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THE MAGAZINE OF SEX, POLITICS, AND PR

JUNE 2003

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THE MAGAZINE OF SEX, POLITICS, AND PROTEST

JUNE 2003

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JUNE HOUSECALL

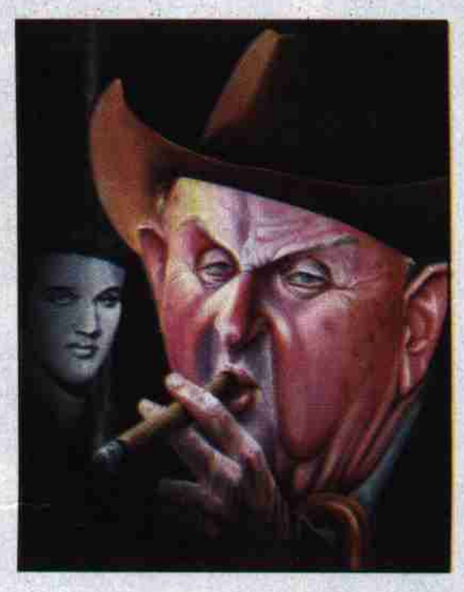
Our June issue features no fewer than 12 of the most beautiful women in the world, vying to be your choice—and that's just the beginning!



Campus Life

"**Andy Sum** is on a lonely mission," writes **Ed Dwyer** in "A Man Is a Terrible Thing to Waste," "but the way Sum sees it, nothing less than America's future is at stake." Sum, an economics professor and the director of the Center for Labor Market Studies at Northeastern University, has done the research, and what he sees scares him. Men are disappearing from college campuses while women enroll and gain degrees at record rates, leaving men in the dust. While this may seem like good news for women, it's terrible news for society at large.... Though some believe that women outperform men on campus because boys will be boys and girls take their studies more seriously, **Dr. Judy Kuriansky** reports in "Smart Sex" on a new generation of sexperts—and *these* young women, with their advice on blowjobs, anal sex, handcuffs, and the mechanics of threesomes, are obviously not spending their college years buried in their books. Kuriansky delves into the dangers of undereducated

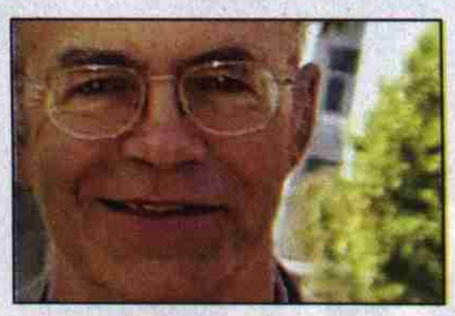




advice columnists and the politically correct slant of some of their writings.... Danger of a totally different sort alarms critics of Princeton professor **Dr. Peter Singer,** who is the opposite of a politically correct academic. In fact, this quiet Australian philosopher has been called everything from a lunatic to a Nazi to a baby-killer. In an eye-opening interview with journalist **Peter Laufer,** Singer explains why he's in favor of killing severely disabled infants but against the death penalty, and why he doesn't think bestiality should be a crime.

Dining With Andre

Andreas van Kuijk, an illegal alien from Holland, reinvented himself as **Colonel Tom Parker,** the man who, through his most famous client (**Elvis Presley,** of course), invented rock-'n'-roll culture. It's well-known that Parker is believed to have taken advantage of Presley, but



as much as the Colonel hated his role as villain in the Presley saga, he always refused to tell his side of the story. A couple of years before his death in 1997, Parker briefly let down his guard with music writer **Alanna Nash.** Now, in "Devil in Disguise," on the eve of the publication of Nash's book *The Colonel: The True Story of Colonel Tom Parker and Elvis Presley* (Simon & Schuster), she shares—exclusively with *Penthouse*—her most memorable experiences with the king of promoters.

Knight Life

In a scene right out of *The Lord of the Rings,* dozens of disciples of the California-based Western Circle of Swordfighters, clad in armor carved from thick sheets of leather and studded with metal spikes, charge at one another in battle, using their handmade swords to attack anyone, any way, until the field has been cleared of competitors. In "View From the Top," **Robin Postell** reports on these organized free-for-alls, in which "the dead lie inertly waiting for the melee to end, which occurs only when there is one man standing."

Capping It Off

Drag racer **Ron Capps** has his own tales of danger and daring to tell, but only our intrepid "Sporting America" writers, **Jonathan Davis** and **Leigh Clark,** have the nerve to ask him about sex, groupies, and which three women he would want with him while stranded on Hump Island.... Most of us do our driving on public thoroughfares, but that doesn't mean we have to forsake style. In "Driving Force," **Peter Manso** shows off the coolest SUV accessories, including roof racks and high-power lights.... Then, in "Making a Splash," **Andy Pargh** takes us off-road and into the water with the best new products for summer fun, from water skis and wakeboards to sailboats and yachts.... But for some *real* summer fun, check out the newest **Penthouse Club,** in Spartanburg, South Carolina, which features two special hot-tub rooms where you can get wet and wild with the lady of your choice.... Of course you don't have to go to Spartanburg to see luscious ladies. We've got our own outstanding assortment of the most beautiful women in the world right in these pages, including our stunning Pet of the Month, **Lanny Barbie.** And you won't want to miss a single photo in our Pet of the Year Play-Off—guaranteed to be the most appealing collection of campaign promises you'll ever have the good fortune to consider.

PENTHOUSE FORUM

Ultimate Threeway Fuck

I had just stepped out of the shower when my husband, Thad, phoned me from the gym. I thought I was going to faint when he asked me if I was still interested in having a threesome with him and Reggie.

Thad and I had been entertaining the idea of adding a third party to our bedroom activities—something neither of us had experienced before. Whenever we talked about it, I had in mind someone just like Reggie, my husband's coworker. I told Thad that this guy would be the perfect addition.



Like Thad, Reggie is handsome and muscular; it would be a dream come true to be in bed with these two hunks. So when Thad called, I asked him if he was serious. He said he had discussed the idea with Reggie and that Reggie couldn't wait to be part of our first threesome. I then told Thad to get home as fast as he could—with Reggie, of course.

My heart was racing by the time they came through the door. I couldn't remember ever being as horny. The crotch of my panties was already wet with anticipation. They immediately took me into the bedroom and began to undress. I couldn't take my eyes off them as they pulled off their shirts. When they got around to removing their pants, the sight of their fully erect penises made me giddy.

Knowing what I like and what turns me on, Thad sat me down on the bed and pulled off my panties. Removing my T-shirt, Thad and Reggie selected a nipple each and sucked on my breasts for a joyously long time as their fingers played with my swollen, throbbing clit. I couldn't help but let out a squeal when, together, they pressed their big fingers deep inside my quivering pussy and my puckered ass hole, quickly bringing me to the first of many orgasms that night.

After Thad and Reggie each had had a turn sucking my clit and tongue-fucking my cunt, sending me to heights of bliss, Reggie fucked me doggie-style, filling my pussy with his nine-inch cock. Then Thad mounted me and fucked me with his eight-incher to yet another thunderous orgasm.

After sucking each of them hard again, I begged them to jack off jointly in my mouth. I'd been looking forward to this tasty treat. I anxiously watched as they grabbed their pricks. With their throbbing cockheads only inches from my lips, I opened my mouth wide. In no time at all, huge amounts of tasty white cream came spurting into my waiting mouth.

We paused for a shower break, then I took turns sixty-nining with each of them, getting their cocks hard again. When they were ready, I sat down on Thad's cock, fucking it wildly until I came. Then I rolled onto my back and guided Reggie inside me, wrapping my legs around his back as he fucked me. I filled the room with shrieks of joy as I came again.

I pulled Reggie to the edge of the bed, sat down on his cock, hiked my bottom up in the air, and cried out for Thad to put his cock in my ass. He filled my back door while Reggie's cock was buried in my pussy. Together they gave me the ultimate fucking of my life. Orgasm after orgasm rolled through me until Thad and Reggie finally relented and spilled their warm loads into my fuck holes. That left me completely exhausted and satisfied, unlike anything I'd ever felt before.

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PENTHOUSE®

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JUNE

This first experience was so fulfilling, the three of us agreed we had to do it again. And since I loved my first threesome with another man, Thad and I are now entertaining the idea of a threesome with another woman. I'll let you know how it goes.—*S.I., Rhode Island*

The Girl Next Door

The first time I saw our neighbors' daughter, Jasmine, was during a summer barbecue around my family's pool. I could see her next door through our fence sunbathing topless, exposing her beautiful firm breasts to the warm afternoon sun. I went up to my room, grabbed a pair of binoculars, and from a more private vantage point trained them on the girl across the road. What a sight she was, blissfully unaware (or so it seemed) of any scrutiny. With slightly shaky hands I lowered the binoculars to her pubes and stared at her mound, barely contained by a tiny white bikini bottom.

Unable to control my raging desire, I pulled out my cock and pumped it while trying to keep the binoculars focused. Fear, lust, and the fact that I was surreptitiously staring at the seminude girl made me horny beyond belief. I knew my orgasm wouldn't take long. Soon I looked down to see jet after jet of semen spurting out of my cock, making long, loopy arcs before splattering to the floor.

The sound of voices from the pool brought me to my senses. Sneaking a quick last look at Jasmine's rosy nipples, I tucked away my cock and reluctantly returned to the family gathering, binoculars still dangling around my neck.

"See anything new, Al?" inquired my father, who was a bird watcher.

"Nothing special, Dad. Just the usual stuff," I said.

As luck would have it, Jasmine and I soon became friends and lovers. She was 19 years old and home from college. I was 23, but in terms of sexual experience I was clearly the junior partner. Our first good-night kiss in her backyard turned into an extended and delightfully administered handjob, with Jasmine's skillful fingers insinuating themselves into first my pockets and then my pants. By the time they slipped into my shorts, my cock had pushed right out of my briefs. All she had to do to set it free was tug slightly on the waistband.

Jasmine didn't waste any time, and I was soon on the receiving end of what I still consider to be one of the most erotic experiences of my life. First she pulled my foreskin over the tautly stretched head of my cock, masturbating me while our mouths melted together and my hands roamed over her breasts. We were well hidden from view, not that it mattered to Jasmine. As I was to experience on numerous occasions, Jasmine was never one to worry about getting caught.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 166

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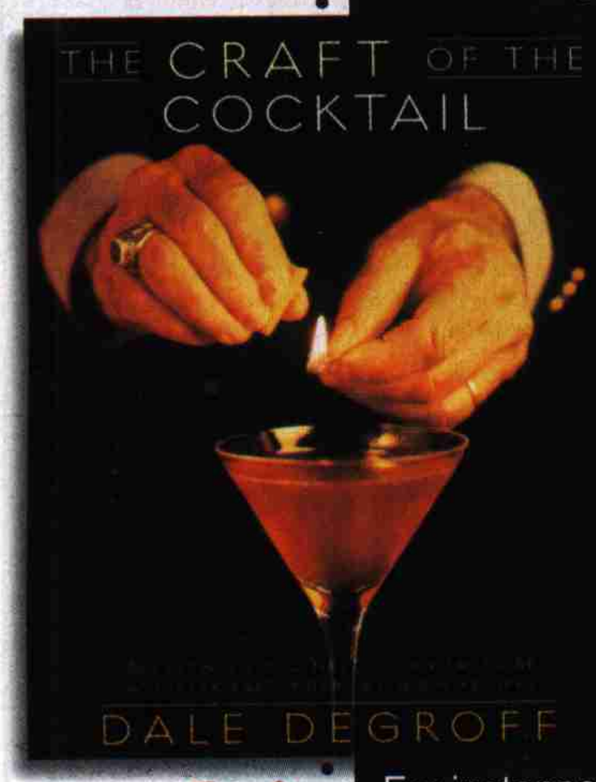
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FAST**FORWARD**

SPIRITS

The renewed popularity of cocktails makes certain demands on the home bartender. Instead of vodka on the rocks or Scotch and soda, guests may now ask for a Martini, a Manhattan, a Daiquiri, a Margarita, or a Cosmopolitan. Fortunately, these classic cocktails, which should be a part of any host's repertoire, are relatively easy to make and do not require esoteric ingredients.



As it happens, Dale DeGroff, America's best-known mixologist, has published *The Craft of the Cocktail,* which includes not only 500 recipes but also professional bartender's tips for making perfect cocktails. For instance, it wasn't so long ago that a Martini consisted of three parts gin and one part dry vermouth. Today, a "dry" gin Martini contains only a hint of vermouth, if any, which is all the more reason to choose the gin with care—Tanqueray, Beefeater, and Bombay Sapphire are all classic names. DeGroff prefers stirring (with large cubes) to shaking, and points out that the appeal of a Martini is its heavy, silky texture, and that shaking the drink with ice (and especially with small cubes) will dilute it.

Classic cocktails, which should be a part of any host's repertoire, are easy to make and don't require esoteric ingredients.

Of course the traditional gin Martini has now given way to the vodka Martini, which is, more often than not, simply chilled vodka in a Martini glass. Absolut, Stolichnaya, Finlandia, Tanqueray Sterling, Skyy, and Grey Goose are popular choices.

The Manhattan, which also should be stirred, not shaken, is traditionally made with rye whiskey, sweet vermouth, and a dash of Angostura bitters. Today it's likely to be made with a blended whiskey, such as Seagram's 7, or with bourbon—Jim Beam, Maker's Mark, Wild Turkey, or Old Forester.

Several classic cocktails—including the Daiquiri, the Margarita, and the Whiskey Sour—are based on a simple formula of spirits plus sweet (sugar or syrup) and sour (citrus juice). These drinks, says DeGroff, should be shaken with ice to blend their flavors and to create a lively, almost effervescent texture that adds to their appeal. The key to the success of these drinks is to use fresh fruit, while being careful not to make the drink too tart. DeGroff also points out that lemons and limes should not be kept in the refrigerator—it's more difficult to extract juice from cold fruit.

The classic Daiquiri is made with light rum, lime juice, and sugar syrup. (To make syrup, heat equal parts of sugar and water until the sugar is dissolved, then cool and add to drinks as needed.) Bacardi, Appleton Estate, and Mount Gay will enhance any Daiquiri.

The Margarita is so often made with a commercial mix, and too much of it, that many fans have never tasted the classic version: 1½ ounces of tequila, ¾ ounce of fresh lime juice, and one ounce of Cointreau (which provides the sweetness), shaken with ice. To salt the glass, rub a piece of lime on the outside rim, then dip the rim into a saucer of coarse salt. DeGroff suggests using an unaged silver tequila to retain the distinctive herbal flavor of the spirit. Jose Cuervo, Sauza Hornitos, Cabo Wabo, Herradura, Patrón, and El Tesoro are good choices.

The Whiskey Sour is the most elemental sweet-and-sour drink: two ounces of whiskey, one ounce of syrup, ¾ ounce of lemon juice, well shaken. Experiment with a cocktail shaker to achieve the proper balance of sweet and sour with the base liquor, which can be American whiskey, bourbon, Scotch, or brandy.

The Cosmopolitan, which has become a modern classic in the past decade, is another sweet-and-sour drink, and might be described as a vodka Margarita with cranberry juice: citrus vodka, Cointreau, lime juice, and a splash of cranberry juice, well shaken. Absolut Citron, Ketel One Citroen, and Vincent Van Gogh Citroen are dependable names.

In addition to a cocktail shaker, you'll want to invest in three basic glasses: the classic Martini, the short rocks, and the tall highball.—*Alexis Bespaloff*



TELEVISION

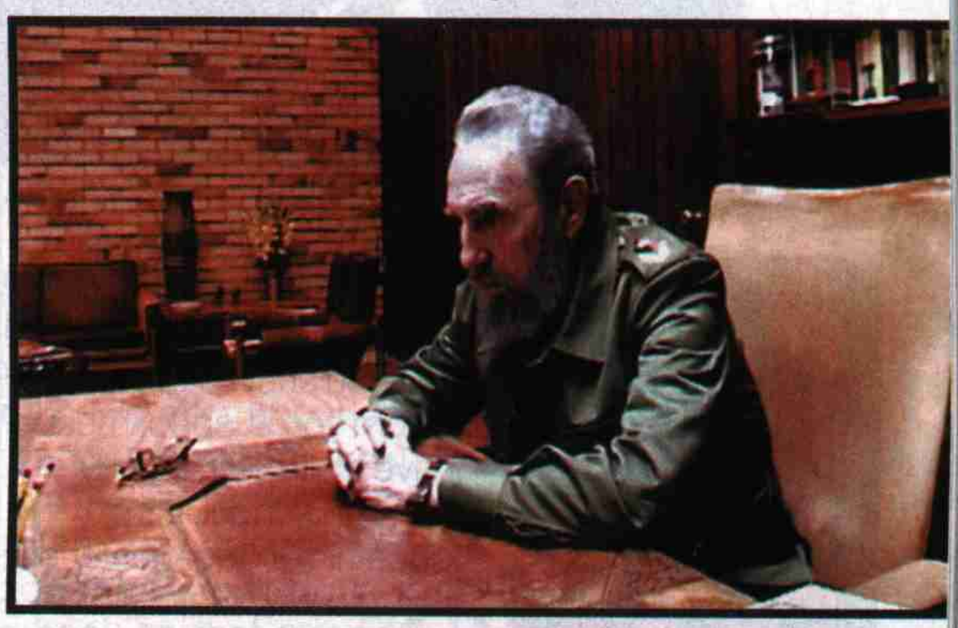
In his mid-50s, after such successful but empty mainstream sidetrips as *Any Given Sunday,* director Oliver Stone is reinventing himself once again. Or perhaps he's simply returning to the politically rich turf that served him so well in *Salvador*. Stone has embarked on a series of overtly topical documentaries, the first of which, *Comandante,* HBO will broadcast this month.

The commander is Fidel Castro—aging, isolated, and still *loco* after all these years. Stone presents an almost impossible thing, a human Fidel, unfiltered by ideology. *Comandante* is the most intimate portrait of a sitting world leader since Mao's tango with Edgar Snow. Actually, Castro doesn't sit much in this footage—he's constantly on the move, through his offices, through the lost-in-time streets of Havana, outside to a medical school, inside to a restaurant. Stone's camera picks out telling details: Castro's long untrimmed fingernails, the bust of Lincoln in his office, the Nike swoosh on his sneakers.

Intimate filmmaking, yes, but not confrontational. Stone lobs softball after softball at Castro. He asks which Soviet leader amused Castro the most (Khrushchev). If he has ever seen a shrink (no). What he thought of the movie *Titanic* ("It should be seen on the big screen").

Nonetheless, this is state-of-the-art documentary filmmaking, extremely well-edited, with a brisk, enjoyable pace. Much of the archival footage is from Cuban vaults and has never been seen before. Che Guevera puts in a prominent appearance, but the real costar is Cuba itself. The streets and countryside appear as anachronistic treasures, a countrywide theme park.

Stone has already completed another documentary in his tour of world hot spots: *Persona Non Gratis,* about the Palestinians. He is reportedly negotiating to gain entry into North Korea. If he turns up in your neighborhood, expect F-16s to follow. —*Gil Reavill*



DOCUMENTARY



Who killed Tupac Shakur? Nick Broomfield knows. It was Dan Quayle. When the then–vice president chastised Time Warner for releasing Ice-T's "Cop Killer," the media conglomerate shed Interscope, its rap division. Interscope, in turn, shed Tupac. And Tupac wound up in the beefy arms of Suge Knight at Death Row Records, and Knight's embrace proved suffocating.

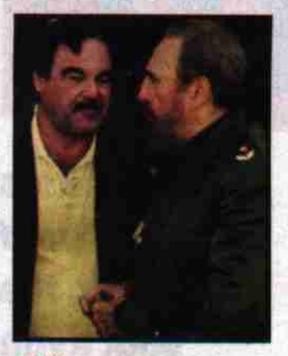
Don't like that theory? How about another? Or another? Nick Broomfield has done films on Heidi Fleiss as well as on Kurt Cobain and Courtney Love, and they all exhibit the British documentarian's provisional, throw-it-at-the-wall-and-see-what-sticks approach to the truth. *Biggie & Tupac* is his best work, an investigation into the convoluted facts behind two of rap music's highest-profile killings.

Broomfield's ace in the hole is Russell Poole, the former LAPD homicide investigator who opted to crash his career rather than back down from his pursuit of the truth about Biggie and Tupac. Poole was the lead investigator on the killing of Notorious B.I.G., aka Biggie Smalls, aka Christopher Wallace. Poole forges a compelling (but so far unproved in court) link between the Biggie and Tupac murders.

At the center of the maelstrom is Suge Knight, head of Tha Row records, formerly Death Row. Here Broomfield delivers the goods, tracking down Knight in prison for an elliptical interview, all the more chilling for its soft-spokenness.

The cameraman was so scared of Knight or so frightened by the maximum-security surroundings that half the encounter featured footage of the ground. By now we're used to Broomfield's hapless luck ("Unfortunately we ran out of tape," he voice-overs at one point) and his paint-by-numbers approach to narrative ("We're on our way to ... " is his stock phrase to introduce a change of scene, featuring a visual shot through a windshield).

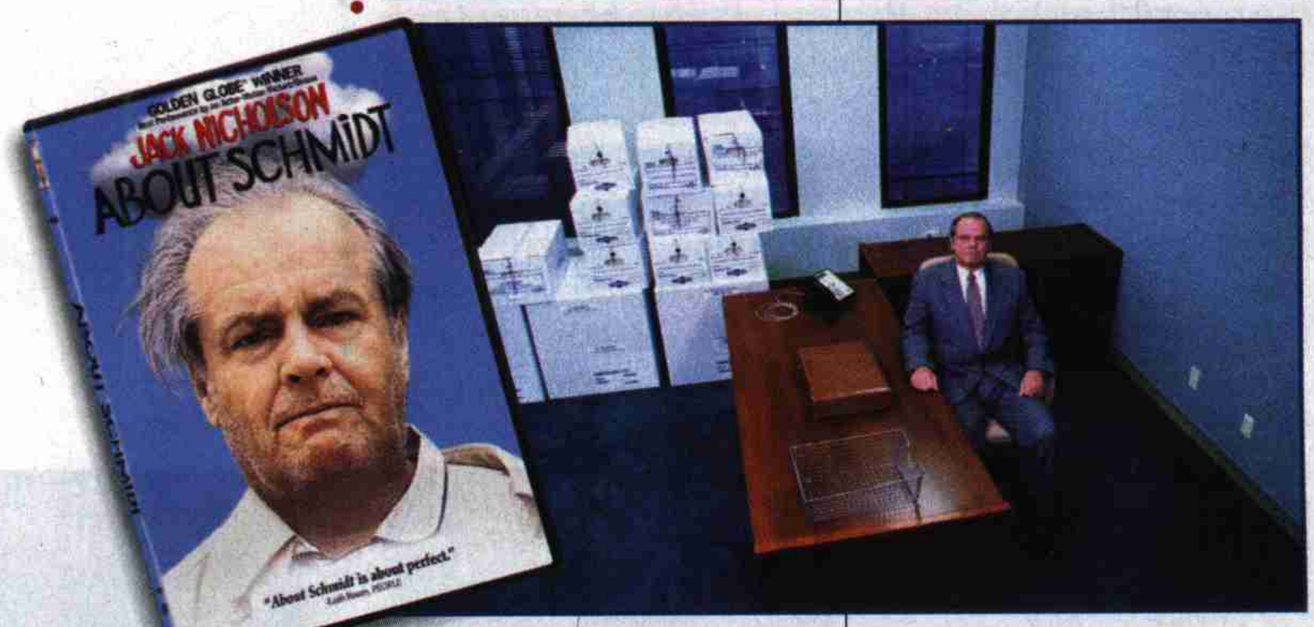
The DVD release of *Biggie & Tupac* (which starred at Sundance a year ago and had a limited theatrical run) features a director's commentary for all those who just can't get enough of Nick Broomfield. For the rest of us, it's enough to follow the twists and turns of murders that represent two of the most infamous unsolved crimes in the country.—*G.R.*

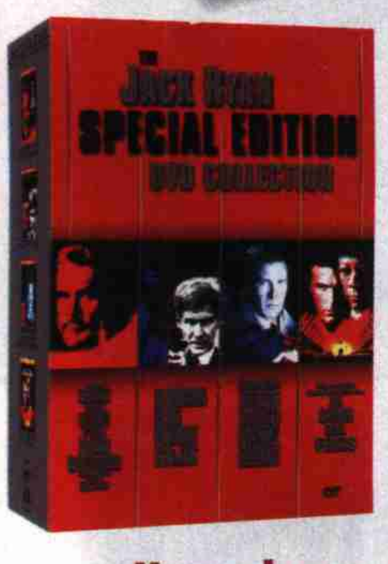


Oliver Stone kicks off his new series by lobbing softballs at Fidel Castro (above); Nick Broomfield follows the twists of two of the most infamous unsolved crimes in the country.

FAST**FORWARD**

DVDs





New releases like *About Schmidt*, the Jack Ryan Special Edition DVD Collection, and *Secretary* will appeal to dads and grads of every stripe.

It's dads-and-grads time again, and what better gift is there than entertainment?

If you know a graduate whom you suspect must have charmed his way through school, introduce him to the master of the con with ***Catch Me If You Can,*** Steven Spielberg's based-on-a-true-story tale of Frank Abagnale Jr., who's embodied by the charismatic Leonardo DiCaprio and chased down by a composite FBI agent played by Tom Hanks. The two-disc set boasts cast interviews, behind-the-scenes footage and programs, and featurettes on casting, music, the FBI perspective, and the real-life Abagnale.

For the graduate who's hitting the job market right away, ***Secretary*** offers up a unique workplace romance between James Spader's lawyer and Maggie Gyllenhaal's secretary, a young woman into cutting (herself) who finds strength in submission. The DVD features a commentary track by screenwriter Erin Cressida Wilson and director Steven Shainberg, and a making-of featurette.

The politically correct dad or grad will appreciate the two-disc ***Dances With Wolves*** **Special Edition**. The new release includes a four-hour extended version of Kevin Costner's Oscar-winning directorial debut, two separate commentary tracks, the original making-of doc, and an all-new comprehensive retrospective, "The Creation of an Epic," with new cast interviews and behind-the-scenes footage.

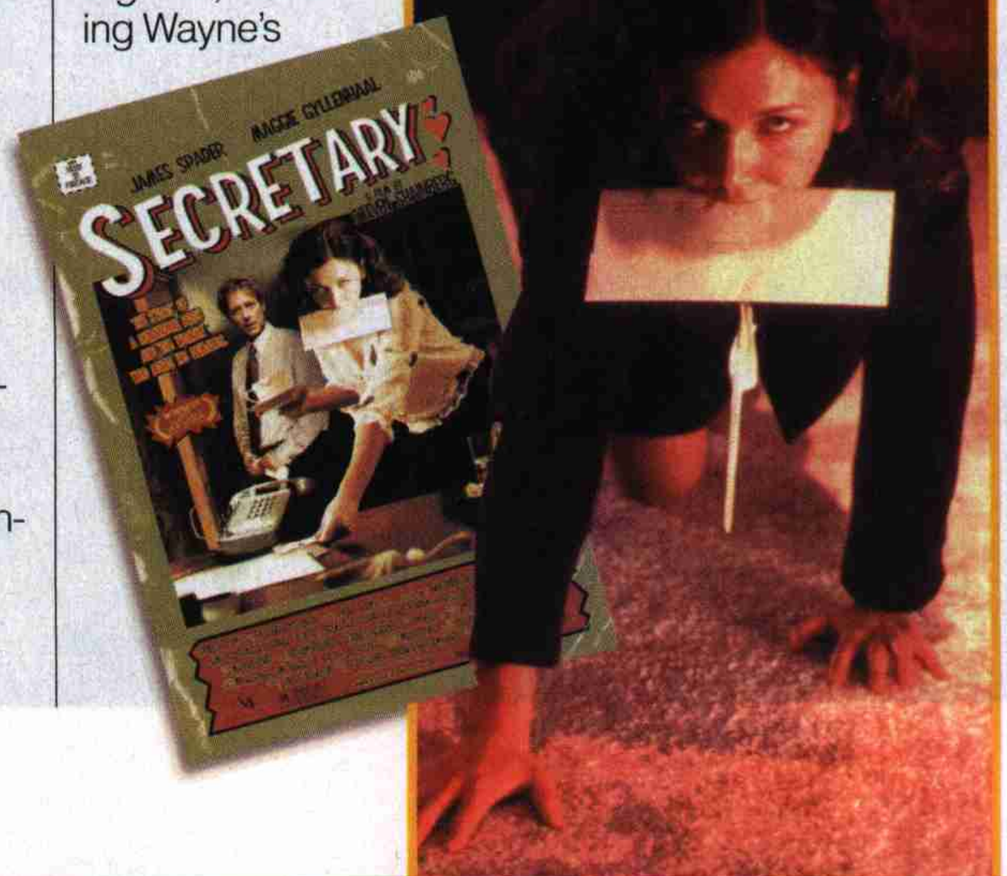
If your father's more traditional, pop for the latest **John Wayne DVD gift set** of *The Comancheros, North to Alaska,* and *The Undefeated*. (Each film is also available as a single disc, as is *The Big Trail,* featuring Wayne's first leading-man performance.) They're short on extras, but you really just can't go wrong with the classics.

New dads are likely to welcome a break from the chores of fatherhood; the absurdity of parenting is brought to life in ***The Simpsons*** (the first and second seasons are available), ***Family Guy*** (seasons one and two, in a four-disc set, just kicked off a campaign to take over the video store), and ***King of the Hill*** (season one arrives June 24). You'll find deleted scenes, commentaries, and featurettes.

Sci-fi geeks the world over have been awaiting the *Matrix* sequels, which hit the silver screen in May and November, but fans got a headstart when the thriller *Dreamcatcher* debuted in March, accompanied by the computer-generated short *Final Flight of the Osiris,* written by *Matrix* directors/writers Larry and Andy Wachowski. It serves as a nine-minute prelude to *The Matrix Reloaded*. This short film and eight others make up ***The Animatrix,*** a series of flicks that combine CG animation and Japanese anime to offer a glimpse into the world of the feature-film trilogy. Stars Keanu Reeves and Carrie-Anne Moss each voice their character in one segment, and the package also includes seven making-of featurettes, four commentary tracks, and a trailer for the *Enter the Matrix* video game.

The action fan will enjoy the **Jack Ryan Special Edition DVD Collection,** which includes special collector's editions of *The Hunt for Red October, Patriot Games, Clear and Present Danger,* and the previously released *The Sum of All Fears*. (Each is also available on its own.) The new releases of the three older flicks, with their new anamorphic 16:9 transfers, include new cast interviews—including Ryan portrayers Alec Baldwin and Harrison Ford, plus Anne Archer and James Earl Jones—and *Hunt* has a commentary by director John McTiernan.

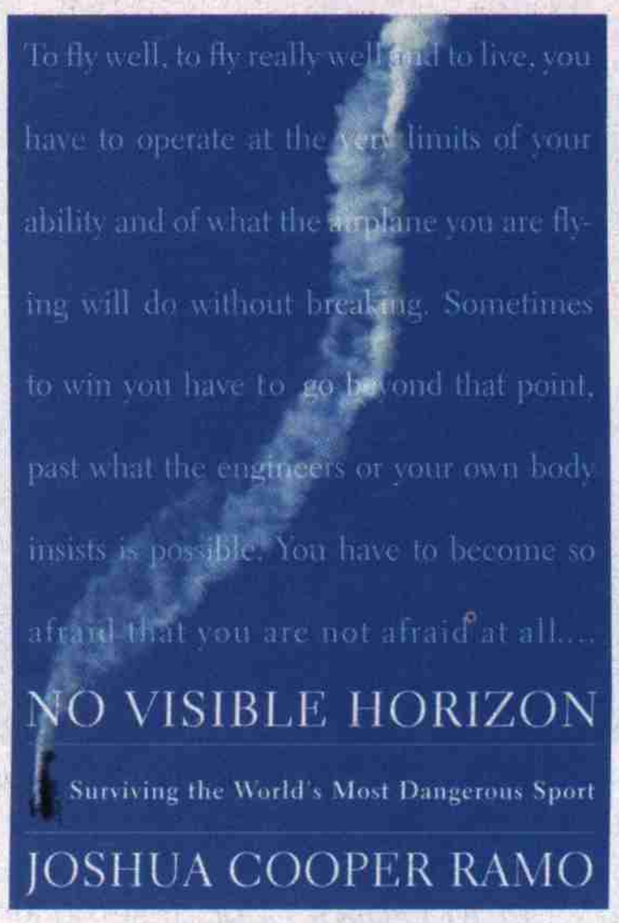
For Jack Nicholson fans—and who doesn't love Jack?—try ***About Schmidt,*** in which the recently retired and newly widowed Schmidt hits the road in an attempt to save his daughter from marrying a disappointing son-in-law. The DVD includes deleted scenes, trailers, and original "short films" of opening sequences by writer/director Alexander Payne's staff.—*Barbara Rice Thompson*



WORDS

So it turns out that Top Guns aren't exactly top after all. The Navy jet pilots who preened and strutted through 1986's top-grossing movie are a crew of dickless pussies compared to the real top sticks in the sky. Competitive-aerobatics pilots don't even fly jets; jets are too cumbersome, too hard to turn, roll, and loop. Instead, they jam themselves into stripped-down wide-winged prop planes—like Pitts, Edges, and Sukhois—made out of composite plastic. At air shows all over the world, they do things in an airplane that would make a Top Gun pilot black out if he so much as thought about them.

No Visible Horizon: Surviving the World's Most Dangerous Sport is Joshua Cooper Ramo's insider chronicle of the world of competitive aerobatics—or stunt flying, to use the idiomatic tag that pilots hate. Among Ramo's revelations is the fact that the Southwest pilot who is jockeying your 737 into Sky Harbor Airport might have a secret life. On weekends he may just strap himself into a plane and do things that "scare the bads from his flying," bizarre unnatural things that make his eyeballs turn red from the G forces and make the crowds "Ooh" and "Ah" in appreciation at air shows.



Competitive aerobatics is an addiction, and the drug is risk. It's not for the faint of heart. That subtitle is indeed factual; by Ramo's estimate, "no sport on earth kills more of its participants"—between one in 40 and one in 30, he states. There are stories here of pilots landing planes after the propellers have dropped off, or wings have folded up, or sticks have snapped in two.

This is the kind of book in which the material blows past whatever treatment is laid upon it. Considering the fact that Ramo is a senior editor at *Time* magazine, you'd think *Horizon* would be less of a jumble (then again, depending on your opinion of *Time*, maybe not). Ramo knows a lot about cool stuff (like Japanese death haiku, for example), and he knows a vertiginous amount about flying. But he doesn't know how to organize a book so that a reader feels comfortable, not slammed around by the change-of-subject G forces.

Ultimately, it doesn't matter. Read *Horizon* for a peek into a dizzying subculture of men flying high into the wild blue yonder, out of their minds.—*G.R.*

No Visible Horizon offers a peek into a dizzying subculture of pilots flying high into the wild blue yonder, out of their minds.

SOUNDS

Like the newborn *uruk-hai* that the wizard Saruman creates in *Lord of the Rings,* you can sense Vendetta Red about to break out from beneath its slimy birth membrane. In the past couple of years, this Seattle-out-of-Bakersfield screamo band fired off two indie-label shots, *Blackout Analysis* and *White Knuckled Substance.* Its major-label debut on Epic, *Between the Never and the Now,* revisits that material, backed by the production punch of Jason Finn (Blink-182, Green Day).

A typical Vendetta Red song leads off with a soft meditation, vaults across a couple of harmonic crunches, and then immolates itself in a claw-hammer scream—U2 in a fog-on-the-interstate pile-up with Fugazi. "Pray the next blow kills you so you don't have to be here," low-moans lead singer Zach Davidson, before wailing one song's title lyric: "Stay home!"

Vendetta Red doesn't heed that advice much. The band's eyeball-peeling live sets represented some of the more memorable moments of last summer's Warped Tour, and its club shows are pure visual aggro. Davidson's short-circuit flop of hair flails out at the audience like some vicious sex-toy whip. The stage barrier is fully permeable, with fans and band exchanging places more often than not.

We're all waiting for an emo band to blow up out of the underground and occupy the main stage. The rubric takes a lot of heat ("Saying your band's emo is like saying your mom's a bitch," said one fan) for what it has come to imply: double-clutching lyrics, zero-to-60 dynamic changes hitched up to parking-lot pretensions. But at the core of its hard metal heart, emo is simply one of the more uncompromising avatars of punk. Vendetta Red does it proud.—*G.R.*



XAVIERA HOLLANDER
CALL ME MADAM

Jury Duty



My wife and I both fantasize about her getting fucked by another guy (or two) while I watch. She even thinks about this while we have sex, and it turns her on. In fact, just hearing her talk about it is almost enough to send me over the edge sometimes.

My own favorite scenario involves Lydia being on jury duty in a neighboring town. She gets picked for a jury panel, and the trial is going to last at least a week. One of the jurors sitting next to her, Tony, is a friendly, charismatic, good-looking stud. During breaks they strike up a friendship and agree that as long as they have to stay over, they should have supper together. Supper also includes several drinks, and they spend half the night just getting acquainted.

The next day at the trial they arrange to have dinner again. This time their conversation becomes much more personal. They discuss their sexual histories. When the subject of fantasies comes up, Lydia tells Tony about our fantasy of her getting it on with someone else while I watch. Tony is quite intrigued and offers to help us make our fantasy come true.

By this time, Lydia is really turned on, and they decide to call me to join them. Lydia tells me her plan, and asks if I am ready to put it into action. I quickly agree, and tell her I am on my way. I also tell her to go ahead to the hotel room and start warming up, but not to go any further until I get there. She agrees, and I hit the highway.

When I get to Lydia's door, she and Tony are already in the bedroom, looking quite horny. Lydia introduces me, the three of us have a drink, and they start kissing and fondling while I watch. Extended foreplay leads to their joint climax. Then Lydia gets him on his back, mounts him, and picks up the pace until they both come again. By this time I've already come and have regained my hard-on. As Tony and Lydia part, I roll Lydia over and mount her missionary-style; part of my fantasy is to have her immediately after the other guy, for that freshly fucked feeling.

This is where our fantasy usually ends. We have several variations; this is just one of our favorites. How do I convince Lydia that it is time to make this fantasy a reality?—L.B., South Dakota

Before you even attempt to make this fantasy a reality, it would be a good idea to figure out why it is such a turn-on. To penetrate a woman with that "freshly fucked feeling," otherwise known as "sloppy seconds," is not to everyone's taste. When the average husband arranges an orgy, his desires lie mainly in fucking someone other than his wife.

I am still uncertain what motivates so many husbands to want to observe their wives being fucked by a stranger. Part of it is the voyeur in all of us, and another part is some kind of ancestral memory, when sharing one's wife with other members of the tribe gave kudos to the husband, demonstrating that he is the owner of desirable property.

There is, however, a definitely homosexual angle to this performance, which is the thrill of witnessing another cock in action, identifying with it, and secretly wanting to touch it, feel it, and guide it into a suitable aperture—the willing cunt of a woman, i.e., your beloved spouse.

Your choice of a jury member (one of "12 good men and true") must also have some significance in your fantasy. But the most important factor is that, once realized, a fantasy changes its category to reality. It becomes history, and if it was important to you, you are going to feel the loss. "Before, a joy proposed; behind, a dream," wrote Shakespeare; and dreams are soon forgotten.

L.B., I suggest that you look deeply into your subconscious

and try to find your motivations, because lurking in there just might be a secret desire to fuck up your marriage, thereby enabling you to come out of the closet.

Rejuvenation

I am perplexed by the sudden change in my husband. We have had a good sex life during our 25-year marriage, averaging about three times a week with good foreplay, oral sex, and solid fucking. Then, five months ago, on an early Saturday morning, we started fucking, and it was the best it had been in a long time. He had great stamina and control, and it lasted about two hours, which was a shock.

Then, in the early afternoon, he got really horny again and fucked my brains out. That lasted more than an hour, and when we went to bed that evening he was even more into it. At four in the morning he woke me up with his big cock working in and out of my pussy, and I got fucked so good I was wondering if this was the same man I had married years ago. We went at it again Sunday morning for another two-hour fuck, and in the afternoon we had oral sex for two hours more. That night, after another good long fuck, he got into anal and really gave it to me good and hard.

I asked him if he was using Viagra, and he said, "No, would you like me to try it?" When I asked what had come over him, why he was suddenly as horny as a teenager, he said he had no idea. Nothing has changed in our lives. His business is doing well, but it always has. Our children have been gone for five years, so it is not like we are suddenly by ourselves again. He hasn't lost a lot of weight, and he hasn't been working out more than usual.

Now, instead of three times a week, we fuck three times a day. And his nine-inch cock seems harder than it used to be. It has beautiful color and shape, and the veins are more defined. It pulsates and throbs, especially when it is buried in my cunt. I can squeeze it harder than ever. He has always gotten crazy when I do that, but now he loves to be on the bottom and have me do that while he lies there and strokes my pussy and works my clit and tits. He has also gotten into tit fucking. I have 36Ds with prominent nipples, and he likes to have me hold them together so he can fuck them and then get his cock sucked.

The other new development (and this feels a little funny for me to admit) is that he likes me to fuck him in the ass with a strap-on and spank him. He likes my strap-on to be a good size, seven to ten inches, depending on how hot he is. The hotter he is, the bigger the dildo.

I cannot fathom what has come over him. We have always enjoyed good porno, but he isn't into porno any more than he was before. He isn't into group sex or having another woman join us, though if he were, I would not hesitate to do that. I would like to try it with him and maybe fuck her with a dildo or get fucked by both of them. This change has really put my mind in a spin about sex, and I admit that I want to suck my husband's cock more than ever and get it rammed in my cunt as hard and deep as it can go and never stop. And all because he has become as randy as a rooster and wants to fuck all the time!

I am not complaining—I am just at a loss to understand what's going on. What do you think?—A.K., California

As James Thurber responded when someone wrote to "Pet's Corner" saying they had cats like other people had mice: "I don't know if you are boasting or complaining." And the way you say at the end of your letter, "I am not complaining, but … " makes me even more dubious.

One of the best lovers I ever had I met when he had just turned 51. One of the reasons he gave for his continued virility was that it had never occurred to him that he was a day older than 21. But looking back, I realize that he was bullshitting, and the forever-young pose was the result of a complicated process of self-deception. Later, after we split up and he got older, he moved from one gorgeous young girlfriend to another. I asked him how it was that he was so successful with women. "It's because I can do it and they know it," he told me.

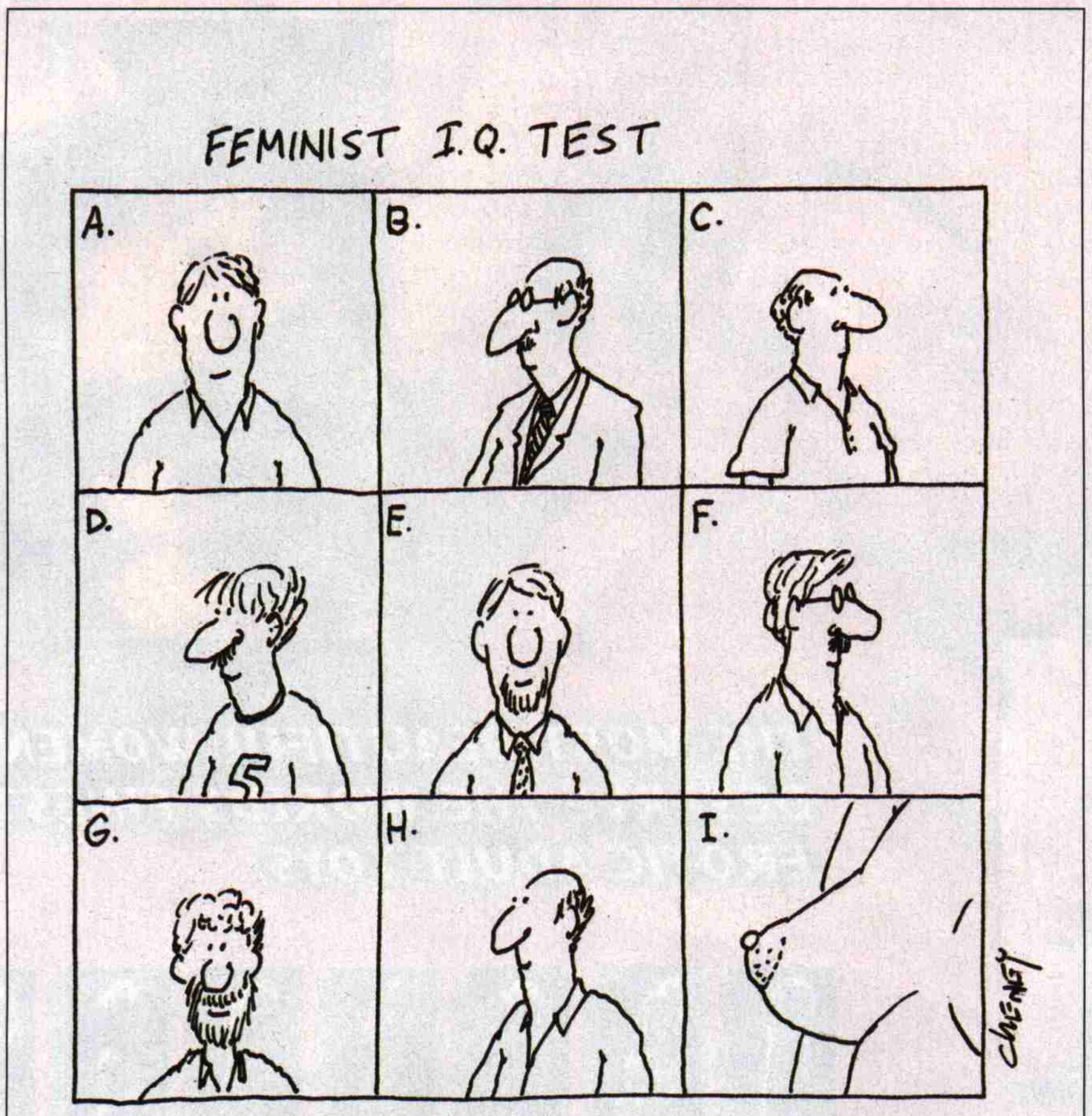
When they reach middle age, many men believe they have crossed the threshold of senility; others, who may even be pushing 60, look contemptuously around at their contemporaries and, like your husband, show off by making love to their wives and girlfriends three times a day, masturbating on the side to keep in training, and boasting about it to their friends.

"Why?" you ask. There is a very old saying, dating back to Confucius but also known in Roman times, which is: "There is nothing more enjoyable than to see an old friend fall off his rooftop." This sounds pretty nasty, but the meaning is made clear by another saying: "There but for the grace of God go I."

These middle-aged studs have realized their hunky bodies are still in good working order, and they have made that most un-American discovery: Life is supposed to be fun. What really drives them, however, is the thought that most of their old buddies are past it.

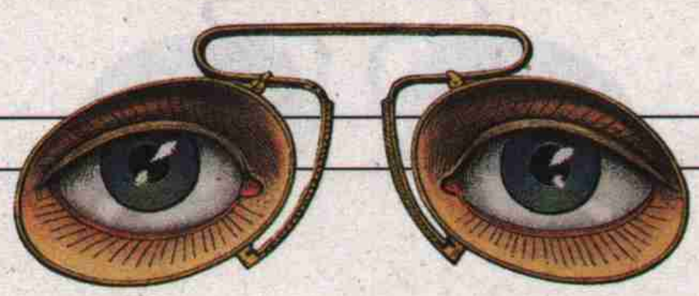
The discovery of Viagra has added another category to the aging-stud club, in that by spending around $10 a fuck, a

CONTINUED ON PAGE 172



Which of the above images doesn't get you really pissed off?

VIEW FROM THE TOP





BY THE SWORD

By Robin Postell

Three sweaty young men sit on a log next to the climbing arms of a fire, their knees bent to their chins. These fresh-cheeked recruits have made many kills today. It's a proud time to prove their worth within the Western Circle of Swordfighters. It's also a good time to die. Each has been killed more than once since they arrived this morning. More than 150 battles have been waged here today. As the sun disappears, the warriors take a break from matches and pit battles.

A hulking figure dressed in black, shaved head glowing in the fireshine, stands quietly with crossed arms stacked upon a mighty chest. The ominous fireside congregation, clad in armor carved from thick sheets of leather and studded with metal spikes, is shadowed by his formidable presence.

Then he speaks. "Yep," he says, "my daughter's getting her first bra."

Suddenly he's just a regular guy: Scott from Walnut Creek,



California, a geologist and martial-arts instructor who can't accept the fact that his daughter is growing up. The plan, he says with a chuckle, is to kill her first three boyfriends—the old joke tossed buoyantly among these armored, leather-chapped men wielding weapons in the wilderness.

The contrast—average Joe as medieval G.I. Joe—is part of the draw. Most Western Circle devotees live within the shadow of the future-steeped present of Silicon Valley, yet dream of the past; a past almost lost save for fantasy. Here, among the ancient oaks that hold this brood together in a preternatural embrace, fact and fiction will do battle. The majority prefer to go by their character names only, lending the WCoS even more mystique—and even more of a private haven for those seeking solace and adventure in the nether regions of imagination and discipline.

Tonight and tomorrow these members of the WCoS will fight to imagined deaths, pinning one another to the hard ground with their handmade swords. And they will do so with a sense of honor, integrity, and chivalry.

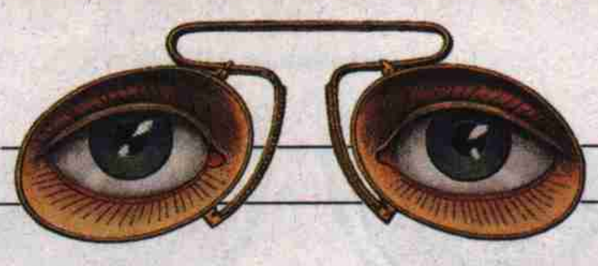
Gregory A. Downey, known to his fellow swordsmen as Gad, is the founder of the Western Circle. Members of the group refer to him reverently, teetering on worship; the untrained nose might even catch a whiff of cultism. But Gad, barely 30 and grave beyond his years, instead brings to mind an old warrior resurrected—a ghost of the past, misplaced in a world overgrown with modernity.

"When I was a boy I wanted to be a soldier," he says, running a tattooed wrist over a shaved head. "I wanted to go to war. That stuck with me for years, and mutated into the vision of a warrior's life by the time I was 13. I remember thinking that a sword was a warrior's weapon—the truest and most powerful of them all—and that it required the highest level of skill to use."

In 1993 Gad formed the Western Circle with ten members, utilizing two open-air dojos in Walnut Creek. Gad has never charged a fee for training or membership. Membership in the Western Circle of Swordfighters is an honor—something to be earned, not bought. In fact the only cost is a member's personal armor

In the Western Circle of Swordfighters, which is as full contact as you can get without actually being killed, members know they may—and probably will—get hurt.

VIEW FROM THE TOP





A match ends as soon as someone makes a clean kill—a strike to the head or body, using the edge of the sword at a proper angle.

and weaponry, which Gad and his wife—she's known in the group as Kaiden Storm—construct themselves. These days the WCoS has 42 ranked members and 14 trainees, with California dojos in Walnut Creek, Sunnyvale, and Los Angeles. There is another dojo in Nevada. The group's Website (www.westerncircle.org) gets as many as 30,000 hits monthly.

"I get questions from all over the world," Gad says. "Many of them are from people wanting to learn but with no means to do so. We are unique. Most of our members are martial artists who sought us out for a realistic means of weapon training and combat. There are other schools that practice good weapon fighting, but none to my knowledge that focus on the sword the way we do."

For Gad, creating a school to teach the sword wasn't enough; he wanted to wrap around it a legitimate martial art. He wanted to forge a more realistic way to do battle with the sword than was available in the martial-arts circles. And he wanted this sport to require far more focus, responsibility, and technique than was being demonstrated elsewhere. He gleaned bits of information from other martial arts and combined that with his own study of the sword; thus were born the tenets of the Western Circle.

Each new member starts at Level 1 (L1) as a trainee, using wooden training swords called *bokens* for sparring. The next two levels, Greenbraid and White Rope, require periods of intense training and the instilling of discipline. Upon obtaining the Red Rope (skilled swordsman) at L4, a student is allowed to train with live steel. At this time he is tested by a council of three *kaidens* (teachers). If he passes this test, he is initiated into a small group that works with steel and wood. Upon reaching L5 (receiving the Crimson Chain, proficient-swordsman status), members are empowered to teach, thus becoming *kaidens* themselves. Acquiring L6 (Silver Chain) and L7 (Copper Chain) status is rare and coveted. There are now only three Silvers and two Coppers (Gad being one). The entire process can take years to complete.

Though a gathering of this group might look like some weird medieval fantasy, if you're on the inside you know this is the real deal. In the WCoS, which is as full contact as you can get without being killed, members know they may—and probably will—get hurt.

Circle members from every level have come together this weekend for the last event of the year, held in Hayward, California, on a rented piece of hilltop property. The fire breathes light into the night, and the members greet one another using turns of phrase heard only in period movies these days. Fighters suit up in their armor of leather, steel, and plastic; many protect themselves further with hockey gear, which covers their elbows, shins, hands, and heads.

Looking around at this motley crew of computer techs, students, software designers, hand-to-hand-combat instructors, and even an 18-year-old belly dancer, I realize that no one here fits any stereotype of what an armored swordsman might be. Nicole, a sprite of a woman, joined the Circle in 1997. She was the single female player on her high school football team; today she's a college student. "I was depressed for a while and almost quit the Circle," she says. "But my instructor told me he wants the sword to become part of my life. The sword helped me find out who I am."

Twenty-year-old Michael, a computer-science major at



the University of California, has been in the Circle for six months. He got "killed" the first time by Nikon (who will be testing for his L6 Silver Chain tomorrow morning). Michael is into bagpipe music and attends the California chapter of the Scotland-based College of Piping. He engages in sword-fighting "for focus," he says.

Gad suddenly enters the "circle," the designated fighting area. "Are there any challengers?" he asks. Gad is a foreboding presence in his impressive armor, sword on his flank. Over the years he has suffered three broken fingers, two broken knuckles, a fractured right hand, a fractured skull with a bone chip, stab wounds in the shoulder and hand, and cracked ribs. Who knows what tonight could bring.

Nicole accepts the challenge, stepping into the circle and drawing her weapon. She and Gad bow to each other, then dance about, weighing each other carefully. A match usually lasts less than 30 seconds. It ends as soon as someone makes a clean kill—a strike to the head or the body, using the edge of the sword at a proper angle. Severing a limb or a thrust to body or head will also end the proceeding. Of the 55 steel matches Gad's had with Nicole, he's won 51. Tonight, with a clean, precise thrust to her body, he wins again. "Kill," she says, acknowledging that she has been fatally hit.





In standard WCoS protocol, the combatant who receives a strike from his or her opponent must say, "Kill." The striker will then say, "Fight on," or will end the match. The striker decides the outcome, but it's the person who receives the blow who must immediately call the shot. It's a matter of respect for the receiver to call it out, Gad explains. This honor system usually works. In the event that it doesn't, a marshal, whose decision is final, stands nearby.

Nicole, breathing heavily, exits the circle. She's smiling. Being killed here isn't a dishonor; its an opportunity to learn.

As more one-on-one battles ensue, fighters stir up the ground and create eerie clouds around them. The seething hiss of swords whips through the smoke. The action is tense and constant, with little time between bouts.

Most Circle members prefer one-on-ones, which comprise the majority of Circle matches. But the melees—duels with five or more people who battle until there's only one man standing—are even more challenging, and require advanced strategy and skill. A melee can be a very violent battle indeed.

Following about 50 one-on-one matches, the first of three melees begins. Fighters surround the fire and wield their *bokens*. Swords are thrust and warriors fall; imaginary arms and legs are hacked off and heads roll, blood trickling into the dust.

Saturday morning comes fast. Gad has barely slept. Neither has anyone else. Most camped out near the now-squelched fire from the previous night.

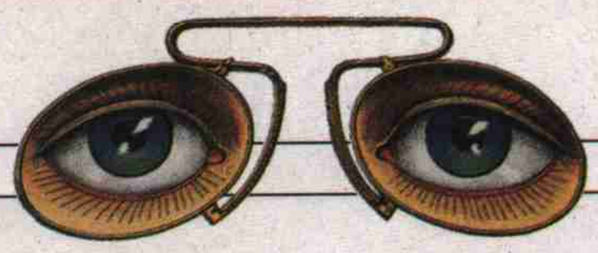
The *kaidens*—Gad, Storm, and Bone Finder—confer over notes on Nikon's upcoming Silver Chain test. Nikon is nervous. Sweat streams down his brow into his armor. His peers are lined up behind him in judgment; the *kaidens* stand before him. The Silver Chain test is painful to witness.

"Your armor was cleaned last night?" a *kaiden* asks with militarylike authority.



WCoS founder Gregory A. Downey (left) always "wanted to be a soldier.... I remember thinking that a sword was a warrior's weapon, the most powerful of them all."

VIEW FROM THE TOP





Melees—duels with five or more people who battle until there is only one person standing—are the most challenging, requiring utmost strategy and skill.

"*Hai,*" Nikon answers, in Japanese.

"And you were not able to remove the rust from your gauntlet?"

"*Eay,*" Nikon answers in the negative.

Suddenly Gad yells, "Fight on!" and the trials begin. Nikon is being tested on defense and varying degrees of cuts. Manipulating the sword as if it were part of him, his movements look easy but in fact are quite difficult. The weight of the sword and the armor makes this a vigorous workout.

Nikon's peers come to life as they attack. Nikon hacks them down one by one, utilizing the various cuts and skills he has learned during many years of training. As the long procedure unfolds, he fails a test of precision: cutting a potato in half midair.

"Pick up that potato!" Gad demands. Nikon does as ordered. "Dry your steel," says Gad, and again Nikon, sweating heavily, acquiesces.

Gad, a man of small stature at only five-foot-five and 140 pounds, is hardly a menacing figure, but he is clearly in charge here. He is the barometer of Nikon's success. After many trials and maddening mistakes, Nikon scrapes by and earns his Silver Chain.

"Were you nervous?" I ask.

"What do you think?" Nikon replies. His hands shake and his chest heaves as a fellow swordsman helps him lift off his armor.

The first melee of the day begins at noon. The pit fills with fighters. Gad, the most gifted warrior, strikes with snakelike quickness. Rarely is he bested.

He takes a far corner of the pit. Nicole and another young fighter, Chris, stand to his right. A Circle member named Aaron is to his left. As the melee begins, Gad kills Aaron instantly with a straight offensive cut. Nicole and Chris notice this and form a team against Gad, circling him.

Gad knows he must engage them immediately; he has no time to plan. He steps in close and uses a draw cut across Nicole's stomach, then whips quickly around Nicole and severs Chris's arm with a full-circle cut. Gad moves to another fighter, Abrian, who is fast and cautious. It takes Gad a few steps and shuffles before he gets Abrian in range. He strikes high, then pulls the sword back, thrusting it out and into Abrian's chest. "Kill," Abrian calls out. Gad moves around the fallen Abrian and sees his own wounded wife on the ground. Still battling Nikon, the two are shadowed by Circle veteran Hedge. Gad moves in quickly and takes out Hedge, severing his leg.

Nikon kills Kaiden Storm, though she does manage to wound him. Gad offers Nikon a chance to yield the match to him, but he refuses. Nikon blocks with a shield. Gad struggles to get through Nikon's guard, but once in, he cuts to the inside of the right leg, severing an artery. Gad wins.

The dead laugh from the ground. "Is someone missing an arrow?" a fighter yells from the pit. "I found one imbedded in my ribcage."

"Let the dead off the field!" Gad yells out, and the dead disperse.

By two o'clock Gad is sore and has a hurt foot, but is otherwise doing well. During a break he sits quietly, studying the group as they mix and talk. "I learn more about them congregating outside the battle than in it," he says. "I'm more interested in their character than their fighting."

It's considered a sign of strength to fight in every melee of the day unless you're injured, though it's not required. But Gad is watching, and these disciples know it.

Gad fears that one day the group will get so big he'll lose control, that he'll come around and they'll say, "Who are you?" In fact he plans to switch careers (law enforcement, naturally) and leave the Circle for a while. It's a pivotal point for the WCoS, he believes.

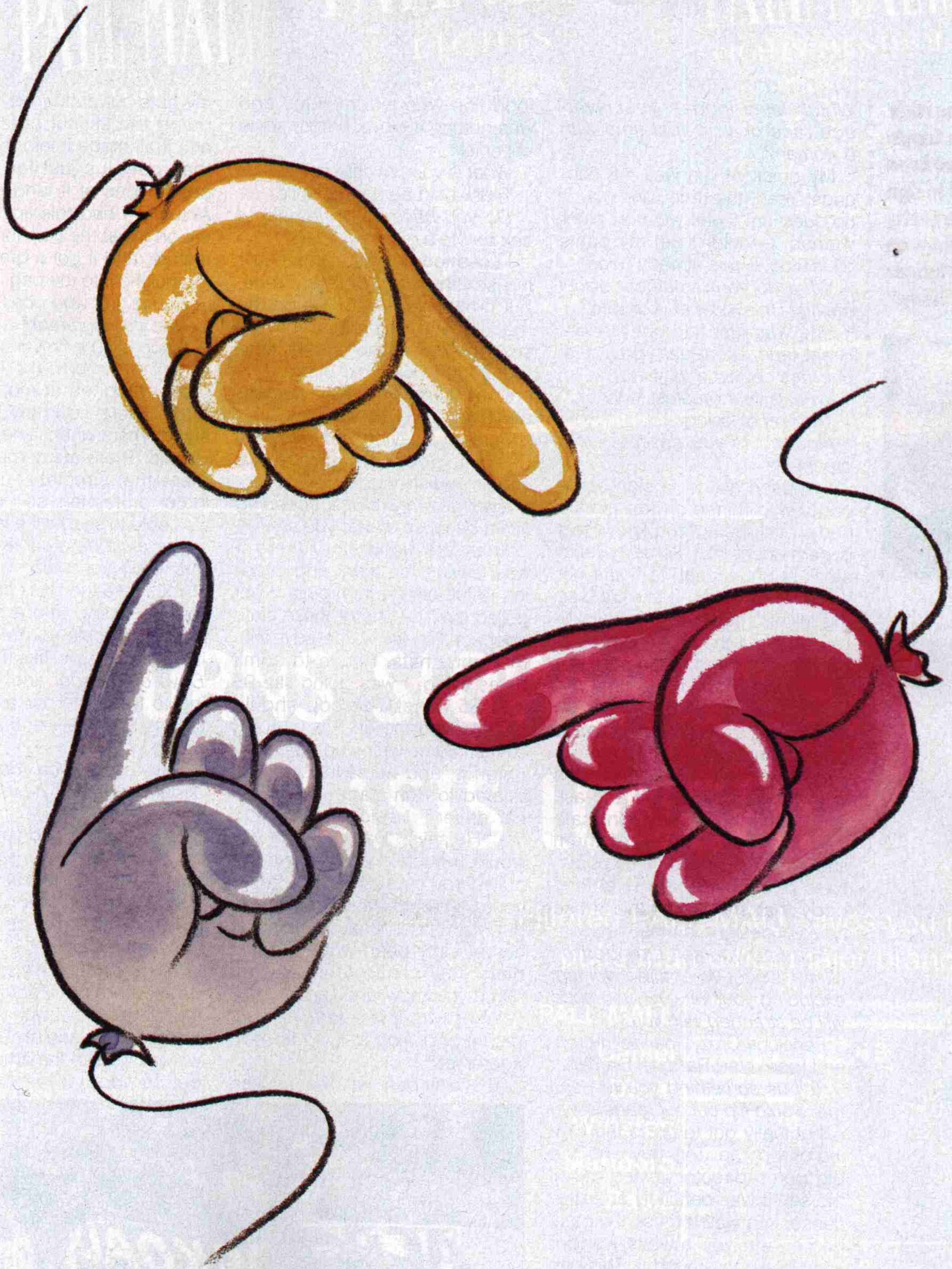
Another melee begins. Thirty-year-old Bone Finder, a Circle *kaiden* and former magician, is injured. A crowd gathers. Gad tells everyone to back off. A *boken* has been thrust through the mesh of Bone Finder's face armor. He is unconscious, and blood gushes from a deep laceration.

Gad tells me that Bone Finder has been wounded before—stabbed arm, shattered knuckle, popped-out knee, crushed ribs. This marks his second head injury. But in minutes Bone Finder is sitting upright with a rag pressed to the gash, smiling.

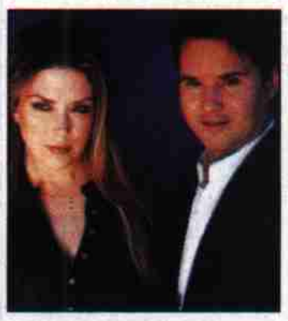
"It's unfortunate that this happened," he says. "This is a highly disciplined art. We're not just a lot of people running around thinking we're medieval warriors. We're martial artists."

Balloonheads®

BY ART CUMINGS



The presumption of innocence



SPORTING AMERICA

20 QUESTIONS, 19 ANSWERS

By Jonathan Davis and Leigh Clark

Drag racer Ron Capps: "I've been asked to sign some pretty wild things on the female body."



Which lasts longer: your average race or your first time with a woman?

My quickest run was 4.8 seconds. Yeah, the race wins out … no question! I was with this older woman. I couldn't get my pants off in time. It was already done.

What do you remember about the first time you met your wife?

She was just this hot blonde. Great legs, great ass, great tits. She was perfect and still is.

What is your greatest fear?

The fear of losing.

How would you describe your groupies?

I've been asked to sign some pretty wild things on the female body. I tell them, "You know, this is permanent ink." Some of them aren't bright enough to figure out that, short of using brake cleaner, this ink isn't coming off so quickly. I sign tits all the time, especially down South, and these fans just don't care. Most of the time the tits are not the most desirable. It's not like I'm signing some Pamela Anderson breasts. The whole thing cracks my wife up. The girls will whip their titties out and ask you to sign them. They don't care who is around. Some of them show up with tattoos of me or pictures of my car on parts of their body that shouldn't have those types of designs in those regions.

You find yourself stranded on Hump Island. What three women, excluding your wife, do you hope will be stranded with you?

Penélope Cruz, Charlize Theron, and [porn star] Racquel Darrian.

Tell us something you've done that would flip out our readers.

I actually got to go to the filming of a porno. This guy who is a big porno director invited me to the set. It was definitely an experience. You watch these things at home, and you always wonder what goes on around it. This one scene took this guy forever to come, and everyone on the set is getting pissed. People are walking around naked. It's just weird standing next to some guy in the food line who two minutes ago was getting a blowjob from some hot chick.

What is your favorite position?

That would be doggie-style.

Do you have any rules about sex before a race?

I used to be careful about having sex the night before a race, but if my wife is with me on the road, I have no problem having sex. The day of the race I'll tend to back off from sex. Some drivers say it can take your aggression away, so I just avoid it.

Is there a saying you live by?

"What doesn't kill you only makes you stronger."

Ever gotten out of a speeding ticket because of who you are?

There's a good story there. I was leaving the track and heading to the airport in Virginia. I get pulled over by one of those state troopers. You know, the guys with the funny hats. I have to admit I was flying. I was going like 95 in a 55 zone. The cop should have locked me up, I was going so fast. So he writes up the ticket, I sign it, and he says, "Are you related to Ron Capps the race-car driver?" I said, "Yeah, that's me." He says, "Damn! I wish you would have told me that when I pulled you over. I'm a big fan of yours. I would have let you go, but I can't now because the ticket has already been written." I just didn't feel comfortable saying, "Don't you know who I am?"

What was it like to fulfill your dream of getting to fly in an F-16 fighter jet?

That was bad-ass. Yes, I puked my guts out during the flight, but being the skillful person that I am, it all made it into these bags they gave us just for that purpose. None of it landed on me. Actually, I had this lipstick camera on me at the time for an ESPN feature, and it got a great shot of me puking into the bag.

Can a guy who does what you do get life insurance?

[Laughs] The first time I tried to do it on my own, the insurance broker laughed at me. He gave me a quote he knew I couldn't afford. That's when I knew I was in trouble. There are companies out there that specialize in people in our profession, so I eventually was able to secure life insurance.

You must be a car-rental agency's worst nightmare.

You leave the track sometimes, and you jump into a rental car and the people you're with think it's going to be like the movie *Days of Thunder* and you're going to trash the car and literally race to the hotel—and sometimes we do.

If we offered you $500 a day to avoid having sex, how long would you last?

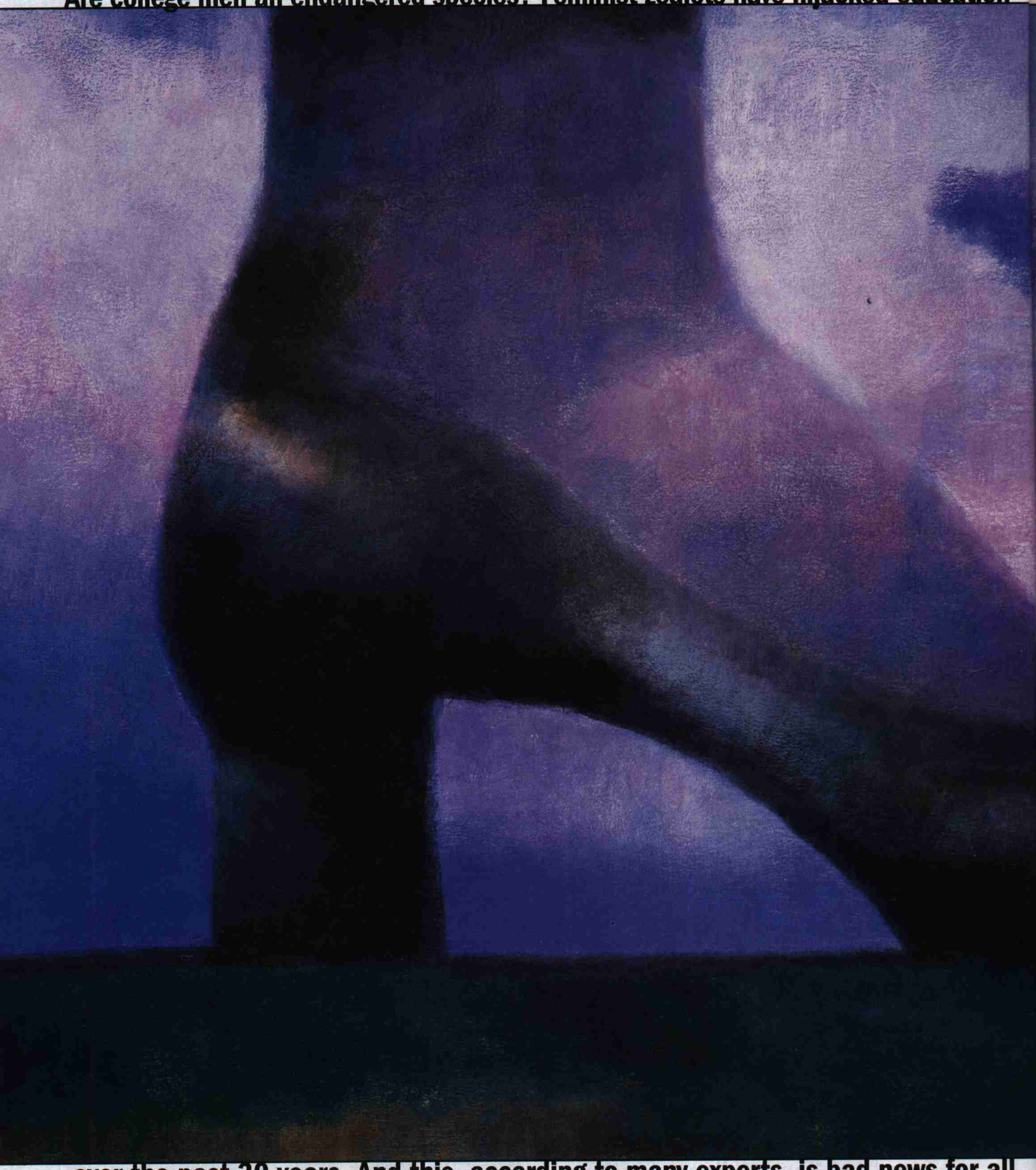
I think I could hold out for a couple of weeks. I may get grouchy, but for $10,000 I'd deal with it.

What do you think your family's reaction is going to be after reading this interview?

In the eighties my racing team was featured in *Penthouse,* and my mother-in-law, who is a church-going woman and my biggest fan, wanted to read the article. So she gets a copy (CONTINUED ON PAGE 186)

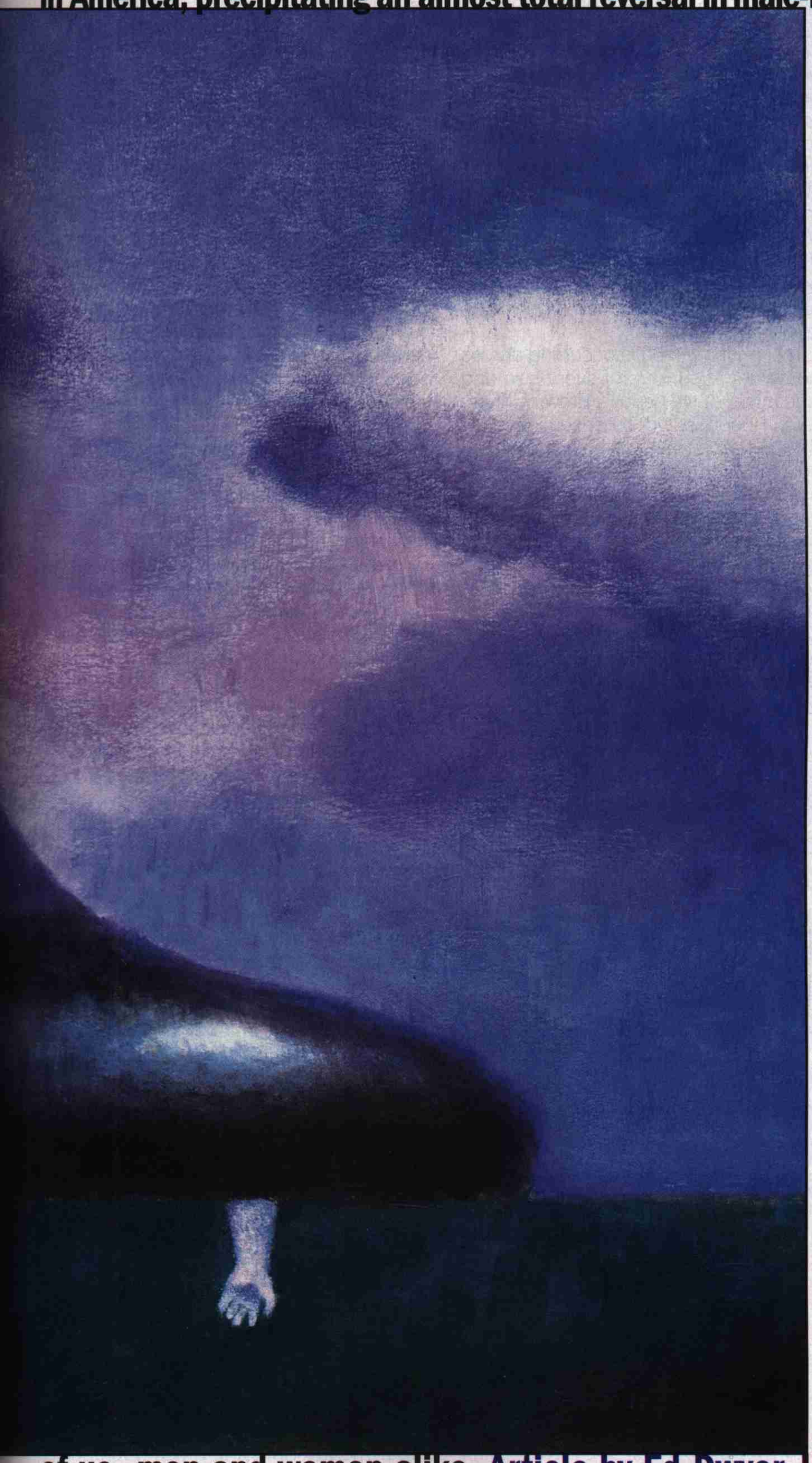


Are college men an endangered species? Feminist zealots have hijacked education



over the past 30 years. And this, according to many experts, is bad news for all

in America, precipitating an almost total reversal in male-female enrollment percentages



Andy Sum is on a lonely mission, but the way he sees it, nothing less than America's future is at stake. Sum, an economics professor and the director of the Center for Labor Market Studies at Northeastern University in Boston, has done the research, seen the numbers, published the studies. What he sees scares him. Men, who once predominated at colleges, are disappearing from campuses as women, once thought "at risk" educationally, are enrolling and gaining degrees at record rates, leaving men in the dust.

While this may be good news for women,

A MAN IS A TERRIBLE THING TO WASTE

Sum tells anyone who will listen that it's terrible news for society at large. That's because his own research proves that better-educated men make more money (a man with a bachelor's degree will earn $1.25 million more over his lifetime than one with a high school diploma or GED), pay more taxes, and build better families and stronger communities. Fewer educated men means more single-mother families (well-educated women are unlikely to "marry down"), more unemployment, more welfare, more crime, more men behind bars.

Which is why Sum has publicly called upon President Bush, the Department of Education, and Congress to pass the "Gender Equity Act," which would restore balance in college enrollments. In other words, affirmative action for men. Sum has also circulated to the media a pamphlet, *Wanted: Five Million Men, College Degrees Required,* which declares that "the time is now" for the creation of local and national initiatives aimed at achieving gender equality in college graduations by 2010. "The community and the nation you

of us—men and women alike. Article by Ed Dwyer Illustration by Brad Holland

save may be your own," declares Sum's call to action.

The professor reluctantly concedes that he's not apt to reach his goal. For starters, he points out, "there's no longer a region or a state where men are not declining" in college enrollment and graduation. Then there's the fact that, unlike women, "men lack an effective lobbying group. If this was happening to women, it would be in the news, bills would be passed." Women and girls have whole corps of well-funded, aggressive organizations pleading their plight: the National Organization for Women, the Feminist Majority, the National Women's Law Center, and the American Association of University Women, as well as hundreds of for-women-only financial-aid programs. Men and boys are essentially left to fend for themselves. Worse, says Sum, men are afraid to even discuss the issue.

Alarmed educators like Andy Sum who aren't afraid to raise the gender-imbalance issue can find themselves isolated and accused of being sexist. Their message runs opposite to the conventional wisdom propagated by feminist interest groups that girls are still disadvantaged in American educational systems. "You encounter actual resentment," says Sum. "Or deaf ears from the women who run most of the administration offices in education nowadays."

Meanwhile, college men are quickly nearing endangered status. Recent figures would appear conclusive. Men account for 51 percent of the college-age population, but just 43 percent of the enrollment at degree-granting institutions. That represents an almost complete reversal in male-female enrollment percentages from 1970, when American colleges were packed with men avoiding the draft during the Vietnam War. During the seventies and eighties, women began enrolling in greater numbers. Women, who now represent 57 percent of the in-college population and are projected to rise to nearly 59 percent by 2010, have clearly grabbed higher education by the balls.

This phenomenon is occurring across the board, at schools of every size and reputation. At Ivy League Brown University in Rhode Island, the incoming class of 1995 was 52 percent male; the incoming class of 2004 was 54 percent female. Simultaneously the gender gap at community colleges continues to widen, with women at this date making up 58 percent of the enrollment.

As for actually snagging a sheepskin for the effort, again, men are falling farther behind. It is estimated that women were awarded up to 57 percent of the bachelor's degrees in 2002. There were 133 women for every 100 men awarded a bachelor's degree in 2000 (compared with 86 women for every 100 men in 1977); and 138 women for every 100 men awarded a master's degree (compared to 89 women for every 100 men in 1977). At two-year community colleges, 61 percent of graduates now are women. Among minorities, the gap is a chasm. For every 100 African-American men receiving bachelor's degrees in 2000, there were 192 women; for every 100 African-American men receiving an associate's degree, there were 188 women. The story is pretty much the same for Hispanics and Native Americans. Not good.

Only in doctoral programs do men outnumber women nationally, but the percentages are closing fast, with engineering, business, and hard sciences remaining the last male bastions. Not for long, though.

So how did this ever-widening gender gap happen? And why should we care?

It's easier to start with the second question. That's because of those statistics showing that college-educated men earn more money over their lifetime—which, as noted, translates into happier men, healthier families, better communities, and a stronger economy. There's also the fact that well-educated, upwardly mobile women, of which there are more and more, traditionally seek equally or better-educated men as mates. Which means a higher education is simply a matter of self-interest for men—one that even most women can appreciate. Then there's this danger that we may see come to pass: "We are developing men-as-a-class, mules who will do the hazardous, dirty jobs that women won't do," warns San Diego–based men's advocate Warren Farrell, best-selling author of *Women Can't Hear What Men Don't Say* and *The Myth of Male Power*. "Men will be good only for providing brute force and technology." (Sort of like the subterranean Morlocks in H. G. Wells's sci-fi masterpiece *The Time Machine*.)

Which brings us back to the first question. According to Farrell, "men are headed for a marginal role in society" if there is no reversal of course in our schools and colleges, where males are sinking fast. And Farrell makes it abundantly clear where he believes the blame falls for this state of affairs. "The problem begins in elementary schools, with their preponderance of female teachers who have been trained in universities by feminists," he says. "Women's studies programs are incubators of a feminist ideology that has taken over social-sciences departments. Something like 150,000 women a year graduate from women's studies programs, and they've gone on to dominate gender issues."

For all intents and purposes, Farrell



"I'm firing you, Wipple, because you're the only person in the office who wouldn't retaliate."

holds, feminists have hijacked education in America over the past 20 years. As a consequence, boys' needs are being ignored in schools. In *Women Can't Hear,* Farrell singles out the pernicious influence of one particular feminist-funded study. Commissioned and heavily publicized by the American Association of University Women in 1992, "How Schools Shortchange Girls: A Study of Major Findings on Girls and Education" alleged that schools "shortchanged" girls in four areas: math, science, teacher attention, and self-esteem. Subsequently debunked, the much ballyhooed study nonetheless was the catalyst for tens of thousands of schools to pay teachers to be trained to address the needs of "shortchanged" girls.

As Farrell notes, the AAUW conveniently overlooked the findings of more rigorously scientific studies that chronicle the myriad ways that boys are the real losers in our schools. Specifically: They have lower grades in every subject but math and science; receive fewer honors; have lower class ranks; drop out sooner; are more likely to be placed in special education; are up to four times more likely to commit suicide; are more likely to be diagnosed with learning disorders; are less likely to take advanced-placement programs; are less likely to take the SATs; have more attention-deficit problems; and have more discipline problems. The AAUW also did not publicize research showing that boys score only five points higher than girls on nationwide achievement test scores in math, and lead by only eight points on science achievement tests. Or a 1999 survey of 99,000 students in grades six through 12 that found girls ahead of boys in 34 of 40 "developmental assets." Or a recent Florida State University survey that found more girls than boys decide, as early as junior high school, to attend college.

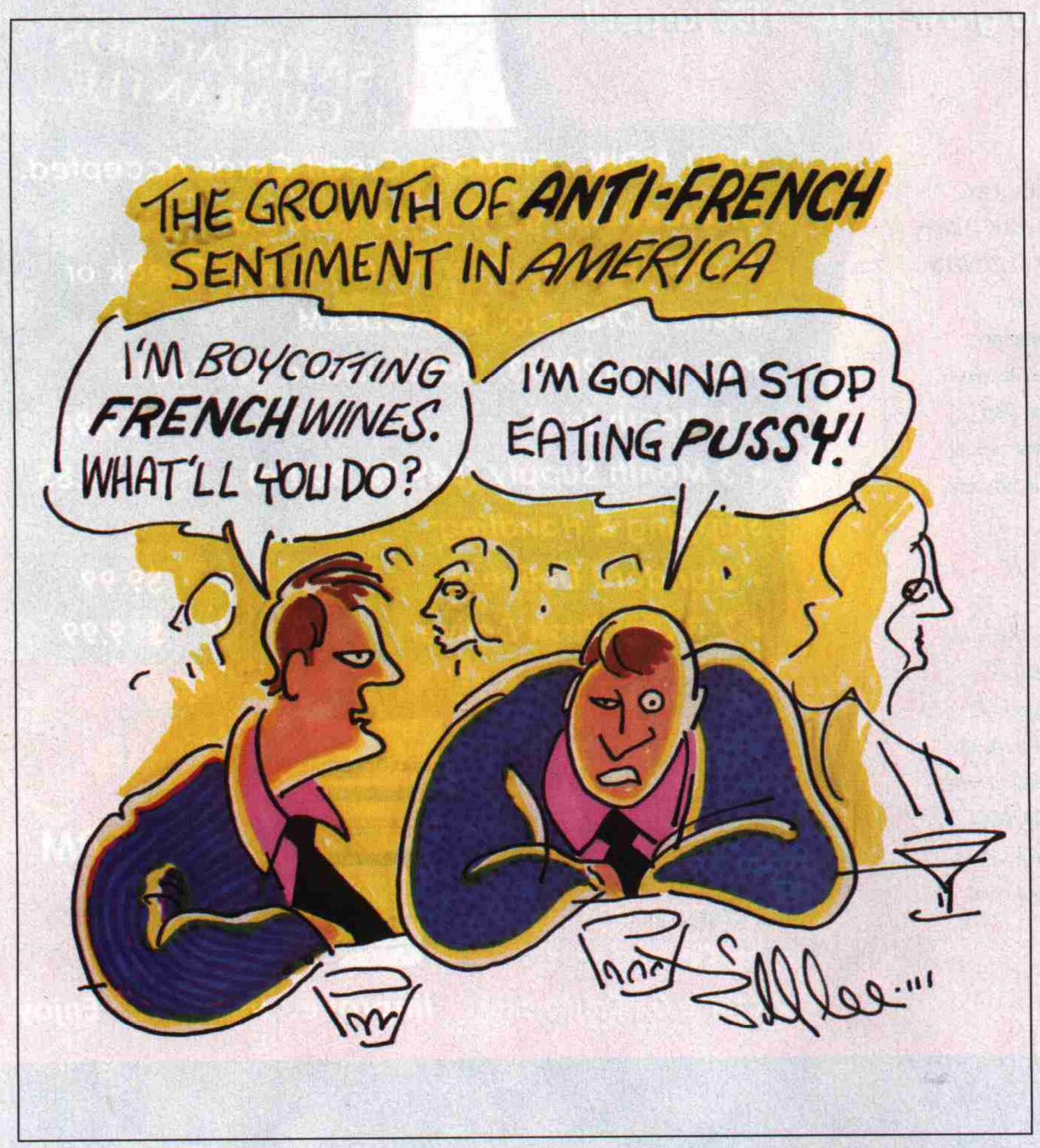
The list goes on. Nevertheless, abetted by a lazy media and gullible school boards, the flawed AAUW study has in ten years become gospel in school systems across the nation; while girls are provided with compensatory classes in math and science, and given added attention in the classroom, boys are left to flounder. "It's a double standard," Farrell says. "When women do badly, it is the school's fault. When boys do badly, it's their own fault."

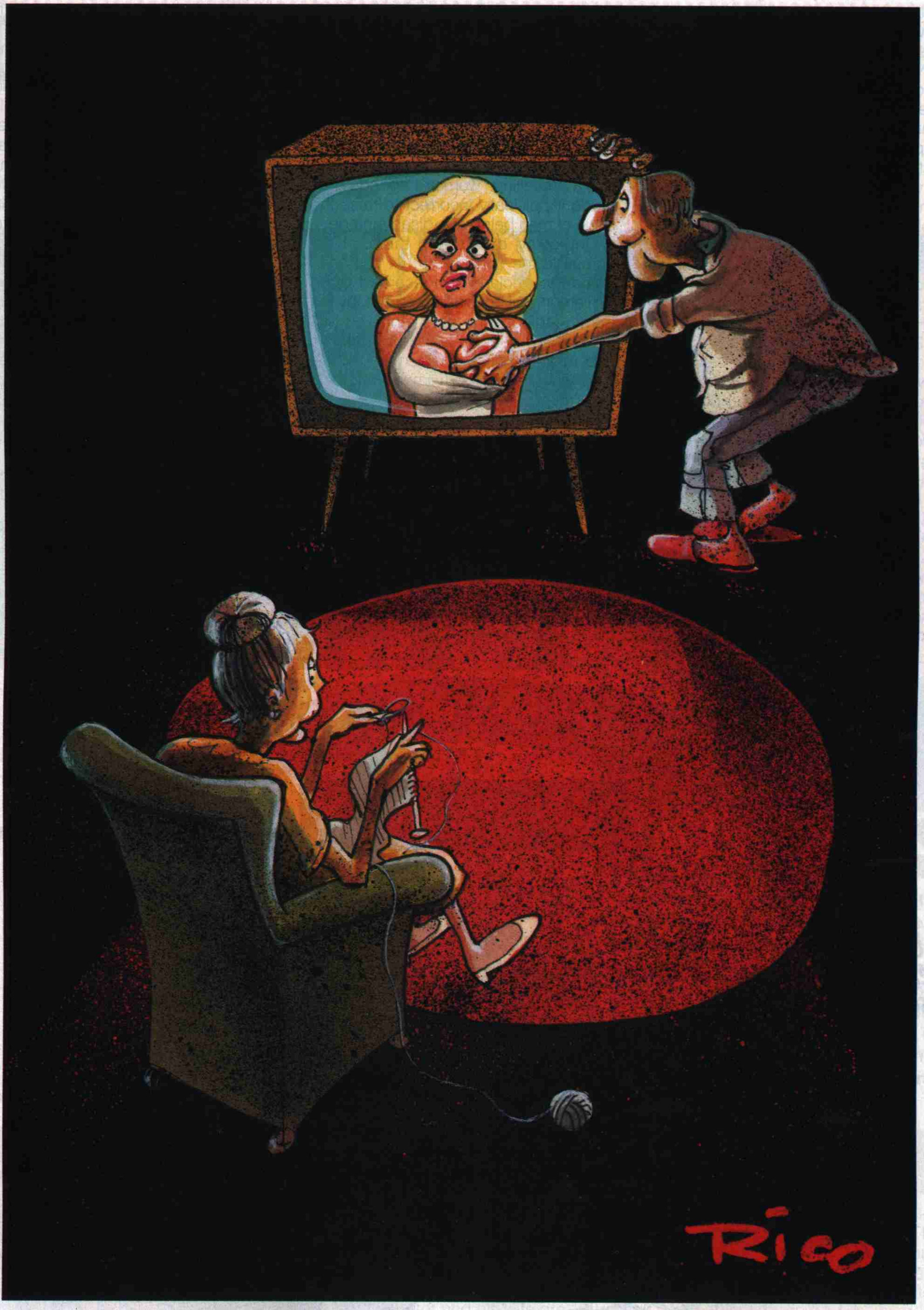
Farrell is not alone in his indictment of a feminist putsch in America's educational systems. Christina Hoff Sommers, a resident scholar at the American Enterprise Institute, challenged the AAUW and other politically correct monitors of "gender equity" with her controversial book *The War Against Boys: How Misguided Feminism Is Harming Our Young Men.* In it, she presents an entirely different picture of American education than the one promulgated by what she describes as "girl partisans." Sommers, as the title of her book suggests, feels that boys are under attack for being male, which she deems a "pathology" by "self-styled equity specialists." Rather than suffering from "the spurious, fashionable self-esteem gap" claimed by feminists, girls are thriving, outnumbering boys in student government, in honor societies, on school newspapers, and on debating teams. They also read more books and consistently outperform males in art and music. Meanwhile, boys are being "resocialized" to be less like boys and more like girls, demonized at schools that "treat normal boys as sexist culprits."

Scary. But is it enough to account for the precipitous falloff of men entering and graduating college? Farrell suggests that the deck is stacked against men in other ways. He notes that the *Directory of Financial Aids for Women, 1999–2001* describes 1,700 funding programs set aside for women, representing billions of dollars in female-only financial aid, much of it taxpayer-supported. There is no equivalent directory for men.

And colleges themselves, Farrell claims, have become inhospitable places for men, what with feminist ideologues calling the shots. According to his research, more than 30,000 women's studies courses are currently offered at American universities, with about 700 majors or minors in women's studies available. The few men's studies courses, he complains, "are largely auxiliaries of the feminist curriculum" that focus on men as wife beaters, date rapists, and child molesters, rather than address such men's issues as suicide, early death, infertility, husband abuse, and depression. "Colleges, especially liberal-arts colleges, have become a hostile environment for men, like the corporate boardroom has been for women," he says. "Consequently, fewer men are going into the social sciences and humanities." Where they *are* still going is into hard science or business, fields where they still hold an edge—fields they know will make them enough money to attract a quality woman and raise a family comfortably.

Of course not everyone shares Farrell's and Sommers's dire assessments. Jim Harvey—a former college-admissions director, current director of the Forum for the American School Superintendent for the Danforth Foundation, and coauthor of the influential study "A Legacy of Learning"—observes that men are increasingly seeking degrees in law, engineering, business, and science. But Harvey doesn't consider this development as a negative side effect





"George, stop doing that!"

of a feminist hijacking of academe. Rather, he says, "the kids once looked down on as nerds are now the hard-nosed realists."

Nor does Harvey accept that men are endangered educationally. Instead, "people are waking up to the fact that women are taking advantage of the opportunities." He discounts the feminists-rule-the-college-roost idea as "a lot of whining and grousing from the right wing." Nonetheless, he does allow that "robust, what used to be considered masculine, behavior has been frowned upon" in education in the past several decades. "There's been a lot of feminization of schooling," he says.

Harvey also recognizes the danger in letting men slip farther behind. In a scenario where there are fewer and fewer educated men, he cautions, "the traditional family formation could be at risk." What's required to right the course? "We need some powerful voices speaking out for boys, like women have [for girls] in the last 20 years."

Men won't find that voice at the influential American Council on Education. In 2000, Jacqueline E. King, director of ACE's Center for Policy Analysis, published her much anticipated report "Gender Equity in Higher Education: Are Male Students at a Disadvantage?" In her introduction she takes particular aim at Tom Mortenson, a highly regarded senior scholar at the Pell Institute for the Study of Opportunity in Higher Education in Washington, D.C. Mortenson has posed the question "Where are the guys?" in his newsletter, *Postsecondary Education Opportunity,* and in various publications. Over the past half-decade, Mortenson has warned that males are being "displaced" by females educationally, and that a prevailing "women's agenda" has made it politically incorrect to raise the issue of men being at a disadvantage.

Deploying charts and tables, King comes to the conclusion that it is "premature to declare a widespread problem among all boys and men." Study the demographics, she says, and you discover the real crisis is with low-income and minority men, who remain far behind women and white men in college enrollment.

Sadly, there's no surprise there. But, amazingly, King also insists "there is little evidence that white middle-class males are falling behind their female peers." Regarding young white men, she asserts there "simply were fewer [of them] in the population" when male college enrollment started its plunge in the eighties and nineties. (It is unclear how this jibes with National Center for Education Statistics projections that say men's enrollment will fall even farther behind women's by 2012, while men make up more than 50 percent of the college-age population.)

King also serves up a favorite feminist explanation for the gender gap, suggesting that young men have the option of well-paying jobs in the blue-collar sector, which may lower their enrollment numbers. (While it is true that a male high school graduate will earn slightly more in his lifetime than a woman with a bachelor's degree, the fact remains that a man with a bachelor's degree will earn twice as much as a man with only a high school degree. It is also worth noting that the reason men outearn women as a group is because they are in general willing to work longer hours, take hazardous jobs, and commute long distances or relocate for advancement.) In a bit of sugar-coating, King takes pains to note that men still achieve more advanced degrees in business and engineering, the fields that pay the highest wages.

"The story," she says, "is not one of male failure, or even lack of opportunity, but rather one of increased academic opportunity and success among females and minorities." (Minorities in this case being minority women, who are enrolling in record numbers at community colleges.)

Andy Sum, for one, does not buy Jac-

CONTINUED ON PAGE 36

GREAT MOMENTS IN HISTORY

SATIRE BY ERIC JAY DECETIS

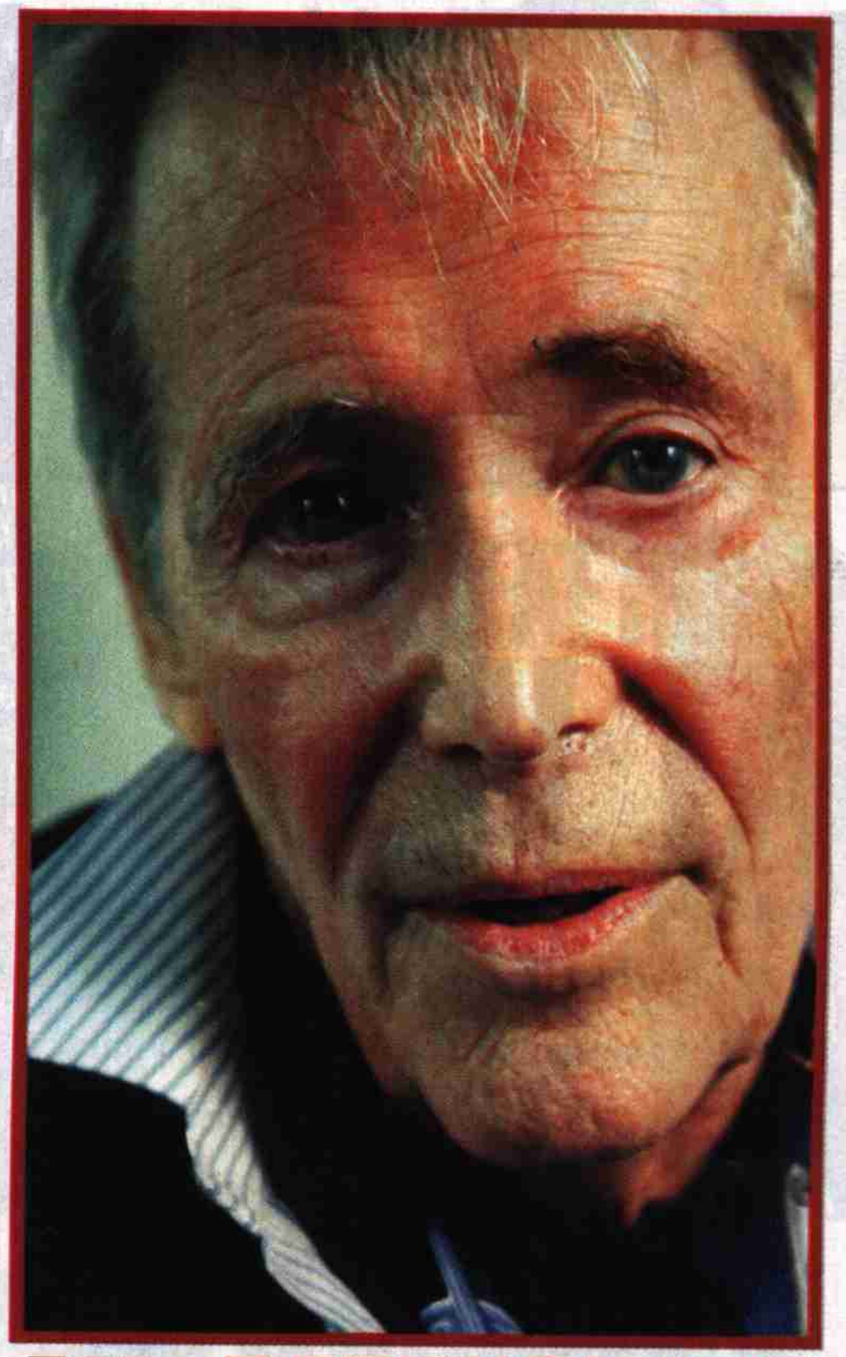


DREAMS & DIVERSIONS



SORRY WE BROUGHT IT UP

Lord of the Rings actress **Liv Tyler,** when asked about reports that she has had plastic surgery to maker her lips pouty, replied, "They just make shit up. I thought that was hilarious, because of all the things you could say I've had plastic surgery on, I mean, **Steven Tyler** is my fucking father, and, if anything, my lips have shrunk as I've gotten older."



AH, MEMORIES

Peter O'Toole, when asked about his most painful holiday experience, remembered one Christmas Eve when his father, "Spats" O'Toole, arrived home drunk. Young Peter asked if Father Christmas was on his way. His old man went outside, burst a paper bag, came back in, and told his son that Father Christmas had just shot himself. "I wept for hours," says the actor.



THAT'S ONE WAY TO LOOK AT IT

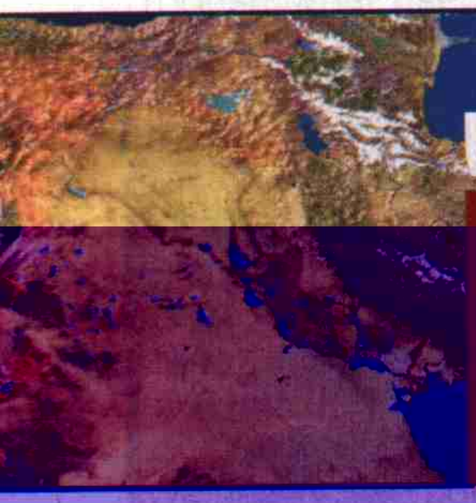
Actress **Lisa Ling,** revealing to *Stuff* magazine that her grandfather once ran brothels in Taiwan's red-light district, added, "I mean, on a fundamental level, it's kind of unsanitary."



JUST AS WE SUSPECTED

A number of Hollywood celebrities who campaign against gas-guzzling SUVs as dangerous to the environment demonstrate something less than full commitment to the clean-air goal. Among them, producer **Norman Lear** built himself a 21-car garage, and **Gwyneth Paltrow** drives a Mercedes-Benz SUV. **Chevy Chase** is another SUV owner. A spokesman for Chase insisted that the actor and his wife are "extremely environmentally conscious," as demonstrated by the solar panels they use to heat their swimming pool.

DREAMS & DIVERSIONS



JUST AS WE FEARED

According to a national survey, only 13 percent of Americans ages 18 to 24 know where Iraq is on a map, but a third of them can more or less locate the tiny Pacific island where the latest installment of the television series *Survivor* was filmed.



YOUR TAX DOLLARS AT WORK

The federally funded National Institute of Child Health and Human Development is paying women 20 to 40 years old up to $75 to watch porn movies, in an attempt to discover "what types of audiovisual erotica women find sexually arousing," determined by tampon-sized probes in their vaginas that measure arousal. It is part of a $147,000 study at Northwestern University designed to develop "more effective strategies" in dealing with STDs.



WORST NEW DOLL IDEA

A New York doll maker offers a line featuring the head of **Barbie** attached to the figure of a topless dominatrix brandishing a whip. Mattel, Barbie's regular manufacturer, unsuccessfully argued in a court suit that the so-called "dungeon dolls" violate Mattel's copyright.



YOU GOT THAT RIGHT

Hotel magnate **Leona Helmsley,** when a jury awarded $11 million in damages to one of her former hotel managers after finding she had harassed him and fired him because he is gay, concluded: "They don't like me, I guess."

WHERE ARE THEY NOW?

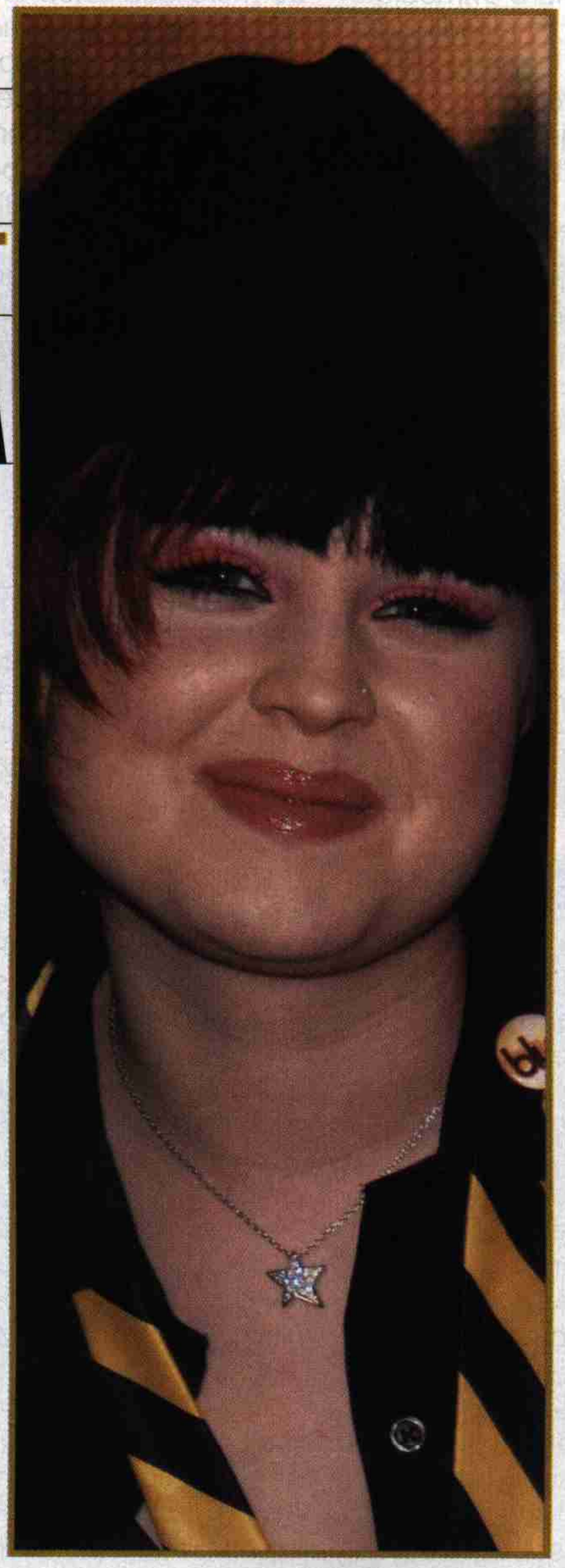
Grace Slick, lead singer of the legendary 1960s rock group **Jefferson Airplane,** is now 63 and living quietly in retirement in Malibu. Despite her reputation as wild and sexually ravenous in her younger days, Slick said she never participated in any group sex: "I didn't like orgies. I'm not good at multitasking."

GOOD DEFINITION

Asked by the press to name the best producer he ever worked with, William H. Macy nominated Michael Bloomberg, who, prior to being elected mayor of New York City, had produced the actor's film *Focus*. Urged to explain why Bloomberg was so great, Macy said "he wrote the check and we saw him at the wrap party and that's it. That's great producing."



WORST NEW T-SHIRT IDEA



According to Hintmag.com, a Brooklyn, New York, firm now offers a line of T-shirts emblazoned with an announcement that the wearer has had sex with various celebrities. For example: I FUCKED KELLY OSBOURNE.

OUR NATION'S JUDGES AT WORK

An appeals court rebuked a New Jersey judge for sentencing a female teacher charged with having sex with one of her students, a 13-year-old boy, to a simple five years' probation. The judge had downplayed the significance of the charges, telling prosecutors, "Maybe it was a way for [the boy], once this happened, to satisfy his sexual needs."

OUR STUPIDEST-BUREAUCRAT-OF-THE-MONTH AWARD TO ...

... LUCY SPELMAN, director of the National Zoo in Washington, D.C., who refused to release to the *Washington Post* the pathology report of a 17-year-old giraffe that had died at the zoo. Spelman said that doctor-patient confidentiality laws, meant to cover human beings, apply in principle to animals.



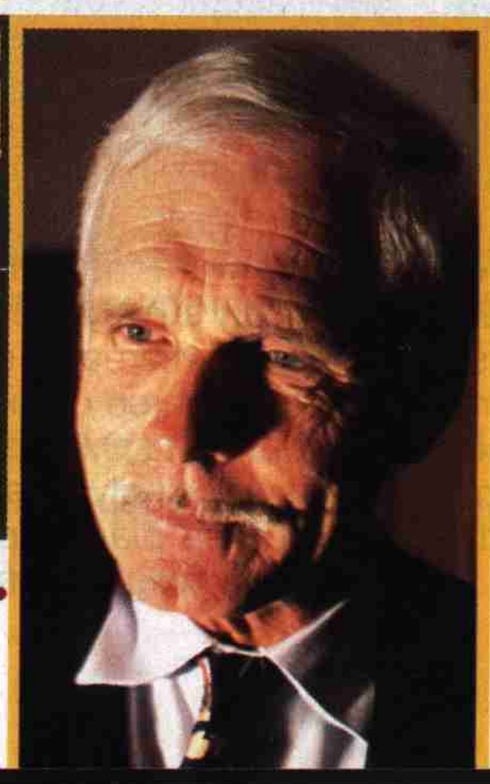


ANNALS OF PSYCHIATRY

JON BON JOVI said he decided to see a therapist some years ago when he was "messed up." However, he couldn't find the man's office, and as a result arrived 45 minutes late for an hour-long appointment. "I sat down ready to spill my guts to this guy, and after a couple of minutes he says, 'Well, your time's up.' That was the real low."

THE EVER-DEEPENING TED TURNER MYSTERY

In a university lecture, **TED TURNER** called the 9/11 terrorists "brave, at the very least," although he conceded that "they might have been a little nuts." Turner went on to describe the attacks as an act of desperation, since the terrorists were poor and didn't "have any hope for a better life."



WASTE

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 32

queline King's conclusions. "It's intellectually dishonest," he fumes. "The ACE is putting their heads in the sand." In reality, "the economic incentive to get educated is even greater" for young men seeking employment in an information economy fast becoming dominated by women. What's more, "there is no gender imbalance in the population at large, and certainly no shortage of young men in the military or prisons." The fact is, he says, women are being encouraged to further their education while "young men are getting the wrong messages." Rather than blame feminist educators, though, Sum faults pop-culture icons. "It's cool to look dumb," he says. "The entertainment and sports cultures look down on academic achievement in men."

Sum also notes that young men face intense pressure at an early age to make money immediately and thereby establish their worth in society. To a 17-or 18-year-old high school graduate with a car payment and a girlfriend, getting a $15-an-hour job instead of going to college can seem like the smart thing to do. "Young males have a short view of the future," one college-enrollment director told *Penthouse.*

As for the men who do enroll in college, statistics reveal they are increasingly being outperformed by women and are more likely to drop out. Is this, as Farrell claims, because colleges are hostile environments where men are powerless in the face of feminist ideology run amok?

Associate Dean Chip Capraro, director of the men's studies minor at Hobart and William Smith Colleges in Geneva, New York ("Ferociously and totally liberal arts," they advertise), does not subscribe to that scenario. Granted, he teaches a rape-prevention workshop that is required of first-year Hobart men, exactly the sort of course that Farrell denounces as men-are-the-problem propaganda. But, Capraro notes, first-year women are required to take a companion course; and both courses teach "that men are basically decent and not interested in harming women." He describes the men's studies program at Hobart, which offered the first men's studies minor in the nation, as a "complement" to women's studies, not an auxiliary. Among Capraro's lessons: "Masculinity is paradoxical. Men have power, but are disempowered."

Capraro sees the growing performance-graduation gap as the simple result of women taking education more seriously than men. "Women can see that education is a track to a better life and stay on the train," he says. "Men are shortsighted." Having more immediate options for employment, they will drop out for a job. And while Capraro allows that "to some extent, yes, dollars are going to women," he rejects the notion that men are being deliberately disadvantaged educationally. "We shouldn't say that men are discriminated against," he insists. "Instead we need men to take responsibility for being men."

College men behaving irresponsibly (imagine!) may, in fact, account for a measure of the slippage in their numbers. Call it the fuck-off factor. For evidence, consider the results of the 2001 annual survey of freshman attitudes and plans conducted by the Higher Education Research Institute at UCLA. This national survey found that men rated their health and wellness much higher than women rated their own. Men also rated their emotional health higher than did women, who reported feeling more anxiety than men by a large margin.

> "Warren Farrell believes that feminists have hijacked education over the past 20 years. As a consequence, boys' needs are being ignored."

Indeed, it may be that women are more inclined to report emotional problems and anxiety than men. But the survey's director, assistant professor Linda Sax, Ph.D., detects a paradox in the responses. "Despite women having higher GPAs, we have not seen their gains matched by self-confidence, self-esteem, career choices," she says. "Men develop a stronger sense of self-confidence—which doesn't parlay into academics."

Or perhaps the men are too busy goofing off to notice that they are becoming an endangered species. The freshman survey also found that 35.4 percent of men play computer or video games for three or more hours a week, compared to 9.6 percent of women. (Not surprisingly, five times more men report they plan to pursue careers in computer programming.) Nearly 60 percent of the men reported exercising at least six hours a week, compared to 43.2 percent of the women.

Ask some students themselves what most college guys are up to, and they're apt to tell you pretty much the same thing. Matthew, a sophomore at a small private liberal-arts college, confirms an "overwhelming" gender imbalance at his school. "The ratio must be close to 65 women to 35 men," he says. He also reports that women there appear to be more dedicated to the notion of getting an education. "The girls seem more concerned with school than guys, while the guys seem more concerned with girls than school." Female students, he observes, "are not better trained, but they seem more ambitious to do well and succeed." At the same time, "in order of importance, the guys want 1) girls, 2) parties, 3) friends, 4) education."

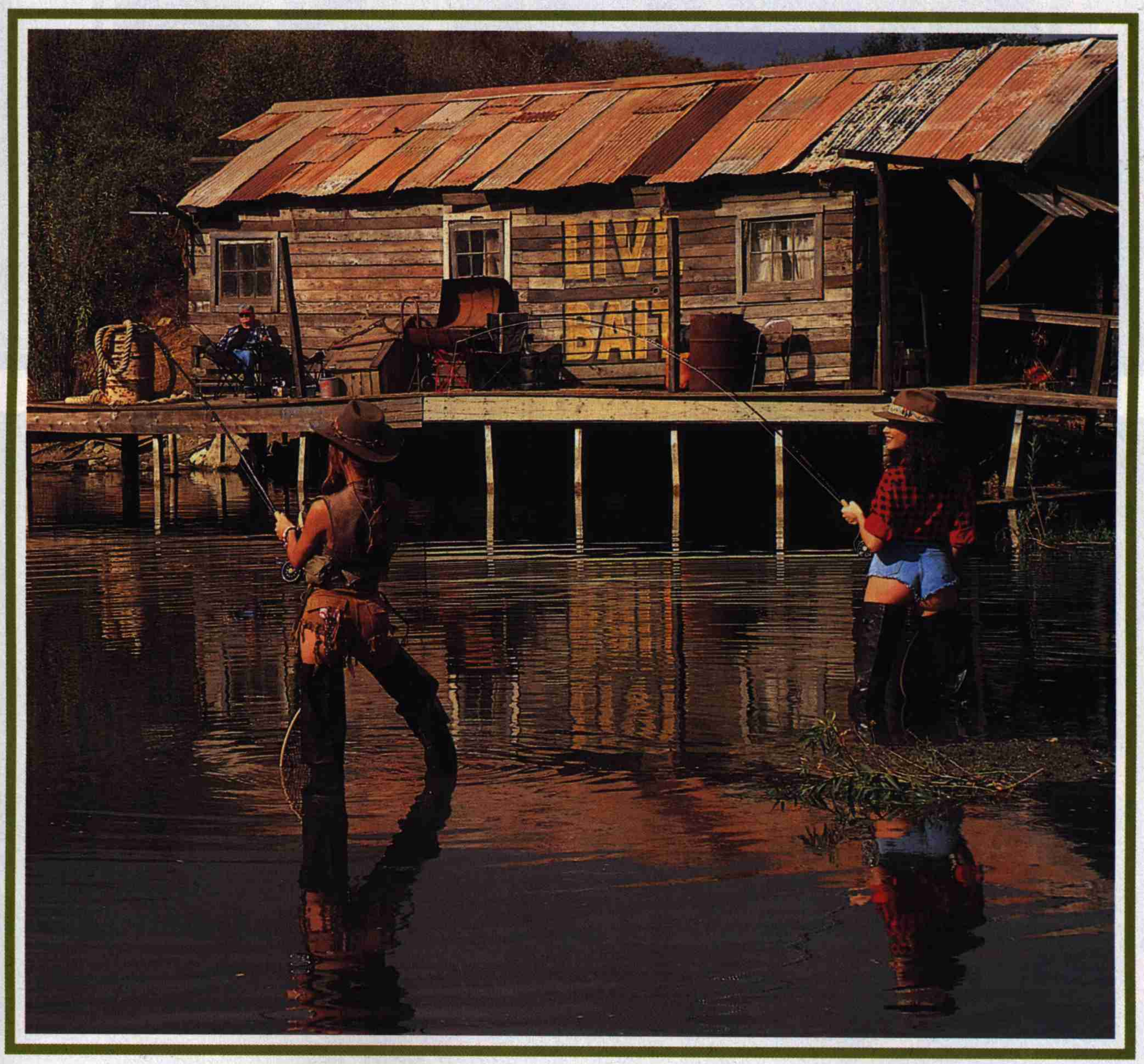
Megan, a senior at a medium-size state college, has seen "a significant increase in women" on campus since her freshman year. Like Matthew, she reports that the men have their own unique set of priorities. "It sounds stereotypical, but my male friends here just want to have fun, meet friends, and get the degree." She's also seen three male friends "drop out after two years because they couldn't take it anymore." Most of her male friends on campus, she says, "are tired of college and want to get into the real world and earn a living."

Guys wanting the degree rather than the education doesn't surprise Bret Burkholder, coordinator of men's programs at Pierce College in Puyallup, Washington. "Women see college as their time to grow, an opportunity. They are engaged in their education, have a relationship with it," he says. "The guys are doing time. They figure they've got to get that degree. It's putting money in the bank, a product, a means to a payoff."

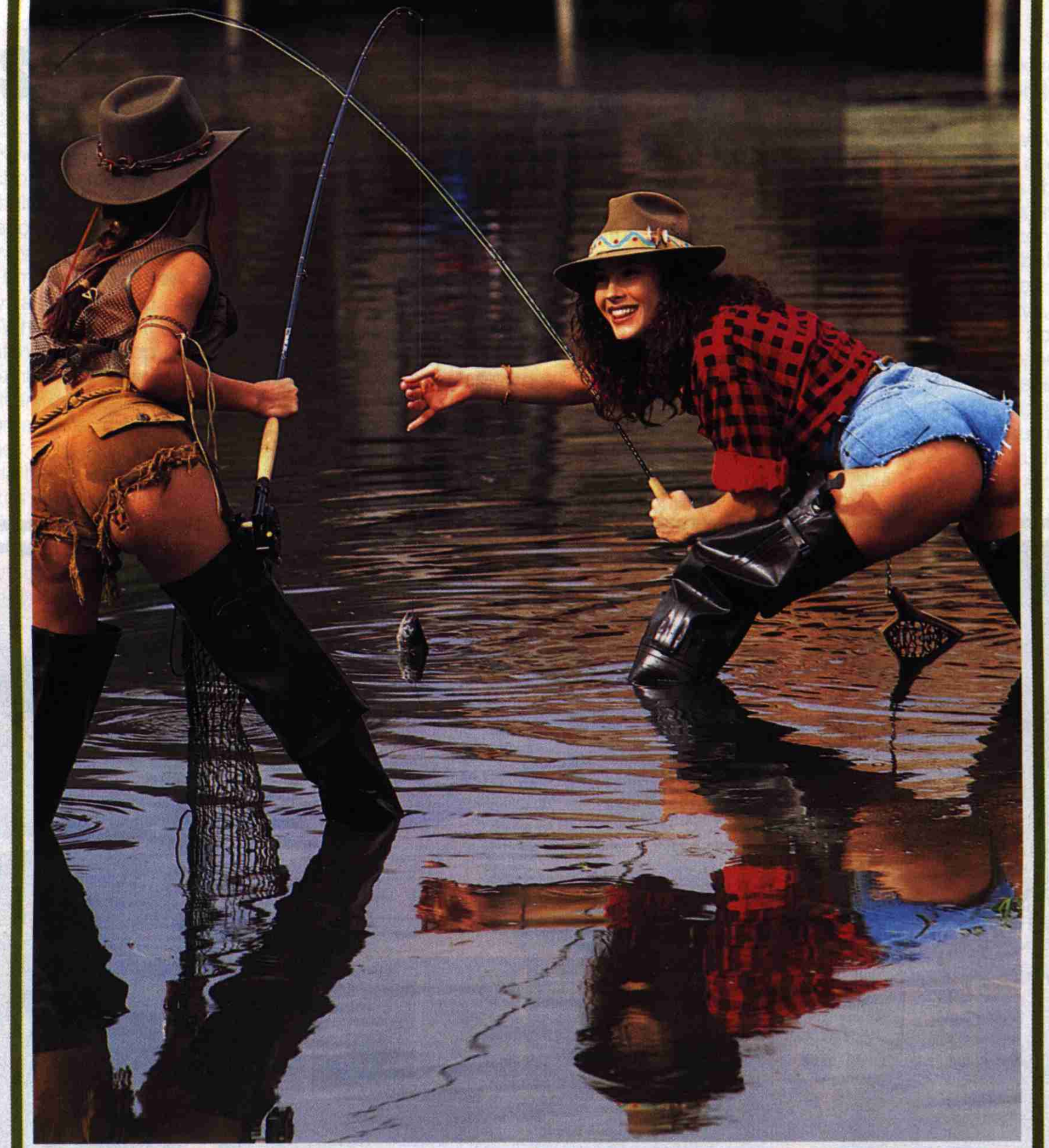
Like Mortenson, Sommers, and Farrell, Burkholder believes that we're in the thick of a feminist-created crisis that will impact men for decades to come. "The most robust variable for predicting success in college today is gender," he maintains. A psychology instructor and adviser, Burkholder has run the Men's Forum at the 6,700-student two-year community college for seven years, and directed the Men's Mentorship Program there for four years. He has seen the disappearing man on campus up close, and believes he's a product of an educational culture that abandons and medicates boys ("79 percent of all children medicated for ADD are boys"); a culture "that says we should ignore men's pain." ("The way men are portrayed in our culture today reminds me of the way it was okay to beat on black people in vaudeville.") As a result, he says, "for guys, the education system is like a woman going to a male doctor—

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TEANNA & ALEX



Alex slides her tongue along Teanna's backside, longing to taste her sweet juices. The fish might not be biting, but the girls are ready for a nibble.

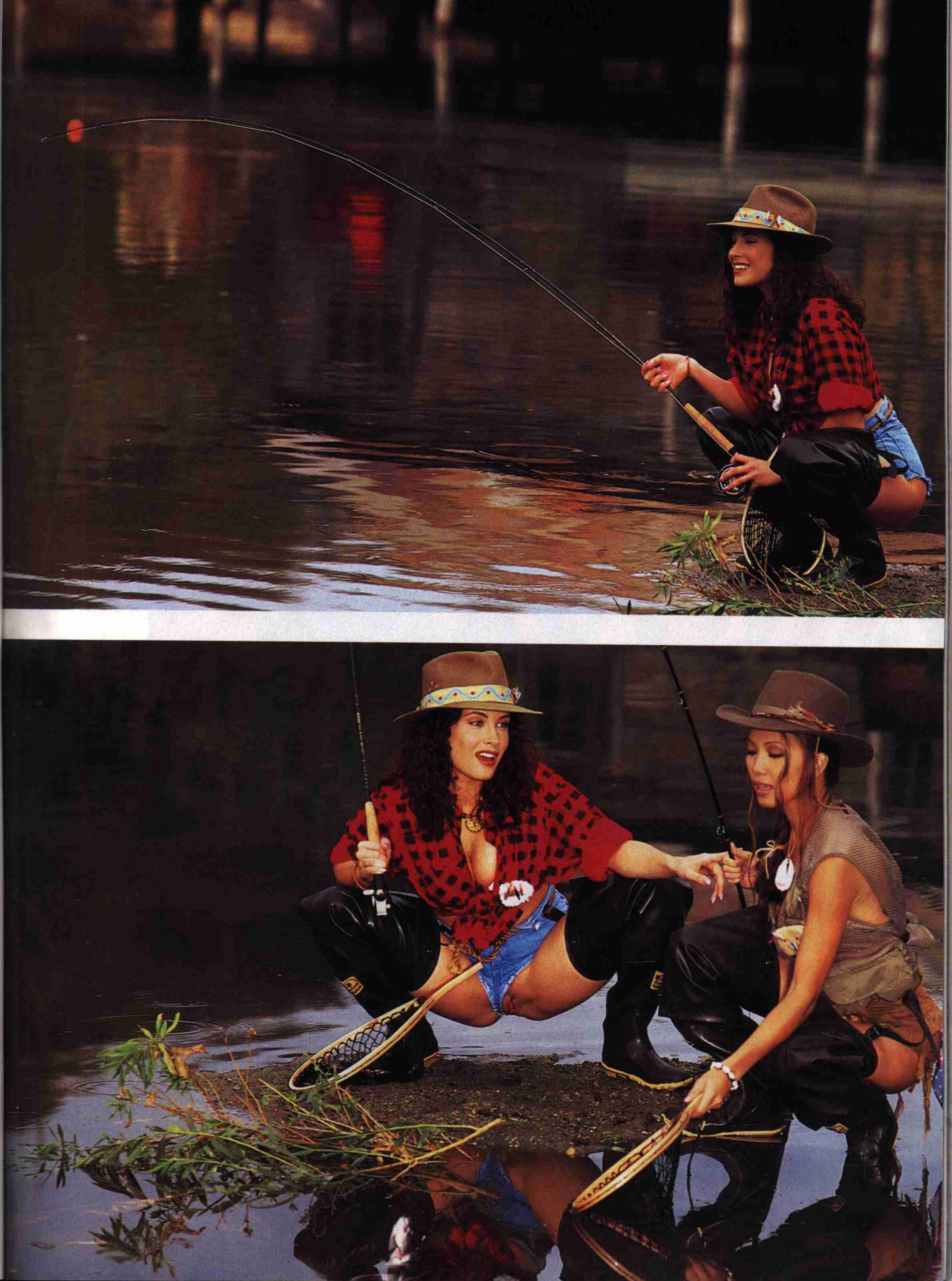


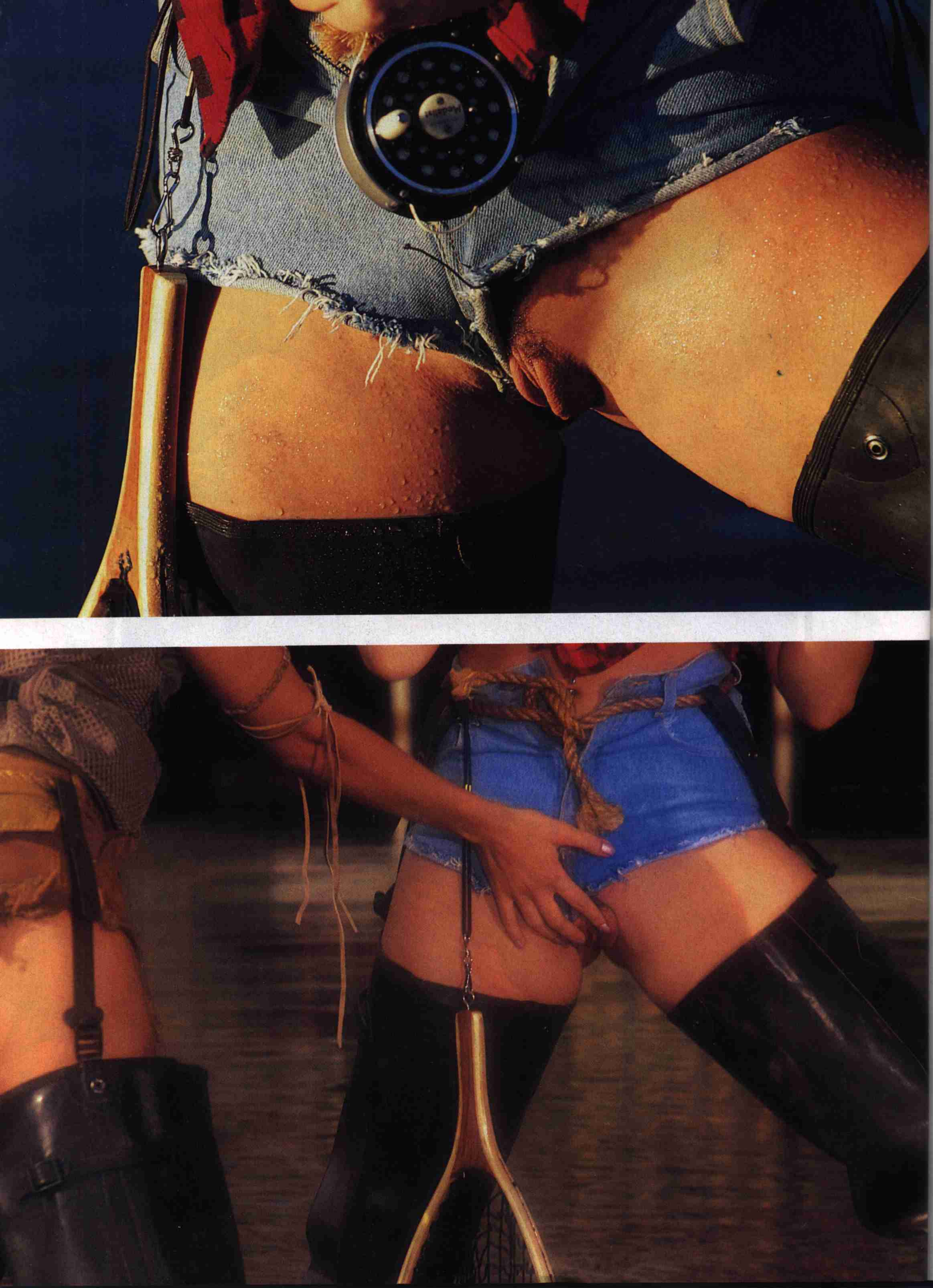
GONE FISHIN'

Sonny's Bait 'n' Tackle prides itself on having the finest lures in town, but old man Sonny isn't talking about his fishhooks. He knows that when customers stop in, they're often there to check out Teanna and Alex, his hired help; their sexy smiles and hard bodies keep the regulars coming back for more. These ladies work hard but play harder, and on their day off they enjoy getting down and dirty in the sun. Today they've pulled on rubber hip waders to do some fishing and clam digging, hoping to bring back a feast for the boss. Teanna and Alex squeal with delight when they enter the cool water, hoisting their nearly bare bottoms high in the air as they cast their lines.

Several yards away, from his chair on the front stoop, Sonny whistles appreciatively.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY CARL L. WACHTER





The sight of Alex's ample breasts threatening to escape their flannel confines has made Teanna horny. She reaches out for Alex, testing the waters with a soft squeeze of her friend's crotch.

Seeking
out a secluded
spot behind
the tackle
shop, the girls
rip open
their shirts,
exposing
two pairs of per-
fect tits.
Alex suctions
her lips to
a perky brown
nipple, suck-
ing it to
a stiff point.

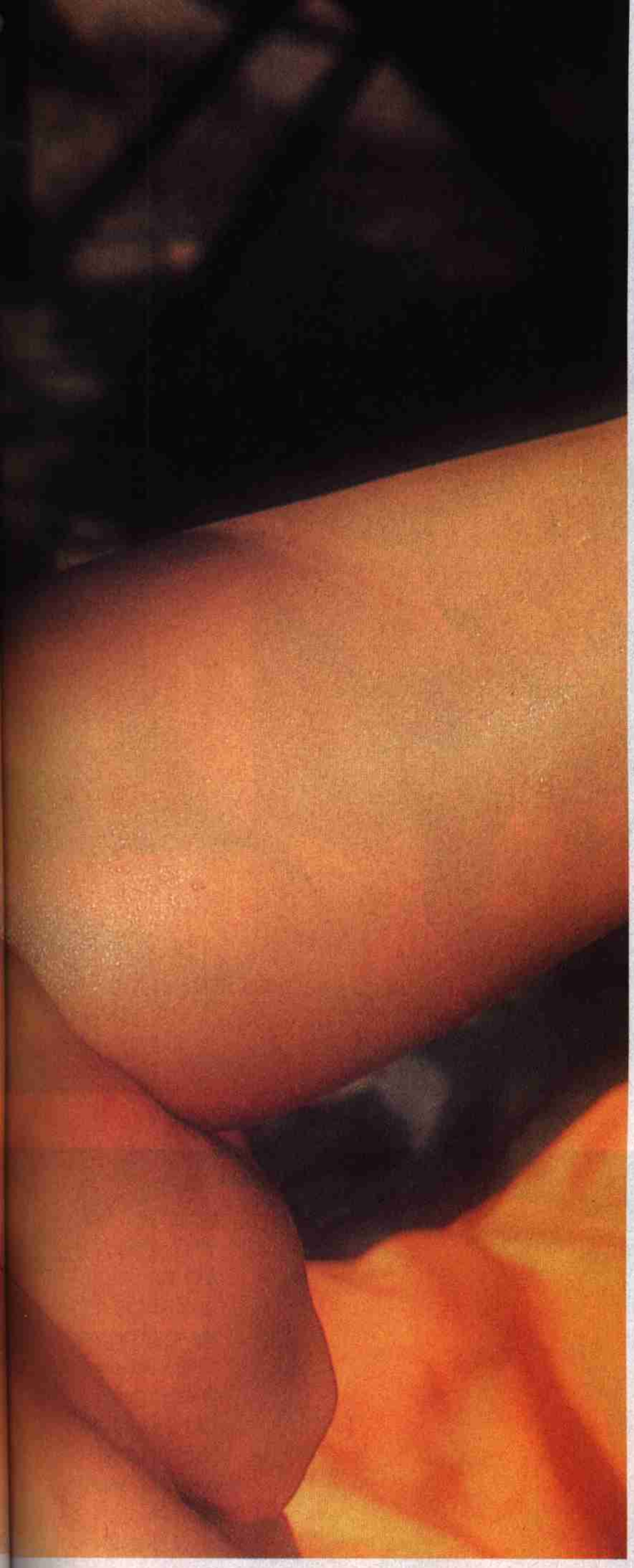


Alex grows more aroused—and more aggressive. She slides her tongue along Teanna's backside, longing to taste her sweet nectar. The fish might not be biting, but the girls are ready for a nibble.

When Teanna rubs the thin strip of Alex's cutoffs against her clit, Alex grabs hold of Teanna's mane to keep steady. Then she puts her own fingers to the grind, coating them with joy juice.



Teanna raises her hips to meet her lover's open mouth, mashing her aching pussy against Alex's velvety tongue. As Alex dips a slim digit into her love canal, Teanna becomes crazy with lust. "More, baby," she begs, and Alex is happy to comply. She treats Teanna to her very best work, waxing her to the edge of orgasm with her fingers ... then waning her with a talented tongue. Teanna loves the teasing, but she can bear no more. She reaches one climax, then another. When she's recovered from both, she knows she should turn her attentions to Alex's needs, but Alex enjoys giving as much as receiving. "I can wait," she tells Teanna.











Alex reels Teanna toward her, planting her face solidly in her friend's folds. When she looks up, Alex can swear she's seen Sonny peeking in, but she doesn't care. Let him watch, she thinks.

At last Alex is ready to give in to her own desires. She surrenders to Teanna's tender licks and soft caresses, but she's eager to finish this job herself. She fingers her clit until she is sated,

coming over and over again. Though later the girls will feel sorry they've got nothing to bring back to Sonny, they know they've already sampled the fresh catch of the day.

SERVICE BY ANDY PARGH

MAKING A SPLASH

There's more than one way to turn heads at the beach. These new products are guaranteed to make waves this summer.



Luxury 41-Foot Yacht

Combining all the comforts of home with pure cruising functionality is Meridian's 411 Sedan. This 41-foot yacht has a spacious bridge, an L-shaped lounge with a complete entertainment center, and two staterooms that sleep up to six passengers. Standard are twin MerCruiser 8.1 Horizon gas inboards that deliver 370hp each, with diesel engines as options. $325,000. www.meridian-yachts.com





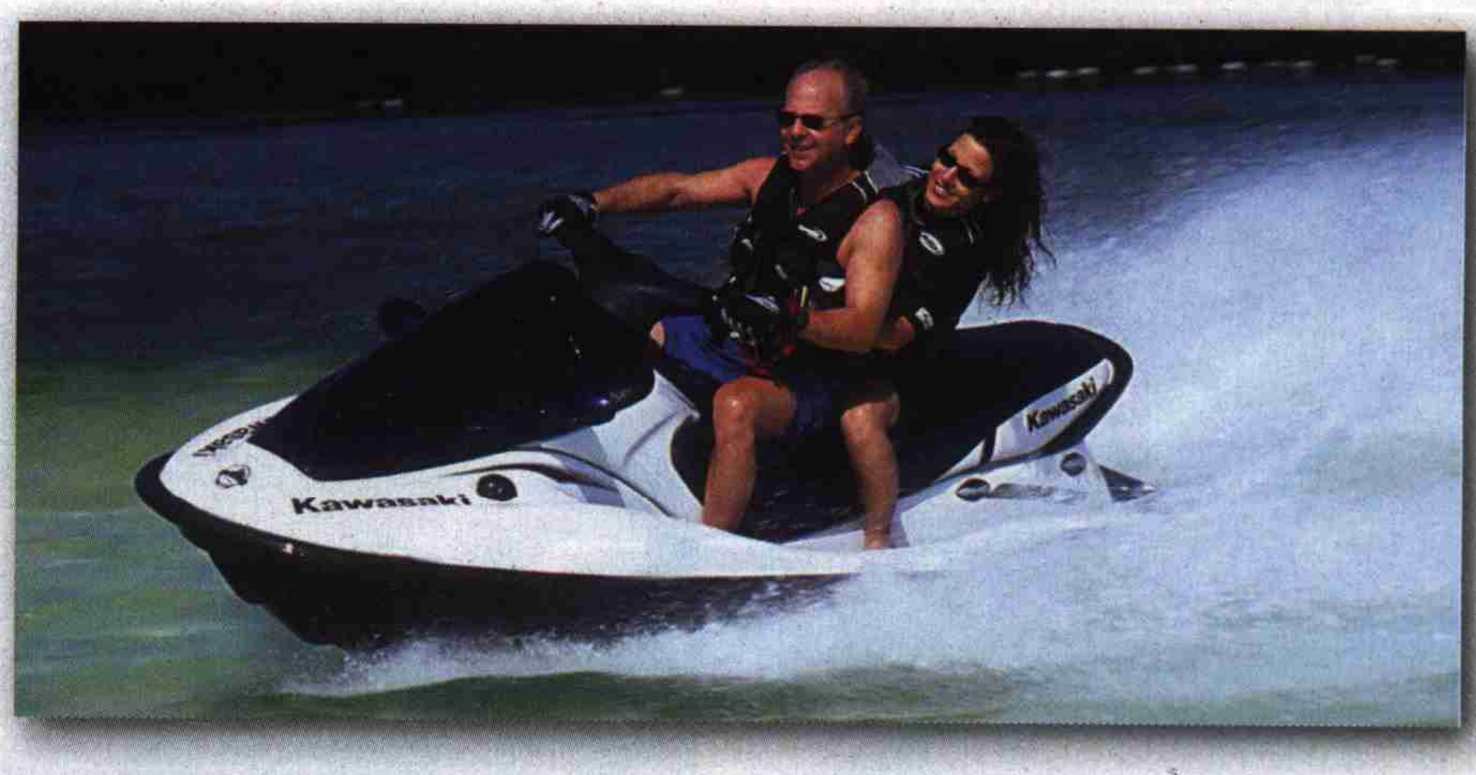
Stylish 37-Footer Sleeps Six

The latest evolution in sport yachting is Maxum's 3700 SY. With sleek styling, this 37-footer is designed for enjoyment whether cruising the open water or lounging dockside. It sleeps six and has a fully loaded Euro-style galley and an L-shaped dinette/lounge that easily accommodates meals, snacks, and card games. $222,930. www.maxumboats.com



Silent and Fast Jet Ski

As soon as you press the ignition, you know there's something special about Kawasaki's Jet Ski STX-12F. It's quiet and vibration-free, and comfortable enough to ride all day long. This fully loaded model, which commemorates the 30th anniversary of Jet Ski watercraft, has a supersmooth four-cycle, four-cylinder engine that delivers exhilarating throttle response, sharp handling, and speeds up to 55 mph. It seats three and sells for $8,500. www.kawasaki.com





Boat, Motor, and Trailer Package

This season's best value for the first-time boater is Bayliner's 175 Runabout. The price includes boat, motor, and trailer. It's big enough to seat seven passengers yet small enough to fit into a single-car garage. Powered by a 135hp engine that's strong enough for skiing, wakeboarding, or just a fun day on the lake. $9,999. www.bayliner.com

Sexy and Speedy

If you're seeking pure-powered fun, look no further than Baja's Outlaw 40. Its unique Baja True V Hull gives you total speed under control, and can be outfitted with twin or triple power plants delivering up to 1,600hp and topping out at a mind-bending 90 mph. Thanks to its low-profile deck and flat transom, this thundering rebel looks superfast even when it's standing still. Base model starts at $212,075. www.bajamarine.com





Superfast Pontoon Boat

PlayCraft's PowerToon Xtreme 2600 will change the way you look at pontoon boats. With room for up to 15 passengers, this 26-footer is one of the most spacious pontoon boats afloat, and also one of the fastest. Outfitted with an optional Mercury 496 Magnum HO engine, this wolf in sheep's clothing can reach speeds near 60 mph. $43,900. www.playcraftboats.com





Softer Landings

Designed by former Gravity Games winner Parks Bonifay, the Hyperlite combines several technologies, which results in a wakeboard capable of a wide variety of tricks. A deep tunnel, exaggerated step-down rail, and new fin setup deliver breakneck speed, and its deep center beam makes for soft landings. $570. www.hyperlite.com



Wakeboarder's Dream

Delivering the biggest, cleanest wakes in the industry, MasterCraft's new 22-foot X-Star is a wakeboarder's dream. Trailing these large wakes, you can grab more air and perform tricks you never thought possible. The shape of the wake is ideal for a wide range of skiing styles at all skill levels, and its new ballast system allows you to adjust wake size in a matter of seconds. Another plus: the X-Star's radical new hull design allows you to deliver a smooth ride to as many as 12 passengers at a top speed of 52 mph. $57,900. www.mastercraft.com

Ultimate Swim Goggles

With comfort and clarity, these goggles provide a 180-degree field of vision and a snug fit without uncomfortable pressure points. The hydrodynamic shape minimizes drag, and the shatterproof mirrored lenses offer 100 percent UV protection. Antifog and antiscratch treatments ensure clear vision in or out of the water. $50. www.hammacher.com



Inflatable Water Park

You can create your own water park with Rave Sports inflatable equipment. Complementing the 15-foot Aqua Launch Floating Trampoline ($2,200) is the Aqua Launch Inflatable Pillow ($600), which allows you to send a partner hurtling through the air when you jump on the opposite side. Other accessories include an Aqua Slide ($600) and the long, skinny Aqua Log ($500). www.ravesports.com

Electric Boat

Even if electric boats aren't setting any speed records, they're starting to come into their own. Duffy's 21-foot Cruiser includes many of the same creature comforts found in gasoline-powered boats, but requires only around a dollar's worth of electricity to cruise all day. Comes equipped with a four-speaker AM/FM CD sound system, dining table, and ventilation system, and can be upgraded to include a refrigerator, grill, and blender. $31,000. www.duffyboats.com





Water Bike

Pedal your way down the shoreline with Future Beach's Barracuda Water Bike. The smooth peddling action of this recumbent bicycle drives a propeller that pushes it to six mph; the handlebar controls a rear-mounted rudder for accurate maneuvering. Seats two—and, of course, the Barracuda has a cup holder. $1,000. www.waterbliss.com



Inflatable Surfboard

If you're tired of lugging around that bulky surfboard, you'll love the Uliboard. Deflated, it's small enough to fit into a backpack. Inflated, it's a full-size, eight-foot surfboard with dual soft fins. Because it's filled with air, it's more buoyant than solid boards, and makes paddling out to the waves a breeze. $350. www.uliboards.com





NASCAR Bass Boat

Now NASCAR fans can show their loyalty on the water with Ranger Boats' new NASCAR Limited Edition series 21-foot fishing boat. With NASCAR logos emblazoned on the sides and inlaid on seats and carpet, this craft has style, plus sleek aerodynamic contours and an all-new high-performance cockpit. When outfitted with a 250hp outboard motor, it can deliver speeds near 70 mph. $46,300. www.rangerboats.com

A New Kind of Water-Skiing

Outrageous has taken on an entirely new meaning with the Sky Ski. Combining a ski and a hydrofoil, it elevates the rider far above the water, giving the sensation of flight. Advanced Sky Skiers can actually launch themselves more than 20 feet off the surface, allowing for a wide assortment of tricks. Go ahead—we dare you! Available in four configurations starting at $1,000. www.skyski.com





Remote-Controlled Sailboat

Using the same sailing principles of a 50-foot sloop, this baby is ideal for pools, ponds, and lakes. It includes everything you need, with minimal assembly required. Display stand and instructional video included. $130. www.hammacher.com



Balance Board

A fun way to get into shape for extreme sports is with the Pivit, a skateboard/snowboard deck with one large wheel in the middle. The goal is to try to balance on the Pivit as long as possible without falling off. $79.99. www.gopivit.com



Sea Scooter

With its built-in propeller and battery-powered motor, Sea Doo's Sea Scooter makes snorkeling and scuba diving a pleasure, smoothly pulling you along at up to two miles an hour at depths up to 30 feet. One full charge delivers about an hour of running time. $400. www.sharperimage.com

Sleek 280hp Power Boat

Whether it's for skiing, wakeboarding, or pure pleasure boating, Yamaha's new SR230 has it all. With room for up to ten passengers, this sleek model has twin 140hp fuel-injected four-stroke engines that are both powerful and ultraquiet. It's the first sport boat to offer a revolutionary stern design that becomes a private patio. Considering all the standard features, it's a bargain at $27,000. www.yamaha-motor.com





High-Speed, Low-Cost Speedboat

Want a high-performance boat but don't want to spend a few hundred thousand dollars? The Vortex could be the answer. This 22-footer seats seven, and, when matched to its Bravo 1 engine, generates 496hp to reach a 70 mph top speed. The progressive-V hull lets the boat ride across the top of the water; a remote-controlled diverter brings the Vortex on plane faster. $70,000. www.sonicjet.com

Tommy Lee's volatile temper and erotic exploits have made him a household name, but will rock 'n' roll's mayhem man ever be able to keep his foot out of his mouth long enough to be taken seriously?

By Blair R. Fischer • Illustration by Sebastian Krüger

Never a Dull Moment

Tommy Lee will turn 41 in October. Tattoos and piercings aside, he looks like an adult, and he has been tried and convicted as an adult. Yet the former drummer for the multiplatinum cock rockers Mötley Crüe is still very much a child. Cursed with a hair-trigger temper, a wandering eye, and, now, barren marketability, "T-Bone" has traversed the live wire from fame to infamy.

• The instant that Lee wed *Baywatch* beauty Pamela Anderson in 1995—his second marriage; his first wife was Heather Locklear—he also coupled with ignominy. No longer simply the behemoth backbeat behind the Crüe, T-Bone became daily prey for paparazzi, who knew snapping a few shots of the Lees would press Tommy's buttons. In 1996 he made two photogs pay for his irascibility with a rock through one offender's car window and a full takedown of the other. • When Tommy and Pamela were together, it seemed like not a week went by that he wasn't being pilloried on tabloid TV shows or adding ink to the police blotter.

The media's interest in the Lees climaxed—so to speak—in 1997,


EXILE
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when a stolen home video documenting myriad sexual trysts between the pair surfaced and was later mass-marketed by the Internet Entertainment Group. To date, it's the best-selling adult video of all time.

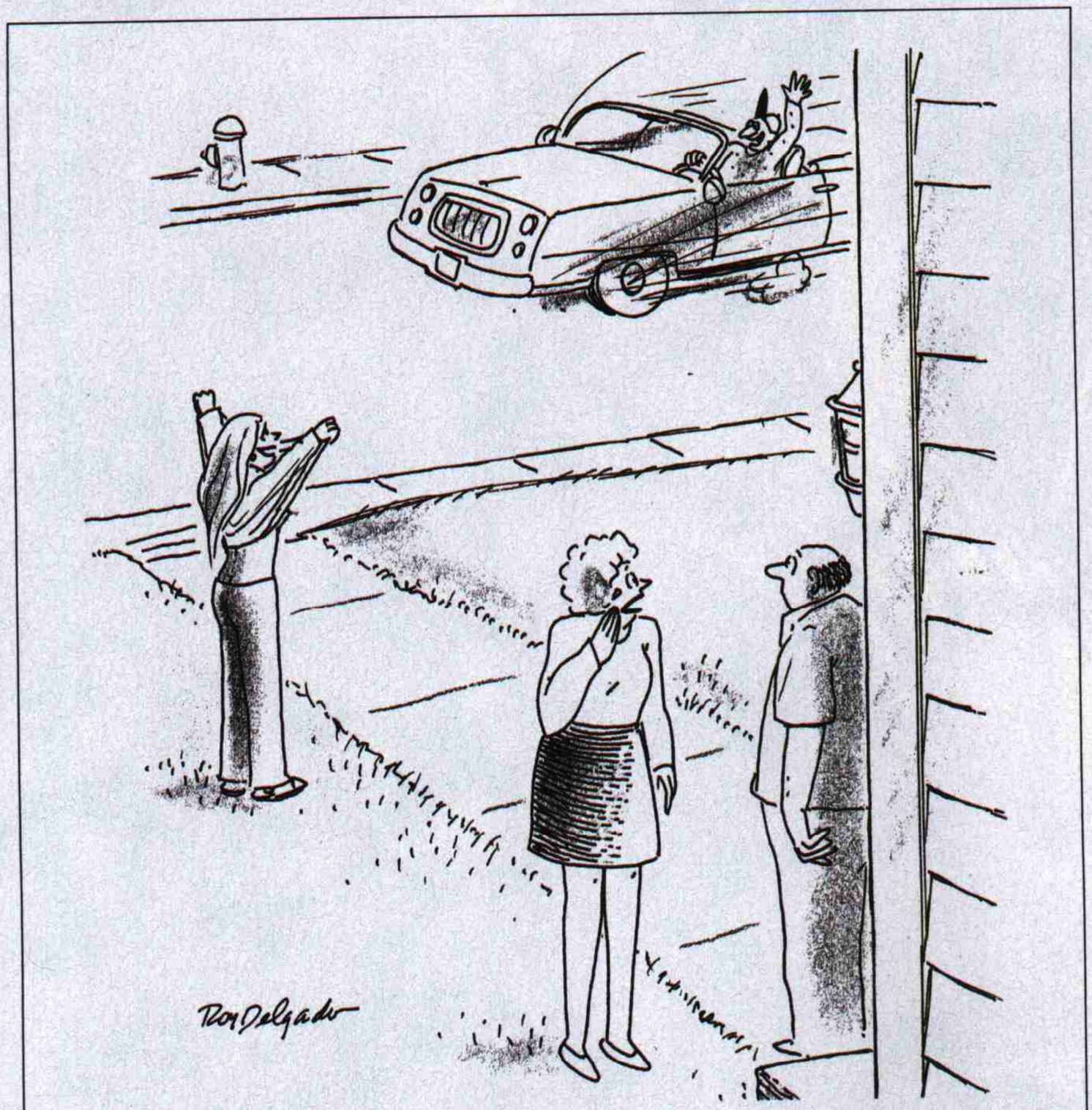
But what the video failed to capture was a deteriorating marriage: In February 1998, Pamela apparently lit Tommy's short fuse during a domestic dispute, and the drummer wound up on the wrong end of a spousal-abuse arrest. He later served almost four months in the pen for attacking his by-then-estranged wife. He rejoined a fatigued Crüe, then, briefly, reunited with Pamela.

Both of the tempestuous relationships would soon end: Tommy bid adieu to the Crüe in May 1999 and to Pamela, for the last time, less than a year later. He wanted to concentrate on a solo career, but the public wasn't buying it—literally. Although his first solo outfit, Methods of Mayhem, outsold the Crüe's first sans-Lee album, *New Tattoo,* Tommy's was simply the lesser of two evils. A second solo album, *Never a Dull Moment,* marketed under the more readily identifiable moniker Tommy Lee, received an even worse reception, selling a third as well as its predecessor. And a sagging solo career wasn't the worst of it.

At a June 2001 birthday party for Brandon, the older of T-Bone's two sons, four-year-old Daniel Karven Veres drowned in Lee's backyard swimming pool. Lee called 911 for help and said, "There's a big pool party here, and no one was paying attention for a minute." That sentence alone was enough for the child's parents to file a wrongful-death civil suit against Tommy, and to provide more ammunition for Pamela in the child-custody dispute.

The media became a public forum for mudslinging between Tommy and Pamela. Tommy claimed Pamela was an unfit mother who neglected her children and partied too hard with her new beau, Kid Rock. Pamela said Tommy gave her hepatitis C (a claim that Tommy denies), and that both their children feared not only water since Daniel Veres's death, but feared their father too. It wasn't until January 2003 that a resolution was reached in the dispute, with the former couple agreeing to share custody of Brandon, now six, and Dylan, four.

Following the dismal sales of *Never a Dull Moment,* MCA Records failed to exercise its option on a third album; once again, Tommy is a free agent. But don't tell that to Mayte Garcia, ex-wife of Prince and, now, Tommy's fiancée. The couple lives together in Tommy's Malibu home—the site of the drowning—which, at the time of our interview, was for sale. Tommy, attempting to move on in every phase of his life, told *Penthouse,* "It just looks like some flat, clean road ahead, which is pretty cool." We'll have to wait to see if the rocker can outgrow his endless tantrum stage.



"I think Linda is starting to notice boys."

Tommy on ...

The animosity between him and Pamela

That was some serious stuff, and everyone was watching their p's and q's. When you're sitting in front of a judge and he's making decisions on what you and your children's lives are like—at least for the next few years—you're like, "This is fuckin' heavy." So it wasn't a very good time. It was very stressful, and we both said some stupid things out of fear and anger.... Like that [hepatitis C] kinda shit. It's like, "Dude, this is retarded."

We made an agreement that we wouldn't really talk about each other, so I don't wanna get into all that. She [does] the same on her end, since people ask her about me.

Kid Rock's jealousy

I don't know what his trip is. It's like, "Chill out, dude. Enjoy yourself."... We don't talk. He's kind of a little puss, but whatever, he's just gotta get over it.

Tommy's relationship with the Crüe crew

I spoke to Nikki [Sixx] two days ago. I was like, "Dude, do you talk to Vince [Neil]? Do you talk to your singer?" He's like, "No, I haven't spoken to him in like five months." I'm like, "Who the fuck let him do this stupid-ass show [*The Surreal Life*]?"... Dude, are him and his manager smoking crack? What are they doing?

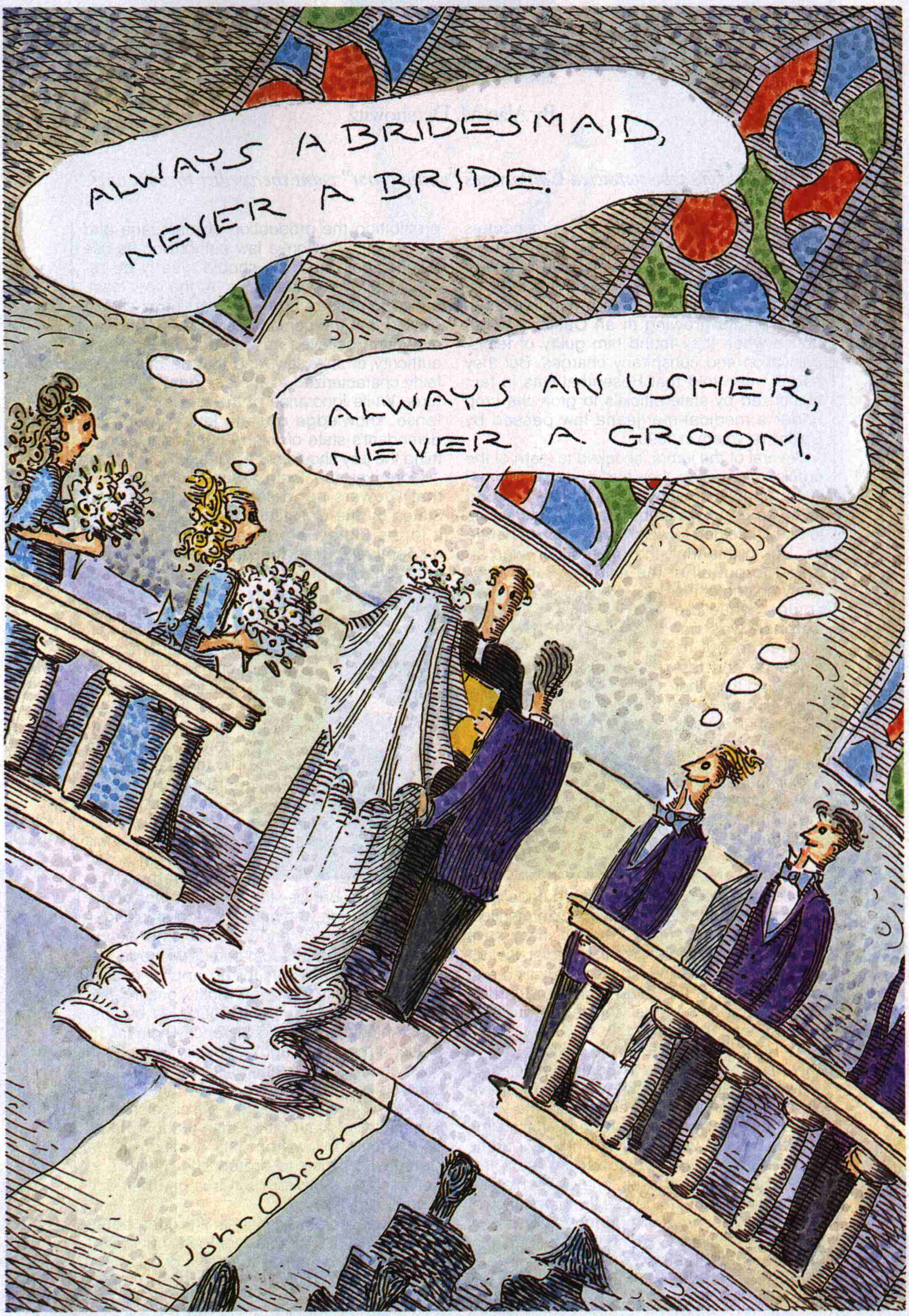
I haven't talked to [Vince] in like five months. The last time I talked to him he was obnoxious and it was a pretty shitty phone call.... When we first got together as a band, nobody had really turned into a fuckin' egomaniac yet. I went to school with Vince, and at one point we were fuckin' really, really great, great friends. Over the course of years, money, and success, I've watched several people that were really close to me at one time just completely fuckin' change into monsters. Vince has the capacity to be a sweet guy, but he's also—he can be a fuckin' jerkoff too. We call it LSD—lead-singer disease.

It seems like if there ever was [a chance for a reunion, *The Surreal Life*] makes it unlikely. When you go and do things like that, they definitely tarnish you.... You are who and what you hang with and associate yourself with. And that show is fuckin' bunk, man. It's a bunch of people that aren't really doing anything anymore.... Dude, Corey Feldman? Come on, man.

If the band should have broken up earlier

I guess fans would probably say [we should have quit after *Dr. Feelgood*]. For us, at that time, when Vince left at

CONTINUED ON PAGE 98


ALWAYS A BRIDESMAID,
NEVER A BRIDE.
ALWAYS AN USHER,
NEVER A GROOM.
John O'Brien

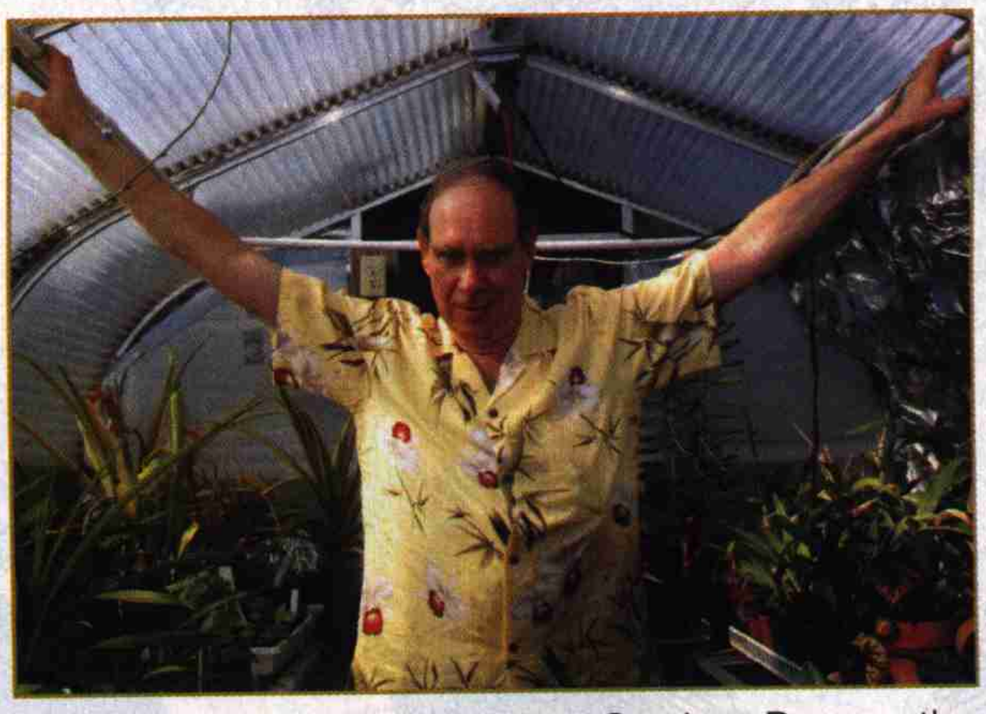
JUSTICE

By Alan M. Dershowitz

Why do jurors who convicted California's "ganja guru" want the verdict thrown out?

In federal court last February, prosecutors made their case against Ed Rosenthal, a longtime medical-marijuana activist known as the "ganja guru." The jurors knew the California man had more than a hundred marijuana plants growing in an Oakland warehouse when they found him guilty of felony cultivation and conspiracy charges. But they hadn't been told that Rosenthal was in fact authorized by state officials to grow the crop under a medical-marijuana law passed by California voters in 1996.

Several of the jurors, shocked to learn of the crucial information they had been denied, issued a public apology to Rosenthal: "In good faith, we as jury members allowed ourselves to be blindfolded to weigh the evidence before us. But in this trial, the prosecution was allowed to put all of the evidence and testimony on one of the scales, while the defense was not allowed to put its evidence and testimony on the other scale. Therefore we were not allowed as a jury to properly weigh the case."



Our founding fathers must be turning in their graves in disgust at Judge Charles Breyer's decision—on the rationale that Rosenthal was indicted under federal law—to bar defense lawyers from mentioning the California statute. Though many have stepped forward to criticize the verdict, including the district attorney of San Francisco and two members of the San Francisco Board of Supervisors, some legal scholars argue that Judge Breyer was correct.

As Rory Little, a Hastings College of the Law professor, puts it, "A bank robber is not allowed a defense that he was stealing money for his starving children, even if he was." Folks, if a first-year law student offered me that analogy, I would advise him to pursue another profession. Obviously no state law authorizes bank robberies. The California law, on the other hand, mandates the production of marijuana to serve an important state policy: treating seriously ill or dying patients pursuant to a doctor's prescription.

The conflict between the general federal law prohibiting the production of marijuana and the specific California law authorizing its use for medical purposes should clearly be resolved in favor of the states. At the very least, as in the case of Ed Rosenthal, jurors should be told that the person charged with growing marijuana believed he was acting under the authority of state law, and that he cannot be fairly characterized as a major drug manufacturer. While ignorance of the law is not a defense, knowledge of state law—and of the defendant's state of mind—is certainly something the jury should not be denied.

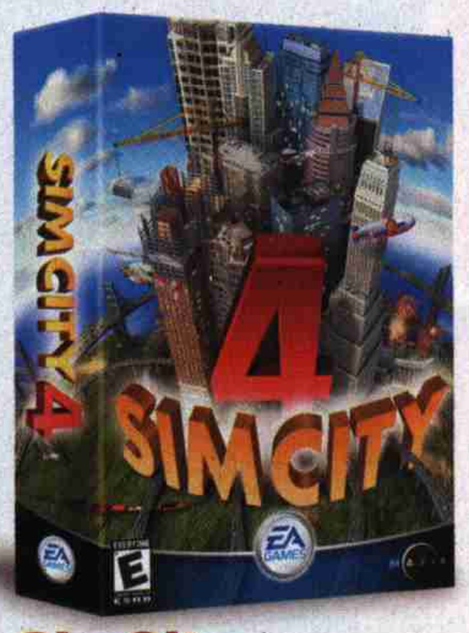
Moreover, the Tenth Amendment provides that "powers not delegated to the United States by the Constitution, nor prohibited by it to the States, are reserved to the States respectively, or to the people." Neither the treatment of sick people nor the regulation of locally grown marijuana for medical use is explicitly left to the federal government by our Constitution; on the contrary, these powers have been traditionally exercised by the states.

Should Mr. Rosenthal's case come before the U.S. Supreme Court, it will be interesting to see whether Justice Stephen Breyer—the older brother of the California judge who made the foolish ruling—will recuse himself, and if not, whether he will demonstrate that wisdom comes with age. Yet the strongest support for an appeal should come, ironically, from the most conservative members of the Supreme Court, led by Justices Antonin Scalia and Clarence Thomas.

Just a few years ago a majority of the high court struck down a federal law prohibiting the carrying of guns within a certain area of any school, ruling that the safety of schoolchildren is a matter of state rather than federal power. So it should follow from this decision that a state law seeking to protect the health and welfare of sick Californians trumps the federal marijuana law.

Still, conservative justices like guns better than marijuana. Whether their personal preferences will blind them to their own constitutional precedents remains to be seen.

By David Kushner



SimCity 4
(Electronic Arts—PC)
Long before the people-simulator games *The Sims* and the new *Sims Online* captured the public's imagination, *SimCity* ruled the desktops. Now the franchise, which has been letting armchair urban planners construct and manage their own virtual cities since the 1980s, is back with its most ambitious sequel yet. Players build a town from the ground up, choosing from a variety of terrains and locations, then weaving in a matrix of roads, plumbing, and electrical lines until Lilliputian Sims start moving in. Though the action (if you want to call it that) is pretty much the same as before, the eye candy is a massive improvement. Buildings come together in various stages of scaffolding. Cars park at drive-in theaters. Polar bears and giraffes roam the zoos. The godliness is also pumped up, with players given an increased arsenal of natural disasters to unleash on their minions, from explosive volcanoes to bovine-tossing twisters. But benevolence is encouraged; shine on your people and they just might throw you a parade.



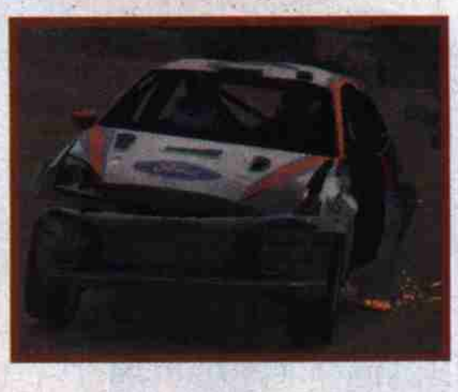


Colin McRae Rally 3
(Codemasters—Xbox)
While most auto-racing games are built on crushing opponents, *Colin McRae Rally 3* stays true to the race against the clock that makes real-life rallies so compelling. In this third and most detailed chapter in the *McRae* series, players start out with a three-year contract to compete in a series of Ford Rallye Sport Championship events. The vehicle of choice is the legendary Ford Focus RS WRC, complete with McRae's co-driver, Nicky Grist. The game amps up the realism by starting out with a lifelike replication of McRae's high-tech racing team, guys who engineer the Focus RS down to the pistons. Once ready, the competition unfolds through the mud and gravel of scenic tracks from Australia to Sweden. The coolest manifestation of realism is the pure sense of destruction. Ram into a boulder, and your fender wobbles in front of you for the rest of the race. Hit a splotch of mud, and your windshield gets fudged with the droppings. Nicky Grist proves invaluable throughout the various twists and turns as he helps devise the best possible plan of attack. This is truly a team effort.











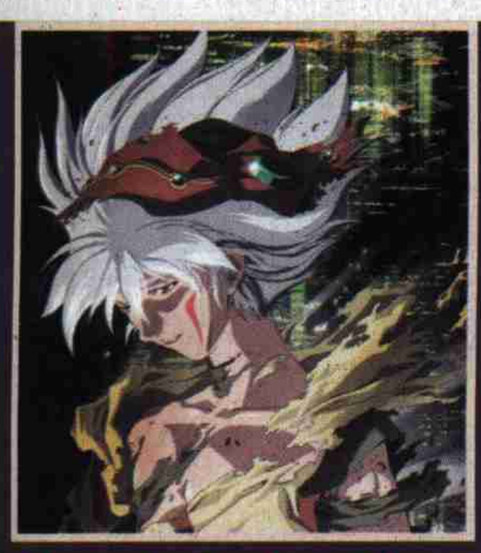


Mattel Handheld Football/Baseball Games
For anyone who grew up in the era of the Atari 2600 and *Space Invaders*, the Mattel handheld games were quite simply *the shit*. Released in the late seventies, they were the must-have for every proto-geek—ruthlessly addictive games that prove, even by today's standards, that a game doesn't need fancy graphics to serve up a rollicking good time. Now, in a stroke of marketing genius, Mattel is rereleasing replicas of its original *Baseball* and *Football* titles as a package deal. All the nerdy features are intact: Try to maneuver your tiny red dash of a running back for a touchdown; there are no fancy plays, no voice-overs, no Madden tie-ins, just pure, frenetic thumb twitching and the occasional blast of noise indicating a tackle. *Baseball* is even more low-tech, with an overlay of a baseball field stamped on the screen; there are no slides or blimp views, just pitches, hits, runs, and the robotic sound effects. These games have nothing on the razzle-dazzle graphics of the Game Boy Advance, but for a rush of nostalgia and surefire game envy from your pals, they're the ultimate accessories.



Linksys EtherFast Wireless Router

Wi-fi, also known as wireless fidelity, is shaping up to be the killer application of 2003: wireless broadband networking between computers. That means that the various computers in your pad can interact wirelessly, whether transferring data or—yes!—playing multiplayer games. It also means you can wirelessly share broadband Internet access, simply by hooking up an antenna that transmits the access throughout your home. Best of all, this must-have technology is cheap; the Linksys EtherFast Wireless Router is around $80. Non-geeks shouldn't fear, because the system requires only a few more brain cells than it takes to set up a VCR. Here's the thing, however: Because these doohickeys basically broadcast your Internet connection through the air, city dwellers run the risk of having neighbors piggyback on the ride. As such, it's best to beef up your security software if you're hopping on the wi-fi highway. Once on board, though, it's pure gamer fantasy, since you can now play all those killer multiplayer online games like *EverQuest* and *Counter-Strike* with other buds in your house. Nachos sold separately.





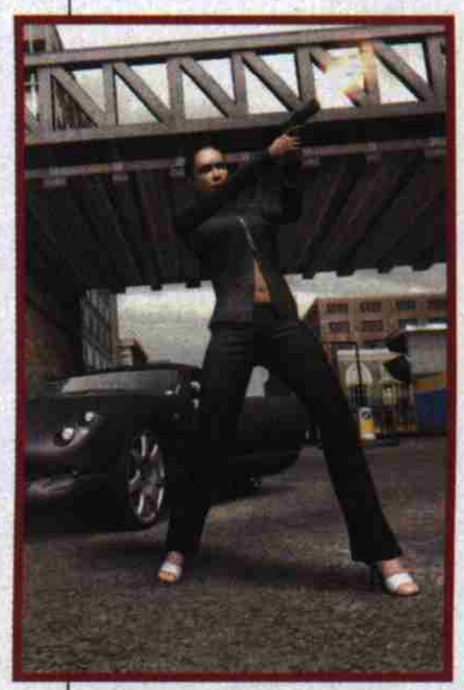


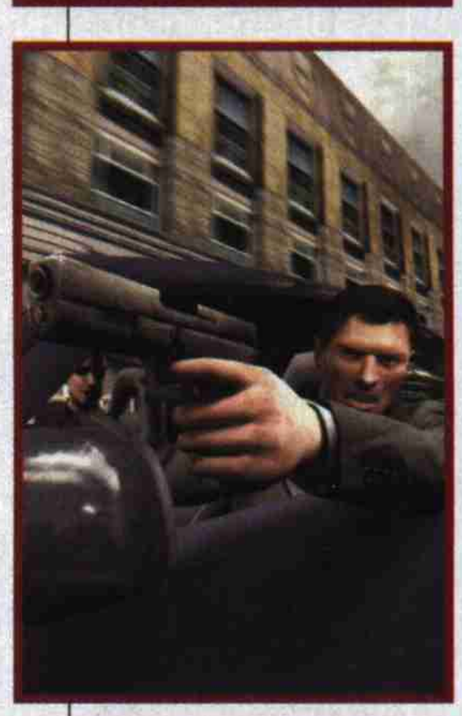
.hack infection part 1 (Bandai—PS2)

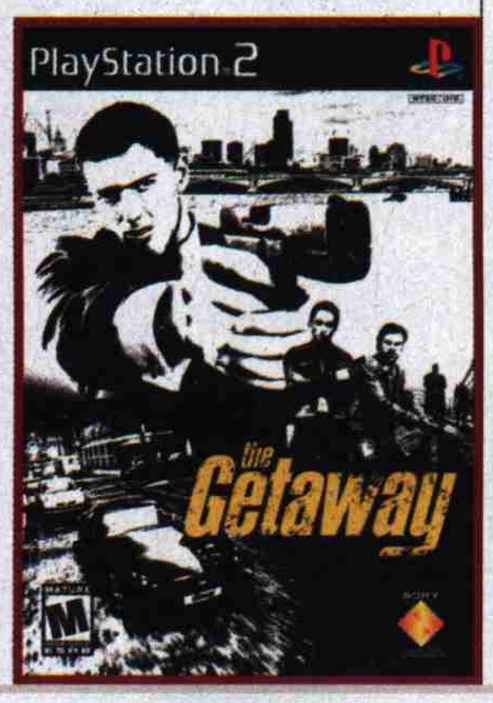
This arch twist on online multiplayer games is pure postmodern fun. Like the recent horror movie *The Ring*, which featured a videotape that killed viewers, this is the story of a toxic interactive adventure. The idea is that you're playing a *Final Fantasy* sort of role-playing game online when one of your cohort's characters croaks. Turns out your cohort himself also kicked the bucket—falling into a real-life coma that's yours to unravel. The kicker is that, in your *real* real life, you're not online at all. The whole game is merely a *simulation* of an online game. When you start playing, the game simulates a computer desktop that's hooked up to a fictional role-playing game called *The World*. All the other people you encounter in *The World* are computer-controlled. This isn't the first game to blend reality with fiction; Electronic Arts' brainy thriller *Majestic* was an *X-Files*-style saga that had players scouring simulated Websites and e-mails for clues. *.hack* (pronounced "dot hack") avoids *Majestic*'s trap of being too clever for its own good, and, despite the heady premise, plays out in a fairly accessible fashion.

The Getaway (Sony—PS2)

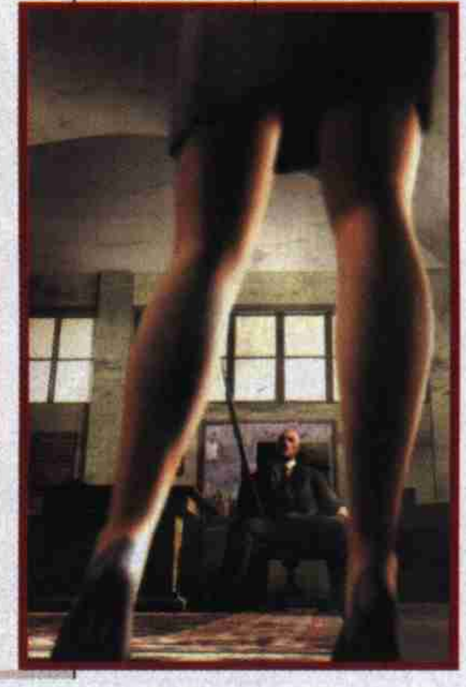
Grand Theft Auto broke down the floodgates for so-called free-roaming games—titles that, like life, aren't so much played as experienced. Now *The Getaway*, a new thrill ride from Sony, takes players back to the streets: a strikingly photo-realistic spin on modern-day London. You're Mark Hammond, an ex-con who's thrown back into blood work after your wife gets murdered and your son kidnapped by the dastardly boss Charlie Jolson. With your son snatched, you're at Jolson's mercy—which means you have to kick all sorts of criminal butt and generally wreak havoc until you take down Jolson and rescue your boy. Of course, you're also free to chuck the plot and simply freestyle through the urban wasteland, jacking cars, mowing down bad guys, and blowing up whatever else gets in your way. Though there is a been-there-done-that feel to the experience, *The Getaway* has its own compelling flavor, which feels like a British spin on *Max Payne*, the gritty NYC shooter, and the demolition joyride *Driver*. Shagadelic!





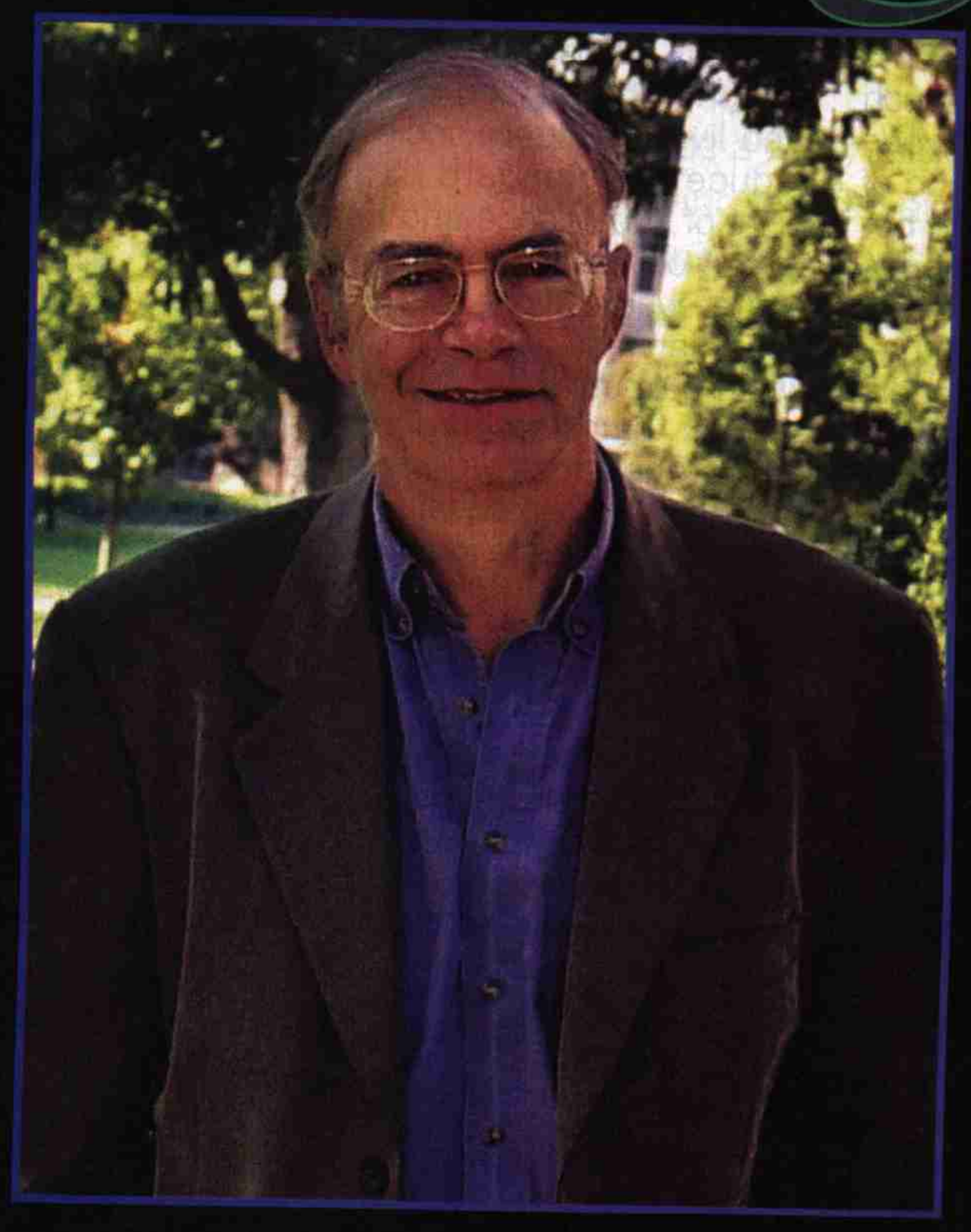







CHIROPRACTIC
CHIROPRACTIC
CHIROPRACTIC
SCOTT

Peter Singer



Interview by Peter Laufer

One of the most controversial men in America is a quiet middle-aged professor who fancies himself simply a philosopher. Others suggest he's a lunatic and a pervert for believing that sex with animals is not taboo. They call him a Nazi for advocating euthanasia, and a baby-killer for insisting that under some circumstances, killing a newborn is appropriate. • Since the September 11 attacks, Dr. Peter Singer has been analyzing terrorism and globalization from his point of view as an academic ethicist. Following the publication of his latest book, *One World: The Ethics of Globalization,* this magazine asked Singer if there could be any justification for the attacks. • "No case at all can be made for the attackers not being evil," he e-mailed back from Australia, his home before he accepted the position of Ira W. DeCamp professor of bioethics at Princeton's Center for Human Values in New Jersey. "They killed thousands of innocent people without any necessity or even clear plan as to how that would achieve any desirable goals at all. That shows terrible indifference to human suffering and loss of life." • Immediately after the Twin Towers and the Pentagon were hit, the left-leaning Paris newspaper *Le Monde* ran the headline WE ARE ALL AMERICANS NOW. *Penthouse* asked Singer if he believes U.S. policy since September 11 has squandered the sympathy of the world. "Yes," he said. "America did have the high moral ground after 9/11, but soon lost it by being too arrogant and aggressive in its war on Afghanistan." Singer proceeded to indict President Bush and his administration for severe moral and ethical lapses. • "The loss of civilian life in Afghanistan as a result of the American bombing was another tragedy, and two wrongs don't make a right. Bush and Rumsfeld bear a heavy burden of responsibility for it. Even though they did not intend to kill civilians, they clearly did not take sufficient precautions

"Those whom Singer's beliefs on infanticide and euthanasia don't infuriate may be stirred up by his thoughts on bestiality. 'You could say Singer's take on animal rights is: You can have sex with them, but don't eat them,' one newspaper wrote."

to avoid or minimize it. A Pentagon spokesman explained the bombing of a village, with heavy loss of civilian life, by saying a Taliban truck had been there. It's an outrage to think that the aim of destroying a truck owned by the Taliban can justify risking the deaths of many civilians."

These are revolutionary times, Singer believes. Globalization is eating away at the potency of the nation-state. "We live in a world of sovereign nations, but sovereignty no longer means quite as much as it meant a century ago. In *One World* I argue that we are living in a period of transition in which sovereignty is becoming less significant, and that we should welcome this change."

Despite his optimism for the future, Singer sees the potential for dangers during this period of transition, especially dangers imposed by the United States. "I agree that in the short term, when we have not yet developed effective structures of global governance, there are risks," he says. "Multinational corporations may have more influence than they should, and perhaps so too will the world's only superpower, the United States."

Before he left for a year off from his Princeton duties, Singer was to be found in his quiet corner office overlooking the bucolic greenery of his Ivy League haven. For more than 20 years now, the words written by this philosopher and bioethicist have shaken traditional beliefs, helped change long-accepted practices, and been misunderstood and misinterpreted.

Singer's appointment at Princeton resulted in demonstrations against him and the university, along with renewed interest in his writings. He was first noticed outside his Australian base in the early 1970s, when, as a young philosopher, he argued that those of us who live in affluent societies ought to reduce our standard of living to the point of subsistence and contribute the rest of our wealth to those in need, no matter where those needy live. A few years later his work hit the headlines when he published *Animal Liberation,* a book that promoted vegetarianism and argued that other species ought to be considered equal to humans. The book helped create today's animal-rights movement. But the professor started acquiring real enemies following the publication of his ideas regarding euthanasia and infanticide.

"Killing a disabled infant is not morally equivalent to killing a person," he wrote. "Very often it is not wrong at all." Singer argued that there are some lives not worth living. And he defined a person in much narrower terms than simply a living member of the *Homo sapiens* species. "It is, rather, characteristics like rationality, autonomy, and self-consciousness that make a difference," is his position. Then he added the language that so aroused his detractors: "Infants lack these characteristics. Killing them, therefore, cannot be equated with killing normal human beings, or any other self-conscious beings."

Since the dissemination of that philosophy, Peter Singer has been attacked while lecturing in Europe and has had his work identified as a "philosophy of death" by the *Washington Post*. He expresses continuing concern for his personal safety even though the demonstrations and threats against him are mostly just memories.

Now in his mid-fifties, the unorthodox philosopher shows no signs of slowing down. Students line up for his classes, he's working on new books, and his speeches and articles continue to batter away at church and state.

Singer grew up in Australia, to which his parents had immigrated from Austria in 1938, just after Hitler took over that country. He studied law at the University of Melbourne, changed his major to philosophy, and then continued his studies at Oxford. It was at Oxford in the early 1970s that he first thought through the philosophical implications of eating meat, choosing instead a life of vegetarianism. He decided it is wrong for humans to think that other creatures should enjoy no basic rights, and that humans are the superior species. He coined the awkward term *speciesism* for those who think other animals exist for humans to use as they wish, a practice he considers "species racism," and as unethical as believing one human race is inferior to another.

Relaxed behind his desk in a light-blue polo shirt and slacks, Singer reflects on his philosophy and the reaction it causes. He attributes much of the uproar to misinformation and is convinced that many of those who rail against him have not studied his work thoroughly, a problem exacerbated by the press. In an attempt to clarify his positions, Singer published a summary of his work, *Writings on an Ethical Life*.

Singer does little to discourage attention. Those who were not infuriated by his beliefs on infanticide, euthanasia, and animal liberation may instead have been stirred up by his review of a book on bestiality. In this essay, Singer notes that though some clear cruelties are wrong—i.e., beheading a chicken while having sex with it—this "is no worse than what egg producers do to their hens all the time." The result was a flurry of media attention, perhaps summed up best by the *San Francisco Chronicle*'s position: "You could say Singer's take on animal rights is: You can have



"Hey, honey! You'll never guess what I did today!"

RIBALD RIMES

Our continuing compilation
of today's wittiest and lewdest limericks

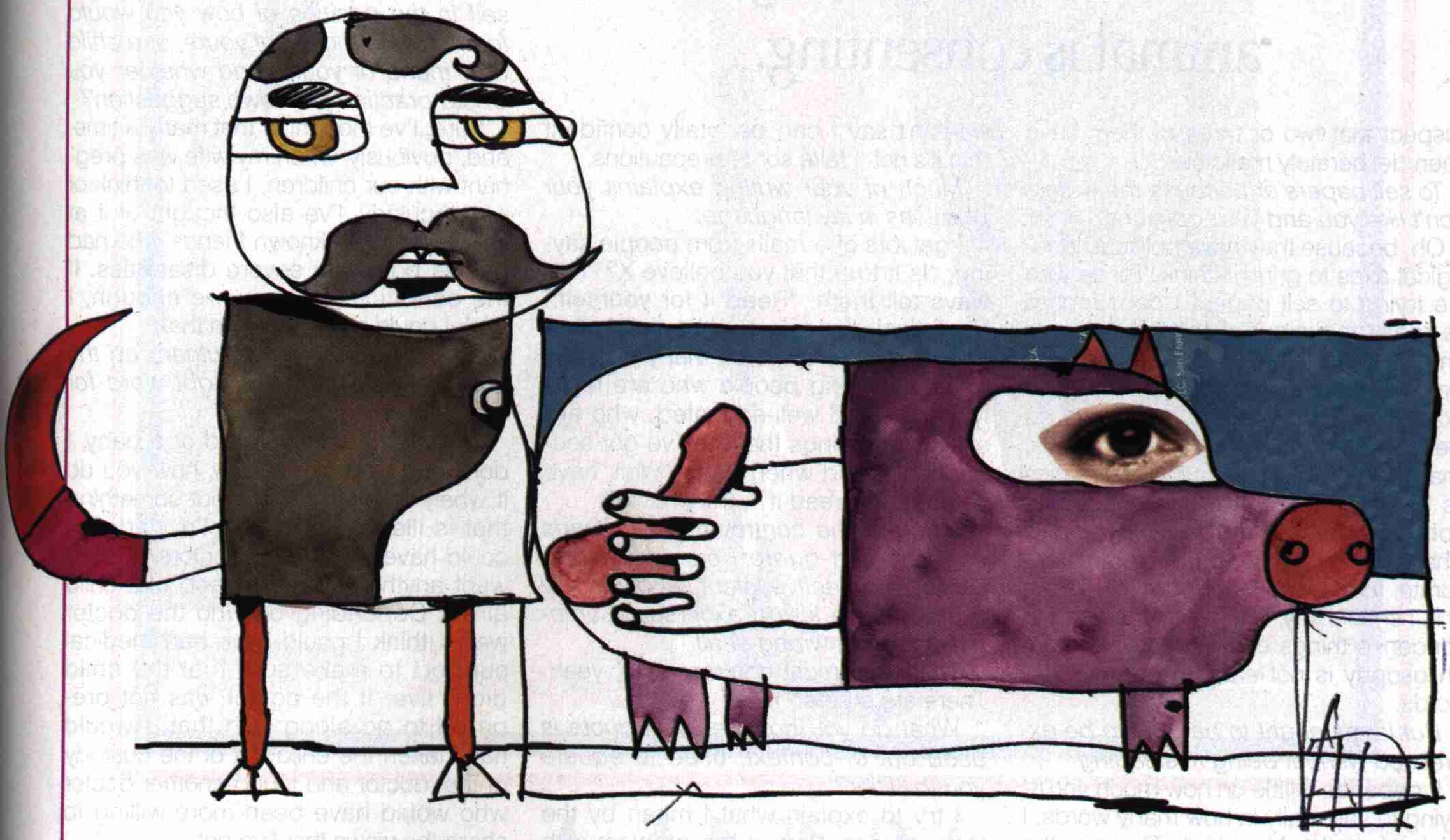
Illustrated by David Miller

When a big Aussie chick, Jane Wunder,
farted, it sounded like thunder.
But oh, what the hell,
I don't mind the smell,
for she does such great work down under.
—submitted by Walt Hopmans

A nympho cheerleader, Kate Beam,
accomplished her favorite dream.
For the big halftime show
she managed to blow
the coach and the whole football team.
—submitted by Walt Hopmans

There was a Zen maiden and she,
in observing the Tao of feng shui,
said, "I find it best
to aim my twat west
when screwing or taking a pee."
—submitted by Walt Hopmans

A philosopher known as Sartre
said, "Life is not really an art.
It's unfair and obscene—
you can start as a bean
and end up no more than a fart."
—submitted by Walt Hopmans



Original limericks can be submitted to "Ribald Rimes," c/o *Penthouse,* 11 Penn Plaza, Twelfth Floor, New York, N.Y. 10001, or via the *Penthouse* Website, www.penthouse.com. You must certify that your limericks are your own original compositions, not copyrighted, and never published anywhere. We'll publish our favorites in upcoming issues, and winners will receive a free one-year subscription to *Penthouse.*

sex with them, but don't eat them."

Peter Singer seems both amused and gratified by all the followers and opponents he's attracted outside of academia. There's a slight smile on his face as he softly chats about his life's work.

Why do you think you are misinterpreted by the media?

It's validating. If it wasn't controversial, it wouldn't be looked at at all, right? I mean, most philosophers don't get articles about their ideas written in the daily newspapers. It's not that if it wasn't so controversial it would be looked at in more depth. It's rather that it is controversial, genuinely controversial. But I think the media have a vested interest in making it even more controversial than it is, in trying to build more of a story out of it. Therefore the more simplified they portray it, the more of a story it is. I think that's sort of underlying the problem.

Is this malicious manipulation?

I don't think in a consciously malicious manner. Well, we're generalizing here. There have been lots of pieces, and I suspect that two or three of them have been deliberately malicious.

To sell papers or because the writers don't like you and your opinions?

Oh, because they have political, ideological axes to grind, I think. Those who are trying to sell papers I don't regard as really malicious, I regard them as simply giving things a little bit of a twist that will make a better story. That's not exactly malice. Everyone is trying to do their job, and their job is to sell papers. That's the problem of journalistic ethics as I see it, the conflict between what's going to please your employer and what may simply be the best, most accurate, fullest way of telling a story. Part of it, I should say, is also just the need to condense things down greatly. I mean, philosophy is not easy to put into 700 words.

But ideas ought to be able to be expressed without being misleading.

It depends a little on how much you're trying to say really in how many words. I think when the *New York Times* or the *Washington Post* has 2,000 words, yes, they can do it in that without being misleading. But when the *New York Daily News* has a columnist trying to do it in 700 words, it's at least difficult. I wouldn't say it's impossible to avoid being misleading. But it's not easy to, on the one hand, convey what it is that I've said, and, on the other hand, put it in the context to explain why I've said it.

But in one sense, all media coverage is beneficial because of the attention it brings to your work.

Yes, that's true, and that's kind of a dangerous balance you have to play, I guess. Certainly my books get read more because of the attention. As I said in the preface to *Writings on an Ethical Life,* it probably wouldn't have got published at all if no one had noticed my arrival at Princeton. So yes, it does serve me in that way. But the danger is that there is the risk of simply being typecast, stereotyped in a certain way, so that people don't really read what you're saying. I guess, in fact, I'm also conscious of a more immediate physical danger, that people will get stirred up and try to stop this person.

So a philosopher's life is a life of personal risk in our era?

It oughtn't to be, it oughtn't to be. I wouldn't say I can be totally confident that it's not. I take some precautions.

Bestiality, says Singer, "is not to my taste, but I don't think it ought to be made a crime" so long as the animal is consenting.

Much of your writing explains your positions in lay language.

I get lots of e-mails from people saying, "Is it true that you believe X?" I always tell them, "Read it for yourself." Realistically, people are busy with other things. But there are so many people I meet, including people who are highly literate and well-educated, who are still saying things that they've got secondhand. And when I say, "Well, have you actually read it?", they haven't.

Much of the controversy surrounds one specific quote from your work: "Killing a defective infant is not morally equivalent to killing a person. Sometimes it is not wrong at all."

That's the most common one, yeah. There are others.

What do you do when that quote is used out of context, used to equate you to Hitler?

I try to explain what I mean by the term *person*. Part of the problem with using that quote on its own is that *person* is a perfectly ordinary term, therefore it sounds odd to say someone is not a person. It sounds Orwellian to say they're a nonperson. Obviously, anyone who is quoting it fairly ought to say, "Singer has defined the term *person* in a special sense to mean a being that has rationality and self-awareness and can see itself existing over time." Then the question is, Which beings is it more serious to kill? Does it make a difference how serious it is to kill a being that has these mental characteristics? Then I think you can get people to see, yeah, that's not an outrageous view, anyway. Could be right. Something that does seem to make a difference. Maybe that's why I think that killing a normal human being is worse than killing a chicken, or something like that. So if you can just spend a few minutes with a person, you can get them beyond simply looking at that quote in the way that they probably first looked at it.

But you do believe that killing a human being is a worse act than killing a chicken, don't you?

I believe that it is worse to kill a normal, self-aware human being than a chicken. But I think that because of the capacity that the normal human has, not because one being is a member of the species *Homo sapiens* and the other is not.

This quote—"Killing a defective infant is not morally equivalent to killing a person. Sometimes it is not wrong at all"—comes from your arguments justifying infanticide under certain circumstances. Do you feel you can put yourself in the position of how you would feel if it were a child of yours, or a child of a friend of yours, and whether you would practice your own suggestion?

Sure. I've thought of that many a time, and, obviously, when my wife was pregnant with our children, I used to think of it particularly. I've also thought of it at times when I've known friends who had babies born with severe disabilities. If the condition were severe enough, I think I could have acted on that.

And you could have euthanized the child, or whatever the right word for the entity is?

Well, it's certainly a child or a baby, I don't deny that. Obviously, how you do it when you're talking about something that is illegal is difficult. I'm certain I could have said to the doctors, "I don't want anything done to keep that child alive." Depending on who the doctor was, I think I could have had medical support to make sure that the child didn't live. If the doctor was not prepared to go along with that, I would have taken the child out of the custody of that doctor and found another doctor who would have been more willing to share the views that I've got.

So what should we do? Should we change the laws?

If I were a member of Congress and I felt that this was something that had some chance of success, which it

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LANNY

"My pyramid tattoo tells people of my interest in Egyptian history, and my clit piercing—well, that tells a different story."



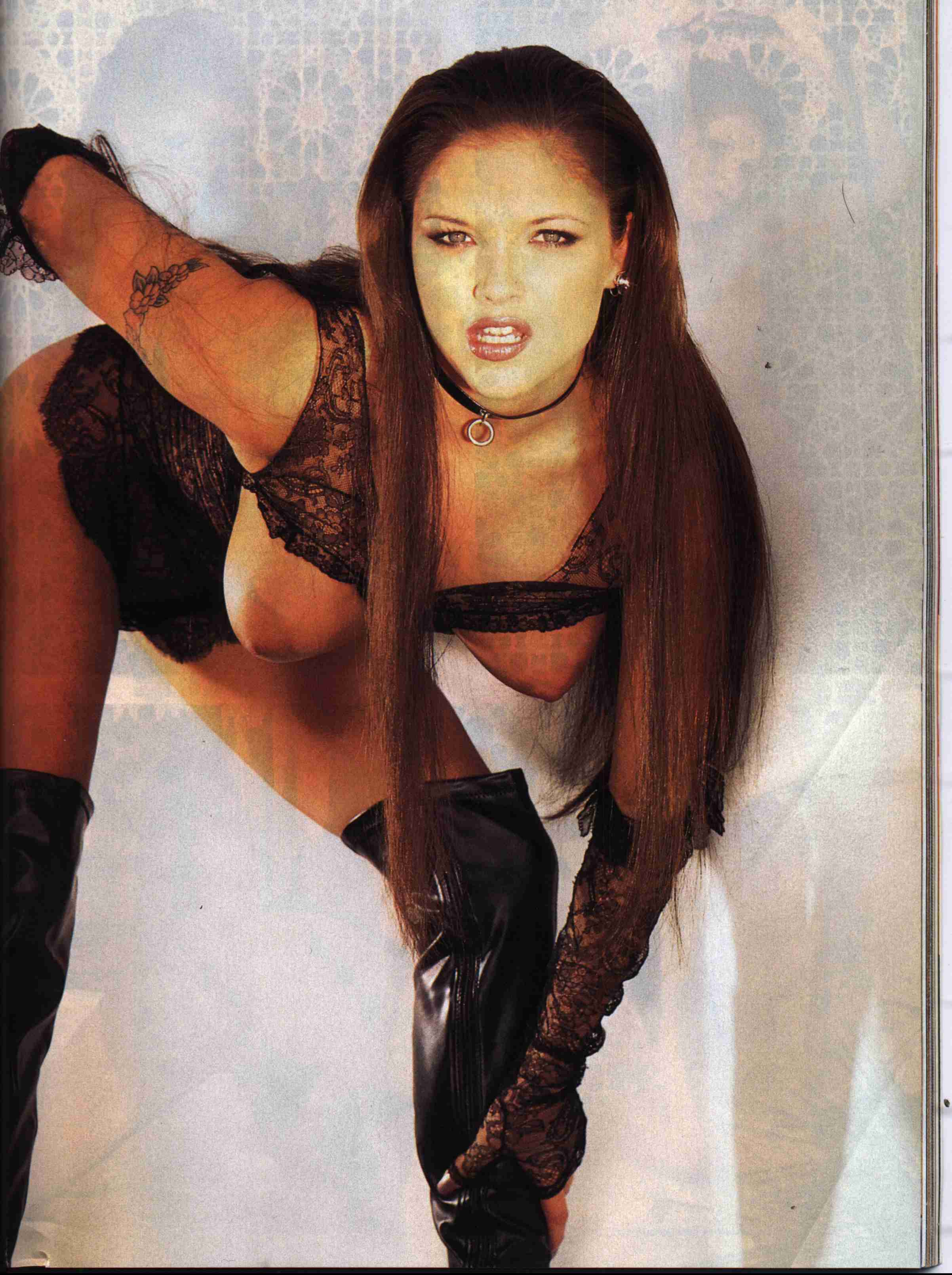


CANADIAN CHARMER

Actress/model Lanny Barbie, 21, says she's happy that her work brings her across the border into the United States. "Growing up in Quebec, we get a lot of cold weather," says our Canadian cutie. "I've never been interested in skiing or other winter sports. In fact, I'm not even much of an ice-hockey fan. I'd much rather be swimming or lying in the sun. I was thrilled when some modeling opportunities came up and required me to fly out to Los Angeles for photo shoots. When I'm in California, I always make time for the beach. It's like I'm going to summer camp every time I get off the plane."

PHOTOGRAPHS BY SUZE RANDALL

"Lanny is sexy, sweet, and a dream to work with," says *Penthouse* photographer Suze Randall. "Her face is so innocent, like a cherub, and the rest of her ... very hot."









"Body art is a wonderful way to express yourself," says Lanny. "My pyramid tattoo tells people of my interest in Egyptian history, and my clit piercing—well, that tells a different story."

"My friend and I made a pact that we both would get pierced one weekend," 36-25-35 Lanny reveals. "When he came home and showed me that he had gotten a Prince Albert, I had

to go through with it and get *my* piercing below the belt as well. We showed each other our newest additions and were very pleased with the results."









MISS LANNY BARBIE/PENTHOUSE PET OF THE MONTH





"My ideal man is well-built and looks great in a suit and tie," Lanny reports. "I love a man who looks all business—perfectly well-mannered when out in public, but in the privacy of our bedroom becomes a very naughty boy!" Still, Lanny tells of a night behind another set of closed doors that was even more exciting. "I was once out with a man and we were going back to his place," she tells us, her azure eyes twinkling. "His building happened to have a glass elevator with a beautiful view of the city. We stopped the car between floors and made love then and there. Now whenever I'm in a hotel or office building and an elevator operator asks me if I'm 'going down,' I always smile and think of that night." Whether we're going to the main floor or the penthouse, Lanny, you certainly know how to push *our* buttons!

To see some very special pictures
of Lanny, visit our Website at www.penthouse.com

"I'd like to open a beauty salon after I retire from modeling," says our Pet of the Month. "I'm always happiest when I'm busy. I'm not the type to just sit around and do nothing all day."

PENTHOUSE.COM



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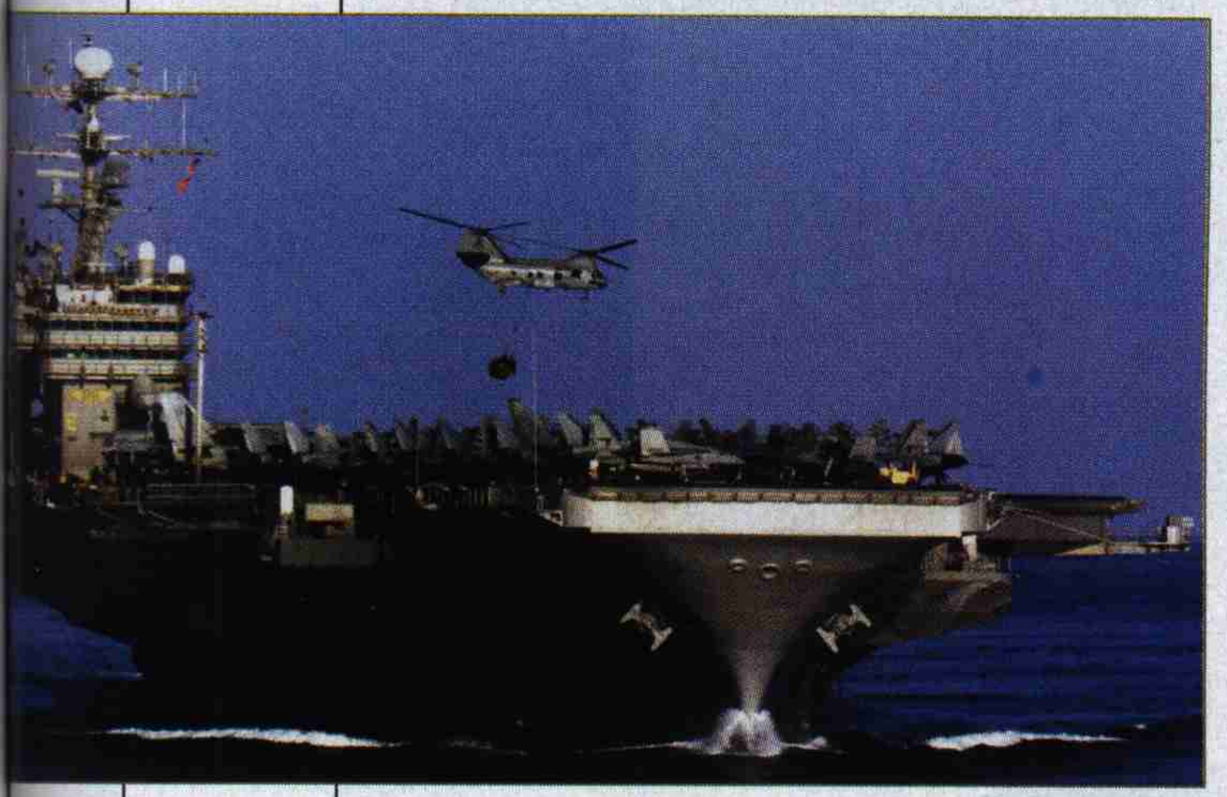
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POLITICS in the *Military*

No one who has been aboard a U.S. Navy aircraft carrier will ever forget the experience: the constant noise of a self-contained city, an intricate mesh of sailors and machines working around the clock ... the sight of a fighter jet rocketing off a flight deck the size of a farmer's potato field ... or, more extraordinary still, managing to land on that small patch of steel.

The aircraft carrier is the most awesome weapons system on the planet, and in an era when every other armament has undergone radical transformation, it remains remarkably unchanged. True, modern carriers are larger than ever (some 97,000 tons), are powered by nuclear energy instead of oil, and carry jets instead of prop planes. But the basic system would be familiar to pilots who flew off carrier decks 61 years ago to shatter the Imperial Japanese Navy at Midway.



Yet for decades military thinkers inside and outside the Pentagon have pronounced the impending end of these warships with seemingly irrefutable arguments: Carriers are big fat targets, vulnerable to swarms of land-based aircraft that could overwhelm the ships' defenses. They are naked to modern satellite surveillance systems, and sitting ducks for nuclear submarines equipped with long-range smart torpedoes. Perhaps. But why then does the Pentagon continue to spend billions of dollars on these behemoths?

For starters, no enemy has been able to punch a hole in an American aircraft carrier, much less sink one, since 1945. Nor has anyone figured out how to penetrate a carrier's real armor, the protective shield that provides an umbrella of defense against sea and air attacks. And because they require no basing rights in international waters, carriers sidestep all sorts of political complications. While serving as floating air bases, they can cruise for months before having to anchor to refuel or restock—a great advantage given the growing reluctance of other nations to host U.S. military bases.

To be sure, America's shortage of land-based overseas air power is a problem. As a result, carrier pilots must take on more deep-strike missions, a less-than-ideal task for the relatively short-ranged carrier planes. In Afghanistan, Navy pilots were assigned targets nearly 1,000 miles inland. Such missions, which lasted as long as nine hours, required in-flight refueling—a capability the Navy lacks. Carrier planes were also assigned targets that required advanced precision-guided munitions and unpiloted reconnaissance aircraft—both Air Force monopolies. During the Afghanistan bombing campaign, many planes returned to carrier decks still armed with bombs because the pilots were never told where to drop them.

Despite such challenges, the Navy has adapted well, and it appears that the aircraft carrier will be around for a good number of years. Its value may even be boosted by some odd events in the Chinese port city of Guangzhou. In recent years, China bought the near-completed Soviet aircraft carrier *Varyag* and announced plans to turn it into a tourist attraction. But word spread that the ex-Soviet warship was in fact being converted into the Chinese navy's first nuclear aircraft carrier, and before long, U.S. spy satellites revealed that the extensive work underway on the ship included radar and electronic-warfare equipment—hardly the kind of hardware needed to attract tourists.

Clearly, China intends to one day challenge the carriers whose presence makes the Pacific Ocean look like an American lake. And they'd certainly like to do something about the way those metal monsters arrogantly sail through the Taiwan Strait whenever Washington wants to send a pointed message to Beijing. Even critics who regard the carriers as anachronisms doomed to extinction admit that nothing so signals American will, or outright military threat, like the dispatch of one or more of these mighty warships to a trouble spot. And as long as the aircraft carrier retains its supreme status as a symbol of power, its survival is ensured.—*Ernest Volkman*

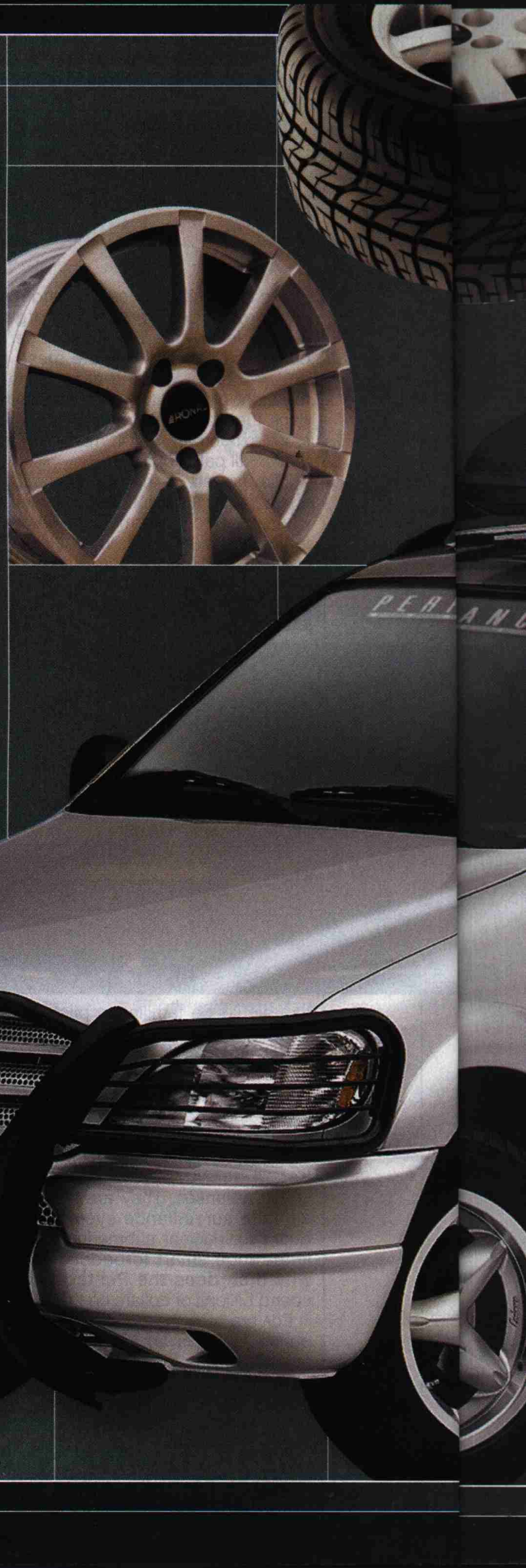
American aircraft carriers can cruise for months without refueling or restocking—a great benefit given the reluctance of other nations to host U.S. military bases.

We all love our SUVs. They're big, you sit up high like a king, and you can throw your weight around in traffic. Rain or snow, nothing stops you, and you can take a jaunt overland whenever you're fed up with humankind and need the solace of nature. Best of all, SUVs are the most blatantly anti-PC status vehicles out there—gas-guzzling, polluting, top-heavy behemoths that aggravate college professors and other left-leaning types who can't get it out of their head that these monsters are the embodiment of pure anti-social aggression.

So let's admit it: SUVs please us for the wrong reasons. Let's also acknowledge that since everyone's got one—SUVs and pick-ups have for several years now represented the industry's No. 1 sales segment, which means that even soccer moms are driving them—the only intelligent, self-respecting move you can make is to set off from the pack your everyday showroom model with the latest in aftermarket accessories.

Which accessories, though? The renaissance of the 4x4 has created a vast aftermarket that has put out, in addition to all the good stuff, a lot of junk. Herewith, my suggestions.

Tires should be the first item on anyone's list. Be disciplined—acknowledge to yourself that you're not going to be doing that much offroad work, and buy your new treads accordingly. For *Penthouse* I used as our test mule a Mercedes ML, which, along with SUVs by BMW, Lexus, and Porsche, is at the top of the heap. We went for a set of 18-inch Ronal (www.ronalusa.com) Turbines fitted with Pirelli's (www.us.pirelli.com) new Scorpion Zero tires, which I'd heard were the best-handling light-truck tire on the market. I heard right. Ronal had sent along a set of 17-inchers as well, but the 18-inch wheel-and-tire combo not only looked sharp but also transformed the Benz's handling. Note: the Scorpion Zero is one of the very few SUV tires that's V-rated for sustained running at 130 mph. Unfortunately, the Mercedes won't go that fast, but at 110 mph, handling was still crisp and, yes, even confidence-inspiring.



By Peter Manso

DRIVING FORCE

SUV ACCESSORIES

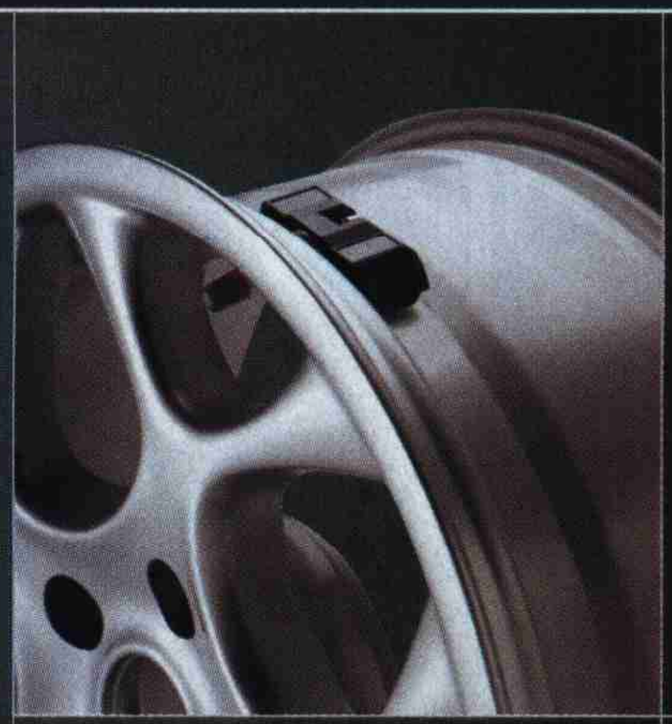
Another add-on that upped my confidence level was a monitoring system from SmarTire (www.smartire.com). This setup—which consists of four sensor-transmitters mounted on each tire and a tiny remote display you velcro to your dashboard—sounds a bit *Star Wars*–ish, but the thing provides real-time information on tire pressure and temperatures ahead of any potential problem. Given the Firestone-Ford recall mess of several years ago, plus the inherent handling limitations of any SUV, what road warrior with half a brain could say no to this gadgetry?

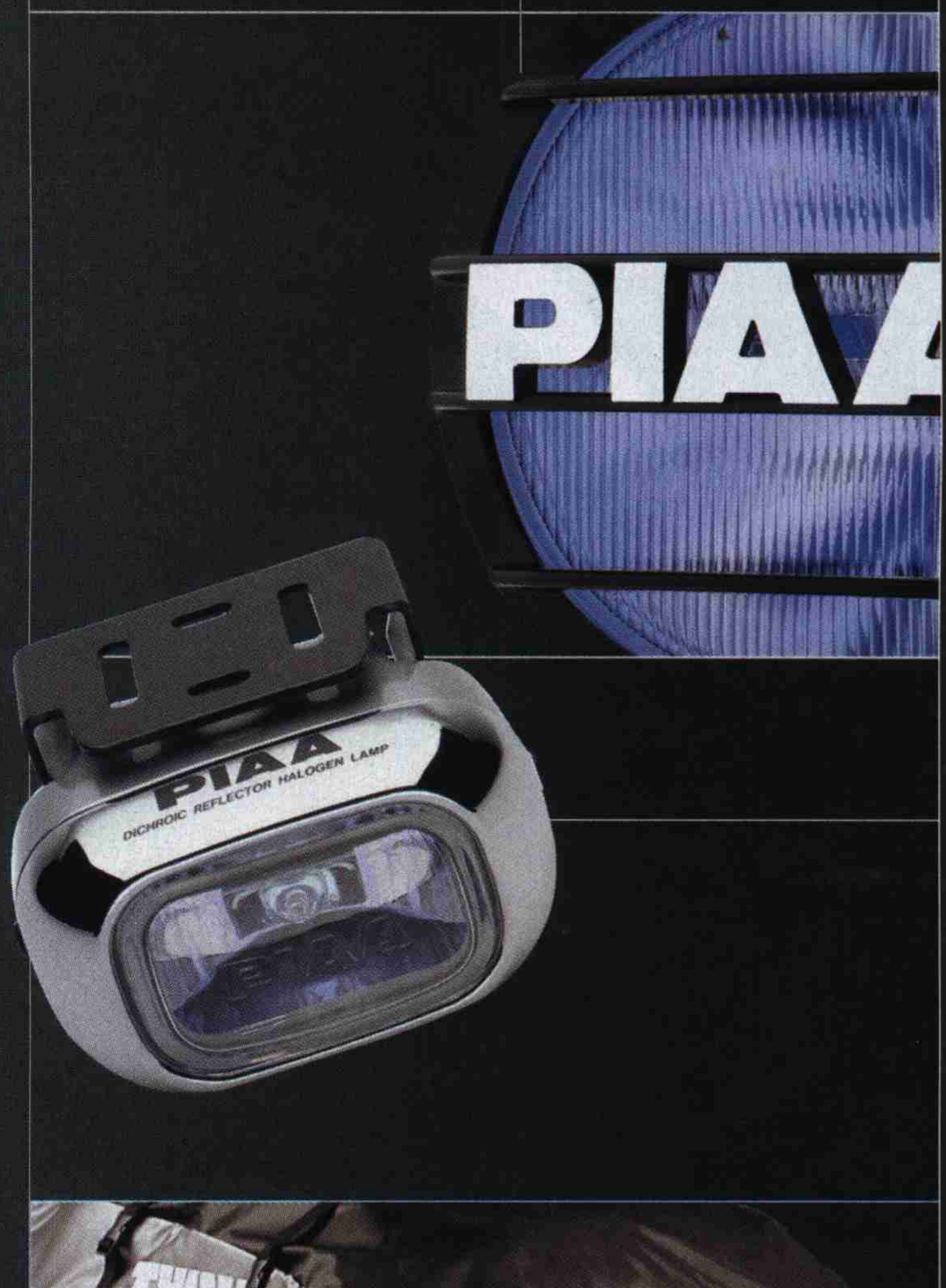
Next up: roof racks, which aren't just for looks. Here, Thule's (www.thule.com) patented Playpen luggage basket is the best of the best—beautifully made of heavy tubular steel, the outrigger load bars allow for bike carriers and high-power (and *way* cool) roof lights, and also accommodate Thule's brilliantly conceived soft-sided weatherproof roof box, which holds a mammoth 15 cubic feet of luggage. So thoughtfully designed is this setup that it even incorporates a front faring that cuts wind noise at speeds in the triple digits.

Brush bars are *the* style thing, of course, coming in a variety of models and colors. I went with the high-tech look of matte black. Performance Products (www.performanceproducts.com) is perhaps the best supplier of quality Mercedes aftermarket hardware in the country. I also opted for a number of products by Manik: grille guard with built-in skid plate, side tube steps, and taillight guards, all of which bolted on hassle-free. The visual effect of the tube steps alone is worth the price of entry—SUVs, the Mercedes included, aren't exactly of svelte design, but here the improvement was immediate, especially coupled with the oversize polished-alloy Ronals.

Finally, high-power lights. This is where you can get sexy *and* tough. The basic thing to remember is that there are fog lights and driving lights, and they're very different. The fogs throw a wide, low-range beam that's good for foul weather, while driving lights, a.k.a. "burners," project a beam farther down the road that's ideal for high-speed running. New to the game is the range of high-intensity-discharge "white" lights that brighten things even more. PIAA (www.piaa.com) is the name to remember. I opted for a combination of PIAA's miniature dichroic fogs mounted low beneath the bumper, two large Xtreme White pencil-beam spots bolted to the brush bar, and another two Xtreme Whites up on the roof rack, plus a Xenon headlamp conversion from Performance Products that turned out to be just as good as the factory options at one-third the price. God intoned, "And let there be light." In the interests of automotive safety, speed, and also self-defense when the guy coming at you won't dim his high beams, I say amen.

Have a ball and keep her upright.









"You have to admit it—even for four-wheel drive, that's good!"

TOMMY LEE

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 64

that point, it showed me that the three of us were like, "You know what? Next." What are we supposed to do, just fuckin' dissolve? Let one person dictate our future? We're like, "No way, man." We started auditioning singers and found [John] Corabi and we were like, "Whoa, this motherfucker can sing his ass off!" All of a sudden we were this brand-new entity, and all inspired again. And to work with someone who was fuckin' so damn glad to be there was so fresh for us.

Vince used to look at his watch in the studio like he had somewhere else to be. We're like, "Dude, we're making a record! What else could be more important than this?" And so working with somebody like [Corabi] was cool. I think it inspired me at that point. Then when Vince came back, I was like, "Hmmm, this is back to the same old kinda shit." That whole little journey was really the last straw for me to go, "Okay, you know what? I could do this on my own." I wanna go out and do my own thing and at the end of the day fuckin' go to sleep with a huge smile on my face.

The new Mötley Crüe

No disrespect toward [Samantha Maloney], but when they got a girl drummer, it was weird. How can you be singing "Girls, Girls, Girls" with a chick? It doesn't feel right. And then they had Randy [Castillo] and he died. And fuck, I don't know what they're gonna do. I haven't really spoken to Nikki about that.

His best Crüe memory

Winning an American Music Award was great. That was a highlight. Being nominated for a Grammy was a super highlight.... We lost to Jethro Tull.... We were sitting next to the Metallica guys going, "It's either you guys or us."... When they announced Jethro Tull, we were trippin' out.

Going to Russia [in 1989 for the Moscow Music Peace Festival] was a highlight. Obviously, *Dr. Feelgood* was one of the biggest-selling records for us. That was a highlight. I have some really fuckin' amazing memories that can't really ever be tarnished.

His favorite work

I would say my latest record [*Never a Dull Moment*]. I don't know why your latest thing you've done is the one you're proudest of. I guess 'cause it's where you're at now. It was probably the most fun to make, and also the hardest to make. The pressure's all on me instead of splitting it with three other guys, which I miss sometimes.

I have two [Crüe] favorites: *Dr. Feelgood* and the Corabi record [*Mötley Crüe*]. Both of them were made up in Canada. For some reason ... whenever you leave where you live and go somewhere else, you're not distracted by anything. You wake up in the morning, and music, it's the first thing on your mind. Go to the studio. Work, work, work, work, work. Go out to a few bars, party, go to sleep. Wake up, do the same thing. Every day it's music. No other bullshit.

Drummer or front man?

I'd pick front man, just because I played drums for so long that it's just such an exciting, new, fresh thing for me, man. And I'm all about keeping things fresh. Otherwise you're sitting back going through the motions.

But [sitting in with an established group], that'd be fun. Just like Dave [Grohl] did [with Queens of the Stone Age]. He went and did some tour dates and played some stuff on the record [*Songs for the Deaf*], and he's back to doing his thing. I'd do that in a second.

His failed records

Both of those records sold more than the Mötley record they put out [2000's *New Tattoo*]. To me, when the Methods of Mayhem record went gold [selling 500,000 copies] and Mötley sold 140,000 copies, I was like, "Whoa. That's cool, man." That was really, really cool. Not that there's any competition or some race, but that was really cool.... I didn't even listen to [*New Tattoo*] because the first single they chose ["Hell on High Heels"] was a fuckin' old demo that was a reject from the *Dr. Feelgood* sessions. I was like, "You guys can't be telling me you haven't written anything new. That was '89, dude!... That's the best thing you got, an old reject from the *Dr. Feelgood* fuckin' sessions?"

Replacing Drowning Pool on last summer's Ozzfest after DP's lead singer, Dave Williams, died of cardiac arrest

It was fuckin' bizarre. It was bizarre when Dave's mom showed up. She came to the show in Dallas, their hometown. She came onto my tour bus and gave me the biggest fuckin' hug. And we sat down and talked for probably an hour. And I was really uncomfortable with her—"I'm honored to be here, but I wish it was under different circumstances." And she said, "Tom, ya know what? I don't know if you knew this"—and I didn't really know a whole lot about the guy—"but he was the biggest Crüe fan on the planet. Like you don't even understand. When he was growing up, you guys were like gods to him. He would be doing somersaults from cloud to cloud right now if he knew you were filling in for him." And I was just like, "Wow, that's crazy." Once she said that, I became a little more comfortable with it. But still, it was a very weird situation.

What's next

I'm writing some new shit right now. It's kinda cool. I'm a free agent, which is fun. I started working on new stuff. When it's ready, when I got what I consider to be the fuckin' next badass record, then I'll go playing it for people. Until then I'm not really worried. I'm just doing my thing, and when it's ready, I'll shop it. It's just how I got the deal [with MCA] in the first place.

And I'm also working on music for my fiancée's record, which is really cool for me as a writer. Just giving me a fuckin' huge right turn. It's like R&B, hip-hop, Latin flavors, pop. So for me to write that kind of stuff is cool. It gets me out of that [rock mold]—for me to be like, "Cool, I'll write this really cool fuckin' pop song," and make it for her. It's been fun, man.

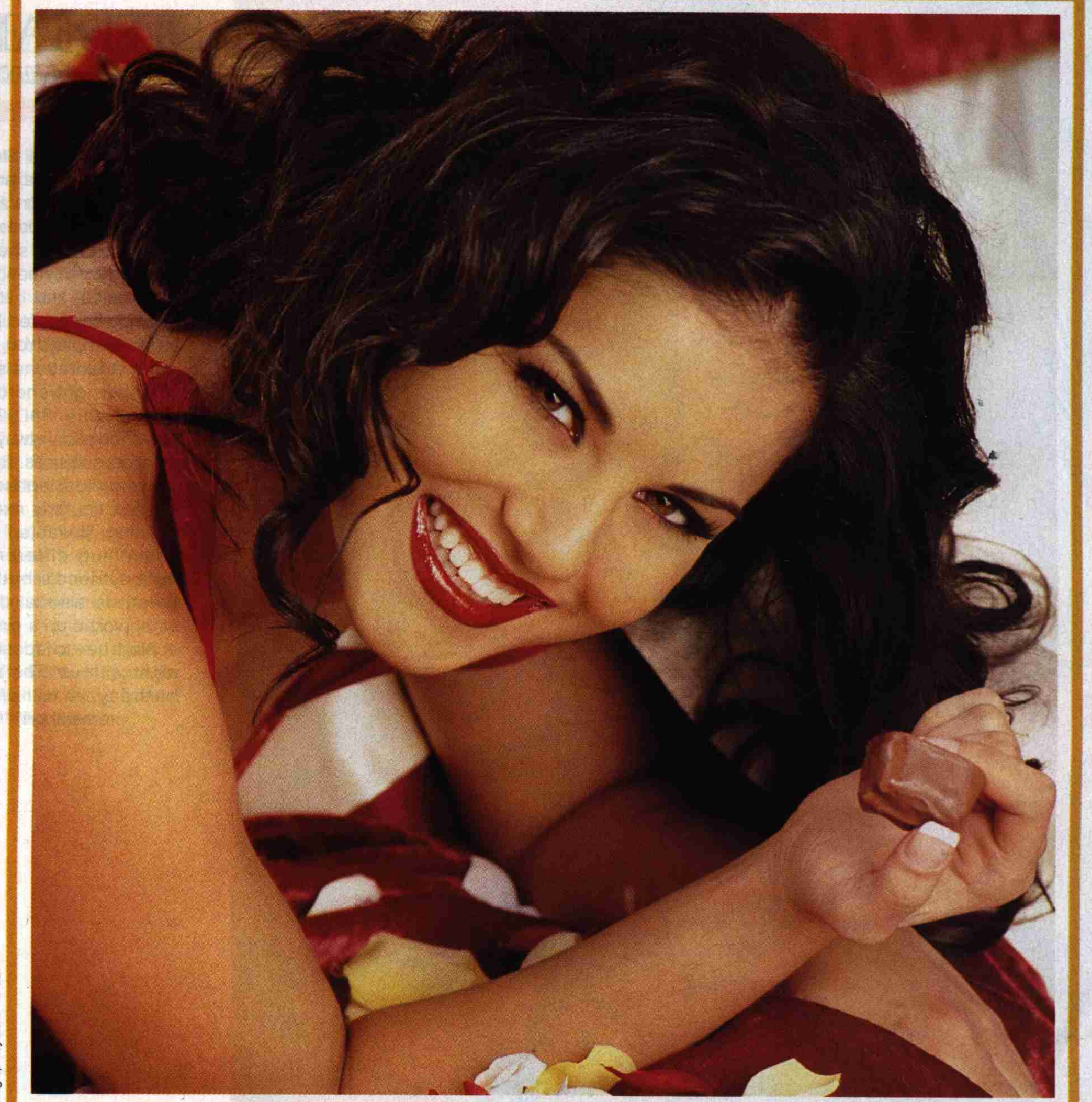
Selling his house

I just wanna start over.... [I have] good memories, bad memories, and just some unfortunate memories that can't be erased. Every time I walk into the backyard ... I've had this lady from the Chumash Indian tribe, which is a local tribe in the Malibu area, drain the pool waters and bless the new waters. And I had my kids there. All of us tried to cope with what happened. Dude, I still go out there, and the first thing my eye does is look to where the little boy was lying on the deck when we were trying to pump his heart. You can't really erase that. You can only try to heal it.

That's not the main reason I'm moving, though. I have a new girl in my life. It's just time to start over. But I'm really specifically looking for a house that has a guest house, which I wanna gut and have my studio on the property, but not in the house. 'Cause right now it's in the house, and my kids are over a lot now

CONTINUED ON PAGE 153

> "[My first tattoo], I was 17. I got Mighty Mouse. It meant a lot to me. He was my childhood fuckin' hero."



Photograph by Suze Randall

Pet of the Year

PLAY-OFF

Any occasion that calls for getting acquainted with beautiful women is our idea of a good time. But when we're talking about our annual Pet of the Year Play-Off—and the chance to get *re*acquainted with a dozen fabulous femmes—that's truly a cause for celebration. Though it won't be easy to bid adieu to Sunny Leone (above), we're certain you'll want to help us pick her successor. So stand up and be counted: Cast your vote at www.penthouse.com, or drop us a line at Pet of the Year, 11 Penn Plaza, Twelfth Floor, New York, N.Y. 10001. Our 2004 winner will be unveiled in an all-new pictorial in January and will receive a truly royal collection of gifts and prizes fit for a Queen.

STEPHANIE

September 2001

Blonde bombshell Stephanie Wood knows how to start things off on a high note. "I once made love on top of a piano," she tells us. "My ex-boyfriend was a musician, and I started getting very excited listening to him play. You could say his vibrations struck just the right chords." It seems this 34D-27-34 New Yorker is always full of sweet surprises. Recalls 24-year-old Stephanie of one particularly exciting evening, "I wanted to do something different for my boyfriend's birthday. I went to a local dance club, picked up a girl, and invited her to spend the night with us. That's one birthday we will *always* remember!"

PHOTOGRAPH BY
EARL MILLER

TEANNA

October 2001

Teanna Kai makes sweet lemonade out of life's lemons. For this 34-23-34 beauty, even a nasty fender bender had a silver lining. "When the other driver and I went to exchange insurance information, our eyes just locked," 25-year-old Teanna reveals. "Before I knew it, we were rocking in the back of his van. Later I joked with my friends that I may have rear-ended this guy's car, but he rear-ended me too!" For a truly wild ride, this comely Californian sets her sights even higher. "I once went in a hot-air balloon with a boyfriend. As the balloon began to rise, so did he. He took me from behind as we soared through the sky."

PHOTOGRAPH BY
CARL L. WACHTER



MELISSA

November 2001

"A man's job says something about the kind of person he is," believes 34D-22-35 Melissa Starr. "A guy who would place his life in danger to protect others is someone I would feel completely at ease with. That's why I have such a soft spot for policemen, rescue workers, and—especially—firemen.... Sometimes," 23-year-old Melissa confides, "I fantasize about being rescued from a burning building. I'm trapped by flames until a fireman shatters the door and carries me to safety. Once we're out of danger we find a secluded place. Before I know it I'm sliding down his pole and the real sparks begin to fly." Smokin'!

PHOTOGRAPH BY
HANK LONDONER

CHEYENNE

December 2001

Sexy Cheyenne Silver is an erotic workaholic; she truly loves what she does for a living. This 24-year-old was new to the world of adult films when we first met her, and it didn't take long for her star to rise. "I'm an exhibitionist at heart," 35-25-35 Cheyenne reveals. "The feeling I get knowing that people are watching me perform while we're filming—and also that there will be an audience watching me later—is a total turn-on." Another of Cheyenne's turn-ons includes getting in touch with nature. "I enjoy making love outdoors," this self-described country girl says. "Being out in the woods gives me a feeling of total freedom."



PHOTOGRAPH BY
EARL MILLER



KARRIE

January 2002

Twenty-three-year-old Karrie Jacobs believes in starting things off with a bang. "A woman's body is like a gun," she told us, "and her brain is the bullet. One won't work without the other, and if you want to hit your target you've got to have both." This 36-24-35 college coed has everything *we're* looking for, but what gets *her* going? "The man I'm looking for needs to be good-looking, but modest about it; a go-getter, but not pushy; independent, but not a loner; and an outdoorsman without the scruffy beard. I don't know if my ideal mate exists, but I don't think my expectations are all that high.... I just know what I like."

PHOTOGRAPH BY
J. S. HICKS

KYLI

February 2002

"Making love on a bed of roses was the greatest sexual experience I've ever had," sighs 23-year-old Kyli Ryan. "The fragrance was intoxicating and the softness of the petals caressing my skin was like nothing I'd ever felt before. It was like being stroked by hundreds of fingertips." Though the 34-27-35 brunette is a true romantic, she has a wild side as well. "I was always the one who wanted to go on the roller coaster while everyone else headed for the merry-go-round," she says. "I want to experience all the excitement of life. I'll try anything, from skydiving to posing for *Penthouse*." We're certainly glad she did.

PHOTOGRAPH BY
J. S. HICKS



COURTNEY

March 2002

Twenty-seven-year-old Courtney Taylor doesn't have much free time—she's a model and a student—but when she does she likes to get wet. "I love being in and around water," this 34-24-34 green-eyed blonde reveals. "In fact, to make love at the beach is my favorite romantic fantasy. I can picture myself lying at the edge of the sand. The rest of the world is silent, and all I hear is the sound of the waves all around me. Suddenly the water and my boyfriend are both on top of me. The combination of his body heat and the coolness of the water is irresistible. It's like having two lovers at once!"

PHOTOGRAPH BY
CARL L. WACHTER

HANNAH

April 2002

Great Britain's Hannah Harper, 20, knows how to make every moment memorable. While taking in the famous Tall Ships race in Sweden one year, this racy 34C-24-34 Pet arranged for a more intimate encounter. "It was very busy there, and my guy and I were overwhelmed by the crowds," she says. "While everyone else was down at the docks, we decided to take a hike. We ended up atop a cliff overlooking the water. We could see everything—but no one could see us. It was an ideal place for sex. The race was underway, and once I weighed my beau's anchor ... it was smooth sailing for us too!"

PHOTOGRAPH BY
HANK LONDONER



CLARA

May 2002

Twenty-two-year-old Clara Morgane already had a following in Europe when she staked her claim on the United States, making her mark in these pages. The feisty Frenchy's work in adult films and her on-stage performances have garnered her a legion of devoted fans throughout France, Germany, Spain, and Italy. "I started as a business major at school but became curious about the adult-entertainment industry," 36-26-34 Clara told us through an interpreter. "Once I made my first film, I never looked back. It's the only work I know of where you can truly mix business and pleasure."

PHOTOGRAPH BY
CARL L. WACHTER

VICTORIA

June 2002

Sexy and smart, Victoria Zdrok is the total package. This Ukranian-born Pet, 30, is a model *and* an attorney. "But I have to be honest," she says, "being a model is a lot more fun. Modeling gives me a sense of immortality. After my photos are published, I get to live in the fantasies of men all over the world. What other lawyer can say that?" Alas, there *is* one dream this 36D-24-35 beauty can never make a reality: "My ultimate fantasy is one in which I'm a slave girl in ancient Rome. I stand nude in the middle of a marketplace until a powerful warrior claims me for his own to do with as he pleases."

PHOTOGRAPH BY
CARL L. WACHTER



NADIA

July 2002

"Kickboxing has given me the confidence to know I can take care of myself in any situation," says Nadia Vasi, and we have no doubt about that. The 21-year-old is a fashion designer, singer, painter, and athlete—a very modern woman. But this former Midwesterner admits that she's also a bit of a traditionalist. "In some ways I'm old-fashioned," the 34-23-35 brunette says. "I go for men who are courteous. You know—real gentlemen. I love a man who smells good too. If I can nuzzle my face in a man's neck or chest, there's a good chance I'll be sniffing out *other* delicious areas of interest."

PHOTOGRAPH BY
J. S. HICKS

JORDAN

August 2002

Twenty-three-year-old Jordan West is a born-and-bred California girl, and she likes it that way. "You can't beat the weather we have here," says the 34-24-34 Pet, who enjoys swimming, waterskiing, rock climbing, and mountain biking. "I've even moved my favorite bedroom activities to a more open-air environment. The first time I made love on a boat, it was wonderful. All you could hear were the gulls circling in the sky and the water slapping up against the sides of the ship. Offshore sex is great. I don't need much—just the motion of the ocean and a strong lover to help rock my boat."

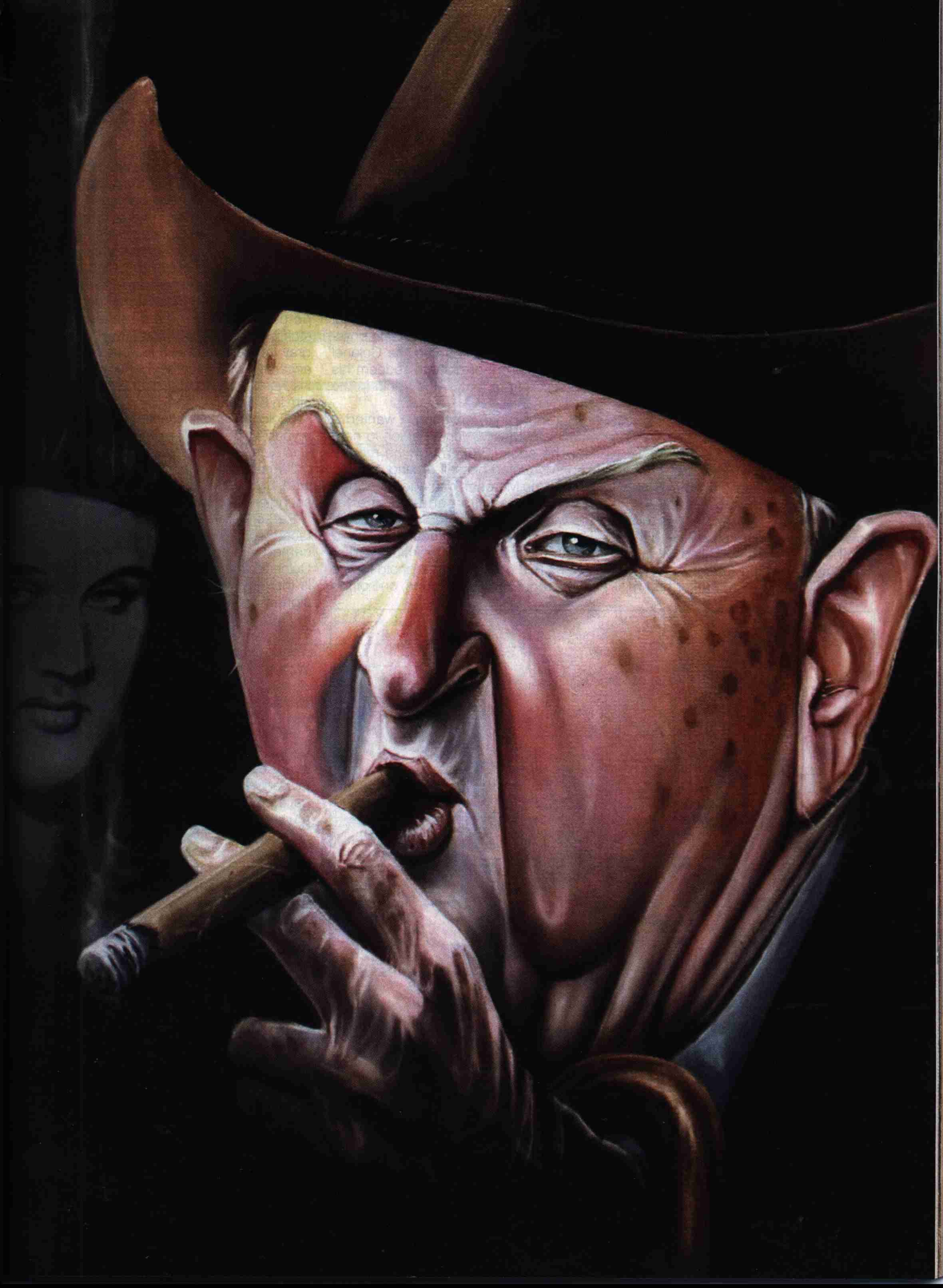
PHOTOGRAPH BY
HANK LONDONER

DEVIL IN DISGUISE

Andreas van Kuijk, an illegal Dutch alien, reinvented himself as Colonel Tom Parker. Then, through the magic of Elvis Presley, he invented rock-'n'-roll culture. The Colonel had his secrets, and he protected them at all costs. But now, at the end of his life, would he finally set the record straight?

The old man slumped in his seat, a mountainous heap of flesh, his body, some might have said, a temple to gluttony and greed, feeding off of the dimmer wits of others. He was holding court, on this morning in December 1992, in booth No. 1 of the Sirocco Springs coffee shop at the Las Vegas Hilton. It was his booth—perpetually reserved for the man whose act, and whose own high-roller activity, had meant so many millions for the hotel that no one could keep count anymore. At the Hilton, Colonel Tom Parker, born Andreas van Kuijk, an illegal alien from Holland who invented rock-'n'-roll culture through his most famous client—Elvis Presley, of course—inspired fear and trepidation among the bosses and employees alike.

ARTICLE BY ALANNA NASH • ILLUSTRATION BY CHRIS HIERS



"Larry!" he yelled belligerently to a man who hurried past without stopping. "Pay your respects!"

And then the Colonel turned back to his guests: Lorrie Morgan, the country singer he had booked into the hotel's showroom, and Lorrie's mother, Anna Trainor. Forty years earlier, Parker had handled dates for Trainor's first husband, the late Grand Ole Opry star George Morgan. Today, the 83-year-old Parker was in a sentimental mood—a godsend for me.

I had come to Las Vegas specifically to find the Colonel (his title was an honorary commission bestowed upon him by Louisiana Governor Jimmie Davis in 1948), and had brought along a friend to boost my courage. This was the first time either of us had been to Sin City, but to me nothing—not the dazzling neon Strip, the garish Liberace Museum, or the toga-wrapped greeters at Caesar's Palace—compared to that first sight of Colonel Thomas Andrew Parker. I had been thinking about him for a very long time—at least since 1977, when Elvis died, sprawled on the bathroom floor in his beloved Graceland.

Now I had a request to put to the Colonel. I was writing a book with three members of Elvis's so-called Memphis Mafia, and I wanted Parker to respond to their allegations that Parker had mismanaged and defrauded the star. I also hoped he would comment on a 1981 report filed by the court-appointed guardian of Elvis's daughter, Lisa Marie Presley, who had inherited the singer's fortune.

The report deemed Parker's 50-percent commission "excessive, imprudent, unfair to the estate, and beyond all reasonable bounds of industry standards." Lawyer E. Blanchard Tual, the guardian *ad litem,* furthermore charged that Parker had been guilty of "self-dealing and overreaching," and that he had "violated his duty both to Elvis ... and to the estate." Most members of the Memphis Mafia believed that Parker's mishandling of Elvis inadvertently brought about the entertainer's artistic and physical demise, and I wanted the Colonel to have the opportunity to redeem his reputation from that of the villain in the Presley saga.

But more than anything, I wanted a chance to meet Colonel Parker, to hear how he spoke, watch how he moved and conducted himself. Acting on a tip from Lorrie Morgan's manager, I cabbed it over to the Hilton and sat at a table with an unobstructed view of booth No. 1. In my mind I practiced how I'd break the ice: I would remind Parker that he had once signed a photo for me at the request of Alan Fortas, one of the few members of the Memphis Mafia who spoke glowingly of Parker's uncanny understanding of human nature, and his ability to outsmart nearly all comers with his mix of flimflam daring and cunning guile. I had finished ghostwriting a book for Fortas just before he died of kidney cancer earlier that year.

When Morgan and her mother got up to leave, my friend and I made our way over. Up close, the Colonel looked ancient: yellowed skin, thin and easily bruised, with liver spots sprinkling his hands and face like so many insects. His chest, a cascade of drooping flesh, resembled a spent tea bag inside the white shirt and black-and-gray geometric-design sweater; he'd managed to stuff his elephantine girth into a pair of gray trousers. A brown felt cowboy hat, accented with a feather band, crowned his head. His wooden cane lay beside him in the seat.

"Colonel Parker, I wanted to introduce myself," I began. "I'm Alanna Nash. I was Alan Fortas's friend."

"What?" said a blank-faced Colonel, who had a flesh-toned hearing aid snuggled into each ear.

Parker's wife, Loanne, a tall, long-faced woman some 25 years his junior, came to my rescue. "You remember, Colonel," she said, taking his arm. "This is the lady who wrote Alan's book. You signed a photo for her, and we sent it to Alan."

"Oh, yes," came the reply. He brightened. "You want another picture?" Without waiting for an answer, he produced a felt-tip pen and motioned toward his briefcase. "Loanne, give me some pictures."

"You know, I called Alan 79 times," he began. "Every Sunday, and for a while every day. And I called Priscilla [Presley] and told her to go see him. I even called the members of the Jewish community to get them to go to the funeral."

"You were very kind to Alan," I said, recalling that I had been told Parker always had an ulterior motive in any friendship, and remembering that Alan had been a nephew of Lyndon Johnson's close adviser Abe Fortas, a Supreme Court judge and LBJ's failed nominee for chief justice.

The Colonel shrugged his shoulders. "Well, you know," he said, his voice brittle, high, and hoarse, "old ties, old friendships."

I introduced my friend, and Colonel asked her if she wrote books too.

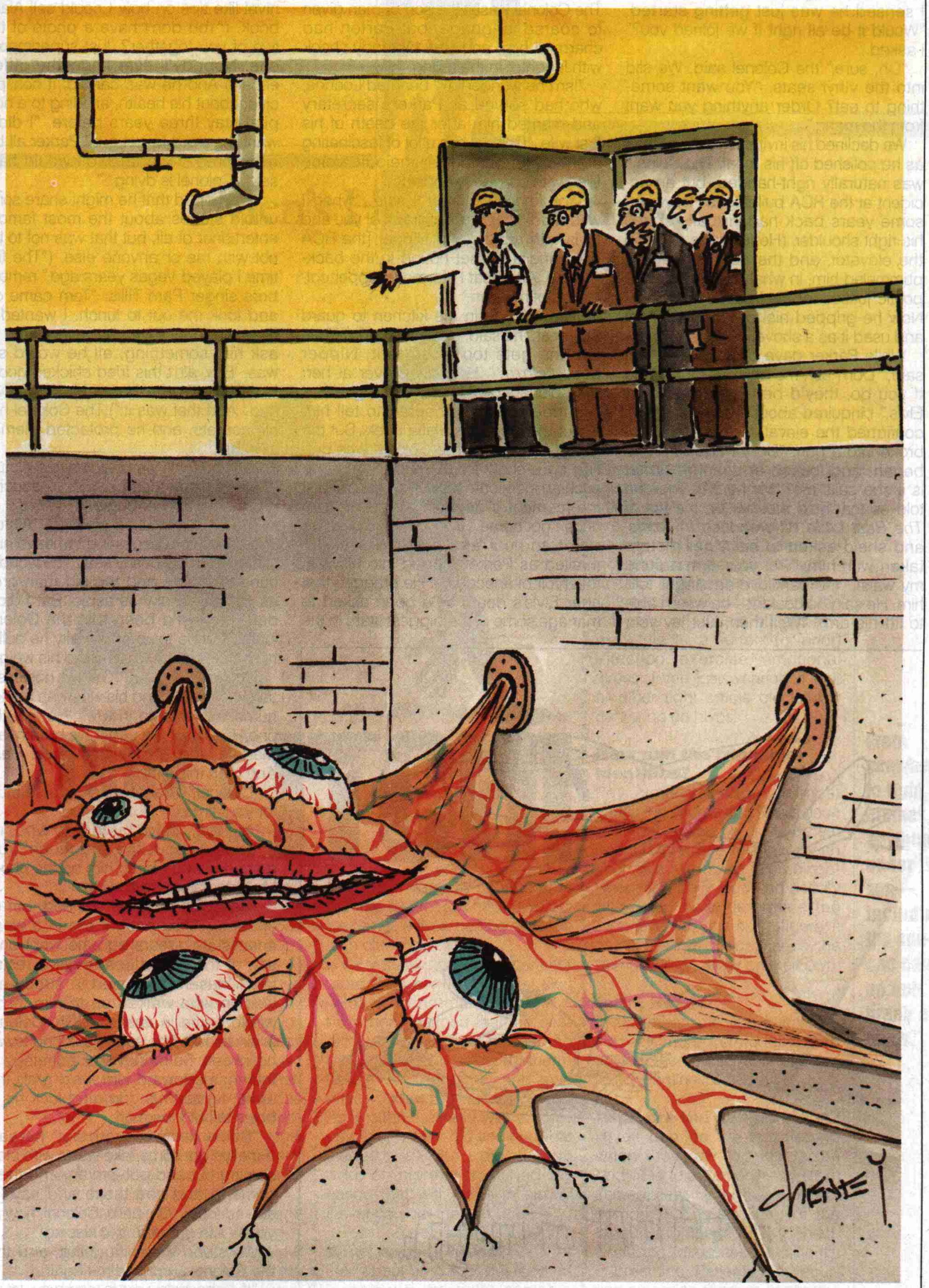
"No, I'm a broker," she replied.

The Colonel's azure eyes snapped to attention. "Smart!" he said, smiling. "You handle the money!"

And then he was off on a one-man PR campaign for the reputation of Colonel Tom Parker, attempting to persuade us that despite his glee at the mention of money, he routinely gave it away when-



"Will you be dining here, or dragging it back to your lair?"



"And last but not least, gentlemen, the nerve center of our entire operation...."

ever a deserving cause crossed his path. I sensed he was just getting started. "Would it be all right if we joined you?" I asked.

"Oh, sure," the Colonel said. We slid into the vinyl seats. "You want something to eat? Order anything you want from the menu."

We declined his invitation, but watched as he polished off his meal. The Colonel was naturally right-handed, but an accident at the RCA building in Hollywood some years back had virtually frozen his right shoulder. (He fell while entering the elevator, and the door repeatedly pummeled him, in what some would call poetic justice for his treatment of Elvis.) Now he gripped his fork in his left fist and used it as a shovel.

While Parker gave off vibrations that said, "Don't ask me any questions, and if you do, they'd better not be about Elvis," I inquired about the shoulder. He confirmed the elevator story, and then broke into a grin. "Dolly Parton ... " he began, and looked at Loanne. "What is it she calls me? 'My hero'?" Then he told us that he'd met her on the set of *The Best Little Whorehouse in Texas,* and she'd asked to have her picture taken with him. "Put your arm around my waist," the cantilevered singer told him. He said he couldn't—he wasn't able to lift his arm. "Well then, just lay your hand on my ass!" Parton wisecracked. The Colonel wasn't the sort of man given to coarse language, but Parton had charmed him, and now his body shook with laughter in the telling.

"Isn't he wonderful?" beamed Loanne, who had served as Parker's secretary and married him after the death of his first wife. "Colonel has a lot of fascinating stories," she said, her melodic voice filled with childlike wonder.

"You know, Colonel," I said, "when I was a kid I saw a photograph of you and Elvis with a picture of Nipper [the RCA dog] and a basset hound in the background. After that I started a Nipper collection of my own."

"I've got one in the kitchen to guard the meat," he said, straight-faced. "When Loanne gets too close to it, Nipper goes, *'Grrrrr.'* " He looked over at her; the Colonel's best friend just laughed.

Suddenly I remembered to tell him about the Memphis Mafia book. But the timing felt wrong. The Colonel was putting on a show for us, and to bring up such an indelicate topic now would spoil the moment. I decided to write to him once I got home.

For an hour and a half we sat enthralled as Parker dipped into his vast reservoir of anecdotes. He bragged that after Elvis's death he'd been asked to manage some of the biggest stars in the business, and he offered distinctly carnival-like tips on how I could sell Alan's book. ("You don't have a photo of the two of you together? Just superimpose one. Nobody'll ever know the difference!") And he was candid, if nonspecific, about his health, alluding to a hospital stay three years before. "I didn't want the word to get out," Parker all but whispered. "The tabloids would have said, 'Colonel is dying.' "

I still hoped that he might share some untold stories about the most famous entertainer of all, but that was not to be, not with me or anyone else. ("The first time I played Vegas years ago," remembers singer Pam Tillis, "Tom came out and took me out to lunch. I wanted to hear all about Elvis, but every time I'd ask him something, all he would say was, 'Boy, ain't this fried chicken good? I believe it's the best chicken I ever had.' And that was it.") The Colonel had his secrets, and he protected them at all costs.

"Do you think we could have a picture together?" my friend asked, producing a camera from her purse.

The Colonel looked pleased. "All four of us," he said, beginning to heave himself up from the cushy seat. The wooden cane wobbled, and the old man grew as red and shaky as aspic. But I didn't dare help—I'd been told the Colonel loathed to be touched. Finally he pulled himself upright and steadied his weight.

"Loanne," he said. "Get the hostess to take it." In a second his wife was back, a humorless matron in tow. "No, not that one," he mumbled under his breath, and made a face. But it was too late. *Flash!* And then three more.

"Colonel," I said, "thank you so much for your time."

"Me too," said my friend, who, uninformed about the "no touch" rule, rushed in and kissed him on the cheek. My blood stopped flowing.

The Colonel looked stunned, but not unhappy. "You caught me in a weakened state." Years ago, he went on to say, at the famed Los Angeles restaurant Chasen's, he used to strong-arm women who walked up to him. "They would come in and say, 'Oh, Colonel,' and kiss-kiss," he said, gesturing toward his cheek. So he devised a strategy. As they came toward him, he'd grab their arms, tighten his grip, and lock his elbows to hold them off.

"Some it didn't work on," he said. "Finally I got some fake warts with blood coming out and put 'em on, and they'd come in and see those and say [reserved tone], 'Oh, hello, Colonel, how are you?' " He grinned. "No kissing!"

We stood there laughing, and then the Colonel surprised me again.

"If I can help you in any way, let me know," he said. I told him I appreciated it. "Hey," he went on, "you got more time

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DON'T GET THE ITCH!

First the skin itches, then a red welt erupts in one spot—or in my case, many spots. Just as one bump disappears, another pops up somewhere else.

The condition I've described may sound like some mysterious disease, but it isn't. In fact, you may well have had it yourself once or twice. It's called urticaria in medical lingo, though it's better known as hives. In its acute form, urticaria strikes suddenly and vanishes quickly, most cases lasting from mere hours to a few weeks. But chronic hives can hang around for months.

I endured hives for several weeks before finally visiting a doctor, who right away sent me for a slew of blood work. At the time I had assumed that I was being tested only for allergies, so imagine my astonishment when the doctor casually informed me that the test results had ruled out leukemia. (Hives can be an early sign of that disease.)

After suffering from urticaria for more than six months, my skin is back to normal. However, I have been warned that the condition can recur. I've also learned that hives tend to burn themselves out over time, and may never bother the sufferer again. As is often the case with chronic urticaria, I never did find out what started it all. But I did pick up a lot of information during my fiasco that will come in handy if ever you get the itch.

What causes hives?

Just about anything, but food allergies are the most common triggers, especially strawberries, nuts, dairy products, and shellfish. Also common but harder to pinpoint are allergic reactions to such additives as sulfites, which are used in most cured meats and for food coloring. Other culprits include medications like antibiotics or aspirin, and exposure to the sun, heat, or cold. And the list goes on: insect stings, animals, plants, a current (or prior) infection, exercise, emotional stress. Even just wearing a belt or other tight article of clothing can bring on hives.

How can the trigger be identified?

Pay close attention. In most cases the source is obvious once you start looking for it. If you eat peanuts and see red bumps on your skin two hours later, bingo! Keeping a daily food and activity diary can help determine the root. Even if you can't figure it out, there's a good chance the bumps will go away on their own.

But it itches!

In the meantime you can make yourself more comfortable with an over-the-counter antihistamine plus calamine lotion.

What are the danger signs?

Hives can be life-threatening when they develop inside the body. Go to an emergency room immediately if your hives are accompanied by swelling of the tongue, tightness in the chest, wheezing, dizziness, or difficulty in breathing. Patients with recurring episodes of acute or chronic urticaria should always see a doctor.—*Estelle Slon*

From strawberries to tight clothes, anything under the sun—including the sun—can cause an outbreak of hives.

Researchers say that being overweight can cut up to 20 years off your life.



EAT LESS, LIVE LONGER

We've all heard about the dangers of being overweight: the increased risk of diabetes, heart disease, and cancer. But by how much are those extra pounds really upping your odds of dying early?

According to two new studies, being obese can cut up to 20 years off a person's life. In a study of 14,000 Americans, biostatistician David Allison of the University of Alabama looked at the relationship between lifespan and body-mass index (determined by dividing a person's weight in kilograms by the square of his height in meters).

Allison found that the average life span of a 20-year-old man with a BMI at the danger mark of 45 is 13 years shorter if he's white and 20 years shorter if he's black. He noted in a statement to the Associated Press that millions of Americans are at the 45 mark. The study also indicated that the less overweight the individual is at age 20, the longer he could be expected to live.

In a second study of 3,500 40-year-old white Americans, male and female, those who were obese at middle age died six to seven years sooner than their normal-weight peers. Those who were only a little overweight (BMI of 25 to 30) died an average of three years sooner.

Why the discrepancy between the two studies? In the second one, subjects may not have been overweight when they were young—and that's the message. "You have to work early on your weight," Dr. Serge Jabbour, director of weight loss at Thomas Jefferson University Hospital in Philadelphia, told the AP. "If you wait a long time, the damage may have been done."—*E.S.*

VIAGRA'S DARK SIDE



If you need a bit of a boost in the bedroom, the "little blue pill" is probably the first thing that comes to mind. That's no surprise: Viagra's reputation as a wonder drug for erectile dysfunction was formed in large part by the estimated 16 million men worldwide who have taken the medication. But a study at the University of Illinois at Chicago College of Medicine has focused on the drug's darker side: the occurrences of heart attack and stroke in a small percentage of Viagra users.

These incidents have long puzzled doctors, mainly because the drug was originally developed specifically to prevent such conditions by widening arteries and stopping platelets in the blood from clumping. Now, new research from the Chicago team concludes that the problem may actually be rooted in the drug's inability to stop platelets from joining.

Amending 20 years of scientific claims, the current evidence shows that the drug initially encourages platelets to come together, then reverses the process to prevent excessive buildup. While platelet aggregation is necessary to stop bleeding when the body is injured, it can also cause serious complications in certain patients by clogging blood vessels. If, for example, an individual had a blood vessel that was already narrowed, the preliminary gathering of platelets could be enough to cause a heart attack or stroke.

"Viagra, by itself, probably is not sufficient to cause a heart attack in healthy people," says Dr. Xiaoping Du, associate professor of pharmacology and the Illinois study's lead author. "But our research suggests that it may present a risk for patients with preexisting conditions such as atherosclerosis."—*Jane Garrard*

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RED CLOVER: A KEY TO PROSTATE HEALTH

Researchers at Monash University in Australia have found that Trinovin, a supplement derived from red clover, causes early-stage prostate-cancer cells to die in numbers significantly greater than in an untreated control group.

The finding also underscores past research that suggests the high rate of prostate cancer among Western men may be a direct result of their diets. One previous study reported that less than two percent of Chinese men developed prostate cancer as opposed to more than 53 percent of American men. Researchers believe the crucial difference in the Asian diet is the abundance of isoflavones.

Trinovin is said to be particularly effective because it is the only supplement containing all four of the isoflavones shown to promote prostate health. These same isoflavones—genistein, formononetin, daidzein, and biochanin—are abundantly present in the Asian diet.

In the Monash University study, 20 patients with prostate cancer were given 160 milligrams of Trinovin, comparable to the isoflavone content in the typical Asian diet. After the treatment, which ran from one to eight weeks, the men underwent prostate surgery. Investigators then compared the Trinovin patients' progress with a random sample of 18 prostate-cancer patients who received no treatment, and determined that cancer-cell death occurred an average of five times more often in the Trinovin group.—*J.G.*

KNOW YOUR HERBS

With all the advertising claims that bombard consumers, it's smart to do your homework before you hand over your money. Some health products are beneficial, but others can be downright risky—and it's difficult to know the difference.

While the use of such products has grown tremendously, hard facts about the countless herbs, botanicals, vitamins, and other supplements on the market have been in disproportionately short supply. That's why the Memorial Sloan-Kettering Cancer Center in New York City has launched a Website that provides access to a clinical summary of more than 135 herbal agents, and details the potential benefits or problems, drug interactions, and side effects of each one. The site also supplies links to scientific research.

"Vitamins, herbs, and other products are not required to be tested for safety and efficacy as are pharmaceuticals. As a result, neither consumers nor doctors know what they contain or whether they could interfere with other medications," says Dr. Barrie Cassileth, chief of integrative medicine at Sloan-Kettering. "These substances contain active agents that can be very helpful to patients. By the same token, however, they have the potential to cause harm."

Dr. Cassileth notes that many seemingly harmless supplements, such as St. John's wort, can interfere with the liver's ability to process medications and treatments like chemotherapy, making them less effective. The American Medical Association has warned that ephedra, another popular supplement, carries the risk of heart attack, stroke, and sudden death. Ephedra fell under harsh scrutiny last February when Steve Bechler, a Baltimore Orioles pitcher who reportedly took three ephedra-supplement pills a day, died of heat stroke at age 23. Ephedra has been banned by the National Football League, and although no one knows whether the herb killed Bechler, many experts have urged Major League Baseball to do the same.

The Sloan-Kettering herb-info site, which is maintained and continually updated by Dr. Cassileth and botanicals expert K. Simon Yeung, is at www.mskcc.org/aboutherbs. —*J.G.*



Don't assume all the "health products" sold in stores are safe. Some carry risks that even your doctor doesn't know about.

By Dr. Judy Kuriansky

From styling pubic hair to giving the best blowjob, a new sorority of campus sex writers leaves nothing to the imagination. But how much do you learn after you get turned on?

College coed Meghan Bainum is worried about her butt being too big. The born-and-bred Kansan likens it to a man worrying about his penis being too small when it's really six and a half inches—a perfectly normal size. "I'm like everybody, obsessed that something's wrong with my body when I really need to be more confident," she says.

Yale junior Natalie Krinsky, after being told of a friend's wild makeout session in the back of a New York taxi, decided she wanted a similar hot PDA (public display of affection) with a gangsta.

In what she calls "The Tube Top Incident," which exposed her left breast, Boston College student Anna Schleelein described her "induction into the college dating scene … the frustrating, sometimes mortifying, comically inept world of teen sex."

Such raw and sometimes raunchy public exposures in print of their own and their peers' sexual adventures and awakenings have made Bainum, Krinsky, Schleelein, and a growing number of their college-student colleagues across the country into budding celebrities on their campuses and in the media, from the *New York Times* to *The Today Show*.

While some campuses have had such columnists for more than a year, it took a *Chronicle of Higher Education* critique, inflamed by Krinsky's musings over whether to "spit or swallow," to catapult campus sex-perts onto the media radar screen.

Covering sex on college campuses has become such a sensation that university publications are hyping these kids' columns, not just in liberal New York and California but conservative Boston and Utah and even heartland Illinois and Kansas. Now you can surf the net for college-spun sex advice most weekdays, from the Berkeley *Daily Californian*'s "Sex on Tuesday" to "Wednesday's Hump" in the UCal–Santa Barbara's *Daily Nexus* and Thursday's "Sex-pert Tells All" in New York University's *Washington Square News*.

From styling pubic hair to picking vibrators, arranging threesomes to giving the best blowjob, the new sex writers do tell all. While the topics are nothing new to *Penthouse* readers, what is new is that these young people's essays are so publicly unabashed.

Blame it on copycatting Christina Aguilera or Britney Spears baring their bellybuttons and professing questionable virginity. Or call it adulation of the Carrie Bradshaw sex-columnist character on HBO's *Sex and the City*. Cite society's diminished taboos about sex, or rebellion against the government's abstinence-only sex-education mandates. The combination of these and other factors helped spawn a generation unafraid to speak out about sex.

Mostly the collegiate columnists stick to sex talk, frank and detailed. Here are some examples:

"If you've been missing a spark in your sex life, adding a good pair of handcuffs or a spanking or two to your normal routine could be the way for you to put the sprinkles on your ice-cream cone."—*Meghan Bainum in the* Daily Kansan *at the University of Kansas*

"She's faking it. That's right. It's not hard. All we have to do is throw in an 'ooh' and a couple of 'aahs,' gyrate the hips, and you guys think you're the Jedi master."—*Beth Van Dyke in "The Wednesday Hump," in the* Daily Nexus *at the University of California at Santa Barbara*

"You can sandwich a woman between two men with a penis in the vagina and the anus. Or you can have one woman giving a man a blowjob while another woman pleases the man above the waist. Also two women or two men could hook up while the other person sits back and enjoys the show."—*Emily Chung in "Sex on Tuesday," in the* Daily Californian *at UCal-Berkeley*

"You're having sex with a woman who finds that having an orgasm without clitoral stimulation is close to impossible. Hello, vibrating cock ring with an attached clitoral stimulator. And



there's no reason to rule out ones that have remote control."—*Rachael Klein in "Sex on Tuesday," in the* Daily Californian *at UC-Berkeley*

Who is this new sorority of sex writers?

They're 19- to 21-year-old coeds, all female, often even sophomores. Many are journalism majors, like Meghan Bainum, whose project on fetishism for her advanced-reporting class motivated her to beg the school paper to let her write a column, which she got when a new editor finally gave her a shot. Others fell into it while studying art history, American studies, Spanish, or whatever, like Boston College's Anna Schleelein, an English and theology major with no journalistic experience who won out over 30 other would-be columnists. Most now eye a future career in sex writing.

Their backgrounds are diverse, from a farm to a modern-day hippie commune to upscale homes with college-professor fathers. Parents variously approve or disapprove of their daughter's new venture. Some of these young ladies, though not all, first had sex at 16.

Some of them check out sexuality texts or Websites for ideas and facts, but few have a formal sexuality education, raising controversy over credentials and risks as they draw from their own and classmates' adventures, confessions, ruminations, gossip, and observations at drunken college parties. Admitting they don't have all the answers, some ask my advice, since I've heard it all, and my *Generation Sex* book covers even racier topics than do their columns. "What does an orgasm really feel like?" one asks me, and, "How do you have multiple orgasms?"

"At one party I watched a hot guy with girls all over him, hitting on him and kissing him," Bainum tells me. "I see a lot of sex going down in front of me."

No surprise that college campuses are hotbeds of sex. An editorial accompanying Kelsey Blackwell's Southern Utah sex column blared, SEX HAPPENS, EVEN AT SUU. Yale's Krinsky addressed college freshmen, "You are young, you are hip, you are beautiful, you are smart, and ... you are ready to bonk." And Boston College's Schleelein, who just turned 20, wrote in her column "Sex and the Univer-City," "They took 6,000 of us who are in our sexual prime and crammed us into a dorm room where there's nowhere to sit except on the bed. Members of the opposite—or same, of course—gender are but a single flight of stairs away, and often right next door." She admits she played up her favorite piece about flashing her breasts when her tube top fell down, "to make it funny to appeal to my target audience ... and to make others feel better that they're not the only one."

NYU's Yvonne K. Fulbright, the oldest at 28 and the most trained, with a master's degree in human-sexuality education from the University of Pennsylvania (she's currently a doctoral student in health studies), vigorously lays claim to privacy in her personal life, remindful of ex–New York Mayor Rudy Giuliani. Fulbright's column is the only one with a Q&A format, where she gives answers in a scientific, straightforward way much like her stated idols, Dr. Ruth and Dr. Judy (er, me). "The other college girls do exhibitionistic writing," she says. "I want to give the facts."

Self-disclosure aside, I know from being a longtime sex therapist that immersion in the subject changes your life and people's perceptions. True, I'm less anxious about sex in general, but I don't swing from chandeliers as most people imagine. Men have divergent reactions: Some are so threatened that they stay away; others are intensely challenged to prove they're studs, or to get insider information.

Fulbright agrees: "Guys might ask a question, but really be hitting on you," she says, describing an upsetting experience when one such fellow complained that his wife is against pornography but then added that he possessed some porn tapes, and handed Fulbright his business card. (She promptly threw it out.) Another time, a roommate tried to fix Yvonne up, but the columnist found out the guy thought she'd be an easy lay. "I like to surprise them that I'm not easy," Yvonne says, adding that as a blonde from Iceland she's also had to dispel the myth that Nordic goddesses are hot to trot.

Schleelein tells of being introduced as a sex columnist to a guy at a party who said, "I'll have you know I'm extremely good at giving oral sex." (She responded, "No, go away.") Other men who meet her are surprised, she says. "They end up saying, 'You're just a normal chick, that's cool.' "

Krinsky's not talking now—her new bigtime agent after her *New York Times* writeup and *Today Show* appearance has her on a gag order pending release of a planned book—but one male reader told me, "When that Natalie chick came out for 'swallow,' I sure wanted to get some of that." Since his girlfriend is still refusing to do it, he's thinking of dumping her, buoyed by a pact with his buddies not to date any girl who doesn't go along with columnist Krinsky's preference.

Bainum of Kansas seems the most pessimistic about relationships, feeling "out of place in the legitimate world," saying she'd make a "disastrous" wife and "not a good parent." Rating herself a "10," as in ten past sexual partners—



"In the woods."

"I'm working my way up the confidence scale"—she says, "I couldn't give two shits less about having the American dream of two kids, a house, and a fucking-ass TV."

Possessiveness further puzzles Bainum. "Guys like to own a woman, and I don't like to be possessed," she says. Being a sex counselor offers hope, because "you can't own a woman who is in charge of her sexuality."

The psychologist in me can't help but observe that Bainum is perhaps the most psychologically complicated of the lot. I admire her forthrightness, but also detect sex-role identity conflicts, intimacy fears, and control issues, as evidenced by her (albeit good-humored) fondness for bondage.

Just how far will she and the others actually go in sex? (It's always the question people ask of sexperts' own sex lives.)

"College is a time to explore kinks, put sprinkles on the cupcakes," Bainum announced in her column last August. She admits she's turned on by bondage, spanking, role-playing, and dominance and submission. "It's fun to be bossed around," she tells me, wistful about finding a guy to comply. ("They try, but I've always been the dominant one, more in control," she says.)

Proud that she gets into "a lot of cool things," Bainum says she makes lots of booty calls. The wildest thing she's ever done is to get it on with a former boyfriend in his grandfather's bed. Peeing sounds "interesting" to her (she can see why some people might like it, and isn't averse to trying it). Two years ago, at age 19, she even tried her hand at being a stripper. "I got the job, but it's a long story, and I decided to clean hotel rooms instead," she says, even though the stripper job gave her that coveted feeling of being in charge of her sexuality.

Her perfect date: Be taken to a "fucking awesome concert, get drunk, stay up till 7 A.M., and go at it, letting your inhibitions go" (inhibitions like hang-ups about zits on her face and cellulite on her ass).

"I'd kiss a girl 'n' stuff," she says, reflecting on four or five attractive candidates. "It's like kissing a guy, just a set of lips on a person"—something to do when you're drunk in a dorm.

Yvonne Fulbright buckles when asked about sex with women. "God, no," she says. "It's one of the reasons I think I'm boring compared to the others."

One unnamed sexpert declares that there's nothing better than a threesome, with two guys going to town on you orally while you don't have to do a thing. That's a newly popular female fantasy, equivalent to man's favorite—sex with two women.

University of Wisconsin at Madison columnist Caley Meals brags that she loves to break the rules. "Doing it somewhere you shouldn't is one of the ultimate highs," she writes, recounting debates over whether to do it in the stairwell of the chemistry building or the bathroom in humanities. One couple stapled a poster to the wall of a library study room that said DID IT HERE WITH DUREX. Construction sites are best, Meals concludes.

Anal sex is a popular topic of students' questions—both as to health risks and how to do it painlessly. UC-Berkeley's ex-columnist Rachael Klein was known for her ass-play commentary. Safe-sex-conscious Fulbright, in her soon-to-be-released book *The Hot Guide to Safer Sex* (Hunter House), is more cautious about backdoor sex. "With the dangers of HIV and other STDs, I'm less likely to do something like that," she says, "and I have more pressure to practice what I preach." Yet she also chastises "Anally Ambivalent," a man whose girlfriend wants to bugger him with a strap-on. "Too many men are too homophobic or butt-phobic," says Fulbright.

In the midst of such promotion of PDAs, bondage, group sex, and sex toys, UCal-Berkeley columnist Teresa Chin once challenged her sexually adventurous readers to try a technique promised to knock their socks off: abstinence. Promising to rekindle the joys of oral sex, light groping, and necking, Chin ultimately retreated to propose an only five-minute restraint period that she calls an "abstinence quickie."

Not a bad idea, I think, but do these collegians have any answer to the perennial question asked of me everywhere: How do you keep the spice going after the six-month, much less seven-year, itch?

It's not surprising, given her previous revelations, that Meghan Bainum advises blindfolding your girlfriend and taking her to a strip club. "Be spontaneous," she says. "Have fun with costuming. Be a schoolteacher or a nun, and discipline your 'student' with a ruler. Buy a French-maid's outfit or a Batman cape. Take control. Be dominant. Don't be afraid; you might discover you like to be spanked."

The others discuss communication, women masturbating and learning about their body, men learning about a woman's body, and, of course, giving a good blowjob—the ground all sex therapists, including myself, have covered for years: Tease, take your time, fondle the testicles, add tongue.

What seeps through could be considered a feminist agenda.

"Women want guys to give a shit



about them having a good sexual experience," says Bainum.

"Find out what you like, find out what you don't, and take responsibility for letting him know both," says Schleelein. "Positive reinforcement is key. Draw him a map. Promise him a treat. Give him a cookie." Which reminds me of a therapist's guide on training your man like a puppy.

All these young ladies want guys to learn how to treat and respect a woman. "Just aim to please. Don't expect them all to come," advises Schleelein. "Boys [note the not-so-feminist word], I can't stress this enough: Pay attention.... Don't expect all girls' hot spots to be the same.... Think of it like driving a car. You wouldn't use the same map to go to New York as you would to go to South Bend."

The advice is all delivered with sass, attitude, a lot of word play, and new lingo. Like: "Free Willy to breach his Marine World sanctuary" and, "Let Mr. Salt Malt know you're down for a splooge slushy or two." One writes that

It's precisely these male-female differentiations that cause Kathy Greaves concern over the young columnists perpetuating sex-role stereotypes. A sex adviser for eight years at Oregon State—a largely agricultural university with what she calls a "Bible-quoting" student body—Greaves says, "They tend to say that men are oversexed and women should be in control and decide when things happen, overgeneralizations that can be dangerous." Greaves, a member of the American Association of Sex Educators, Counselors, and Therapists who took classes in public health and women's studies but told me she regrets not having had more formal training in sexuality and therapy, worries that "the less-educated young writers can sway other students to fall in line uncritically with whatever they write."

Even Fulbright worries. "Everyone thinks they can be a sex expert," she says. "It trivializes the credentials of people in my field and what we are trying to do. The other columns don't address enough of the risks, as I do," she

condoms on campus because of a ban by the SUU administration.

One student protested by letter that the graphic was "offensive and did not represent the school well." The SUU president reacted more strongly, citing calls he'd received about the "poor taste and bad judgment" of the article itself, and set up an advisory steering committee. In defense of the First Amendment, political-science major Mark Justice formed the Student Association for Free Expression, which was subsequently supported by the Student Press Law Center and the SUU chapter of the Society of Professional Journalists.

Justice, who hopes to attend law school, says, "The worst thing [the administration] can do is kick me out of school. We must be heard, or watch democracy be crushed. They got money but we got truth."

Though Blackwell grew up in conservative Utah, her family was "open about sex" (her dad had several heart-to-hearts with her about boys, starting from when she was in the ninth grade). This, she says, emboldened her to bring about change with the power of her pen in the face of a "ridiculous" situation where "the morals and values of a dominant religion [Mormonism] are held as standards for others not of that religion.... Controversy is a good thing," she says, "though the banana jokes every day on campus are getting old."

Details aside, I often agree with the advice given by these new columnists. Though Bainum appears like Dorothy stuck in Kansas, her wizard has some wisdom. To men: You don't have to be some kind of superstud able to screw for five hours. That's crap. Your penis doesn't have to be an elephant trunk; five to seven inches is normal. Talk more about sex and stuff. What women need is confidence in sex, getting better at telling guys how to please ("Pull my leg up like this"), loving their vagina, and not worrying about whether a guy will like how she tastes and smells. "Viva la vulva!", she announces, should be their rallying cry.

I have my own test areas of how well the so-called sexperts know their stuff: the G spot and female ejaculation. The sexuality-degreed Fulbright says that up to 40 percent of women can spurt (too high a percentage, I'd say). Bainum isn't so sure about the G spot. "I was in touch with it for a while, but I don't know."

Even if these young women don't turn out to be the next Dr. Ruth or Dr. Judy, they may perhaps write the next *Tropic of Cancer, Story of O,* or *9½ Weeks*. Going to law school or traveling to Spain to study Spanish wouldn't be so bad either, even with "college sex columnist" on their résumés.

"One coed sexpert declares there's nothing better than a threesome ... two guys going to town on you orally while you don't have to do a thing."

homophobia can make a dick flaccid faster than you can say, "Sally saw Sammy's slim sausage swing sideways swiftly." Then there's *dode, shloppy,* and the more tantric *love stick,* all evidently meaning penis.

How did this journalistic phenomenon come about? The college editors say it was not a deliberate decision; it's just that the women were good writers and were persistent.

Dan Savage, editor of Seattle's *The Stranger* and author of a recent defense of sin, *Skipping Towards Gomorrah,* calls this all-female roster "sexist." Says Savage, "It turns on guys to read about a woman's fumbling sex life, but it doesn't turn on women to read about a guy's fumbling sex life."

One male reader tells me, "Guys want to know what's in a girl's head about sex." Another says, "I'd rather read what girls think than some meathead bragging about his conquests."

"Men want to get laid," says Fulbright. "They want to have their cake and eat it too. Women always make the changes for a relationship to work." Her message to men: Stop sexual assault. Treat women better. Say "Please." Don't always be in control.

says, emphasizing her more advanced age (28 years old) and more formal sex education. (I am reminded of two decades ago, when the American Psychological Association and some radio stations preferred sex advice to be aired only by experienced and licensed professionals.)

"It's not my job to warn people," counters one younger columnist. "Then every column would be boring. They can get that elsewhere."

Perhaps the most intense battle that these young writers face is freedom of speech, an issue close to my heart thanks to my experience with parents picketing a Philadelphia radio station that aired my nationally syndicated show, and a Southern state senator writing an op-ed protest about children tuning in to my sex talk.

That's why I'm sympathetic, and impressed, when 21-year-old Southern Utah University junior Kelsey Blackwell tells me how she's been thrown into the front line by an article she wrote about condoms for the *University Journal* that was accompanied by a photo of a banana covered with a greenish-blue condom. The emphasis of the article was on how difficult it was to obtain

VINCENT & LIZA

Strutting with long sexy legs down the runways of Milan during fashion week always makes Liza anxious to return to her lover's embrace. The backstage dressing rooms are hotbeds of desire; naked breasts rub against perfect bare asses, causing a delightful stirring in Liza's loins. After her final stride on the catwalk today, she rushes out—still wearing her haute-couture finery—hails the first taxi she sees, and directs the driver to Vincent's apartment. As she impatiently takes the slow elevator up to his floor, the moisture of her hungry pussy dampens her lace thong. Vincent can smell her sexy musk even through the door, which he flings open to pull her in, each of them ready to satisfy every lustful desire.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY
TONY WARD





Showing off her cover-girl assets, Liza turns and feels the erection bulging in his briefs. "For me?" she asks coyly, falling to her knees to strike the pose she likes best—his cock between her pursed lips.



Vincent slides under Liza's ass, unable to resist the lure of her fragrant love box as she tells him how the sight of firm breasts and shaved pussies all day has made her smoking-hot.

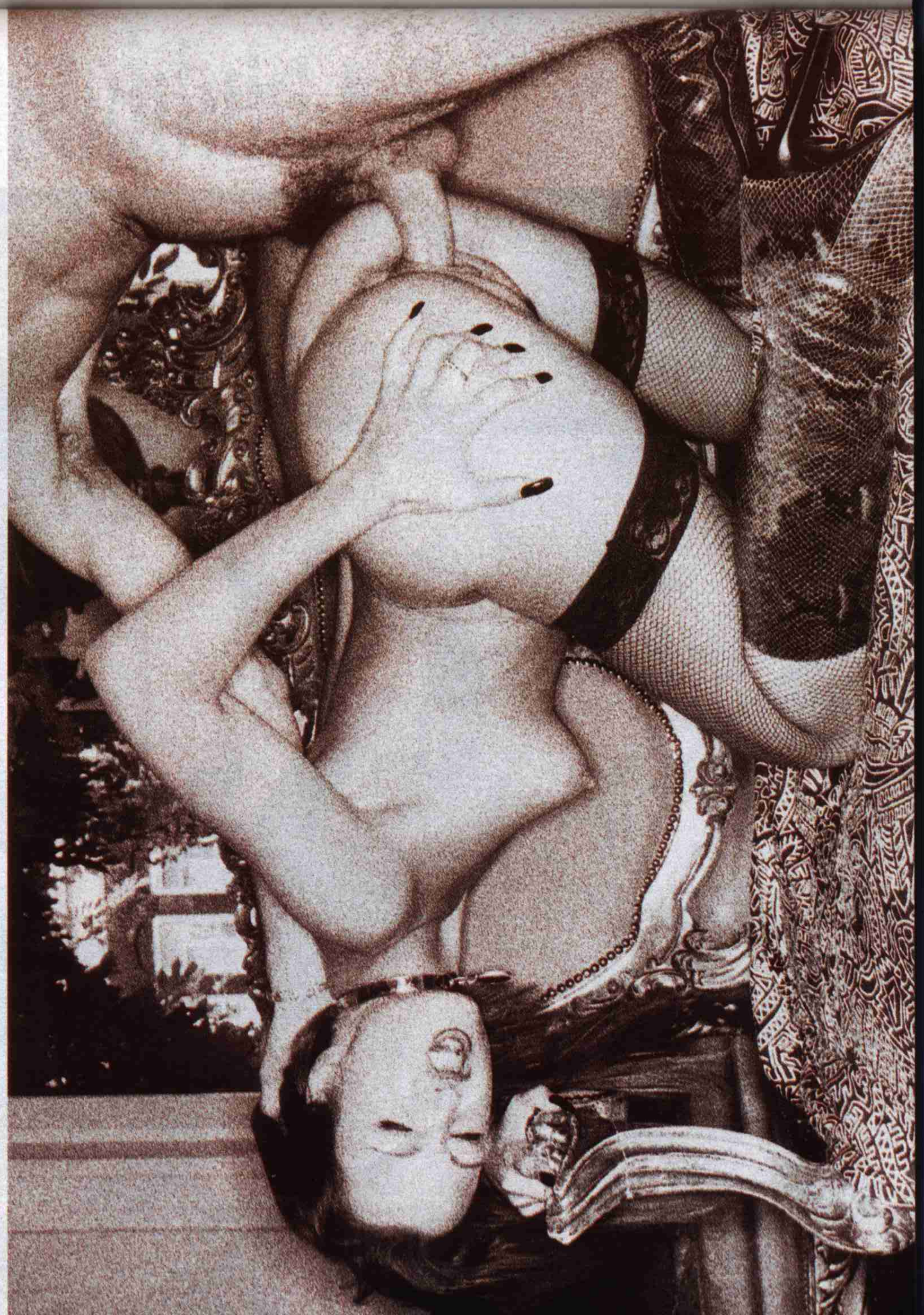
Each drip
of her juice
on his tongue
has his
cock throbbing
as he fucks
her steamy hole
with the tip.
She must really
love her work,
he thinks, while
her savory
stream coats
his face.





A woman of many talents, Liza ravenously swallows his shaft whole, wondering which is stiffer now—his erection or the tight point of her nipple. For Liza it's too hard to tell.





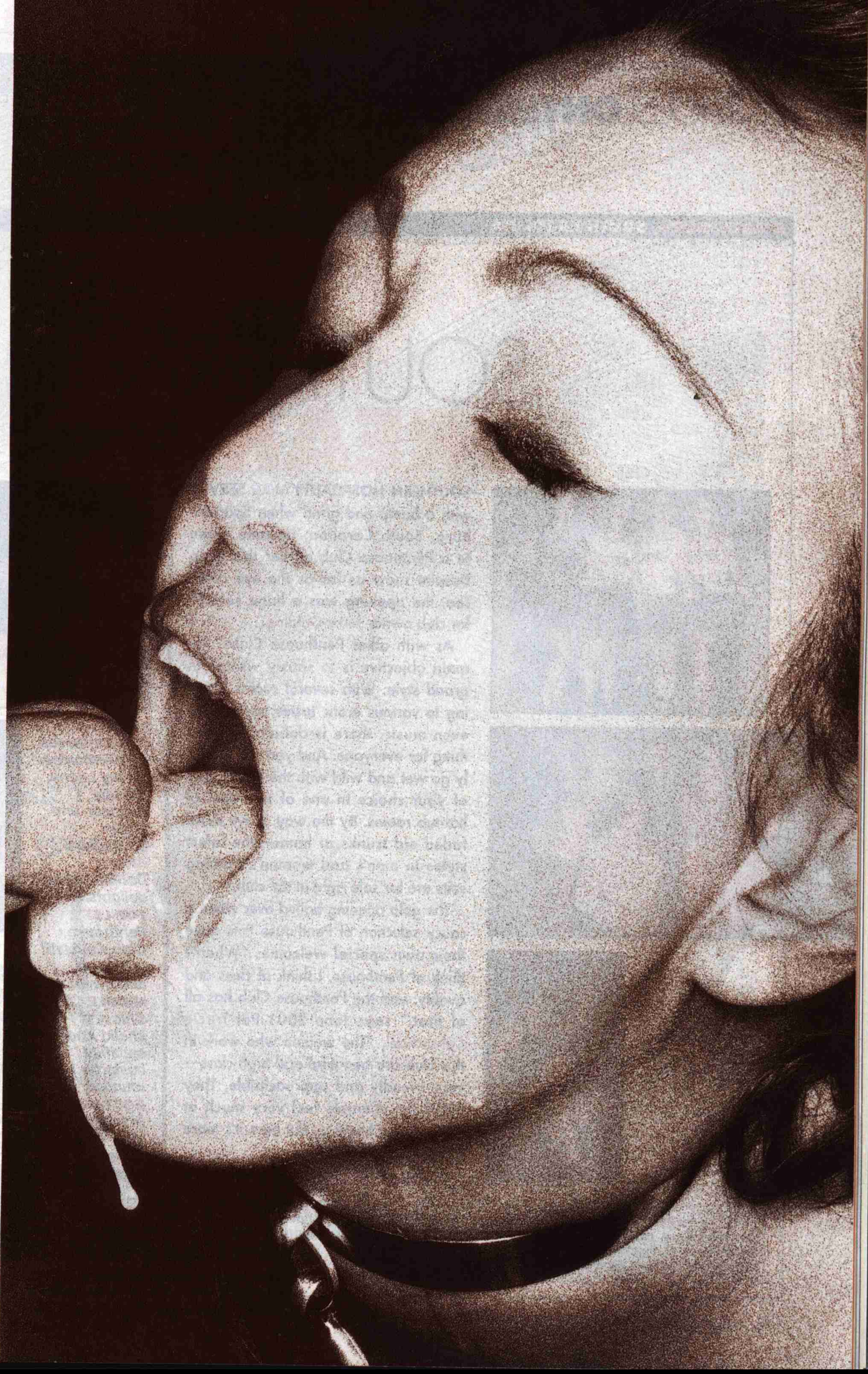


She can almost fuck his tiny slit, but her own need is paramount, and that first thrust into her pussy fills her to the core. The heels of her snakeskin boots help her bounce up and down on his cock.

Vincent's wide organ stretches Liza's inner walls to the limit as the friction against her quivering clit drives her to the edge of plea-sure. His balls bang against Liza's ass as she

cries out in orgasm, begging for more. Pressing his cock, wet with her nectar, to her puckered back hole, he shoves into her snug passage, stuffing her full as she screams in ecstasy.

Panting hard from her climax, Liza soothes his hard-working tool with her warm breath and wet mouth. She sucks him deep down her tight throat, urging his come to rise to the tip. When he shoots



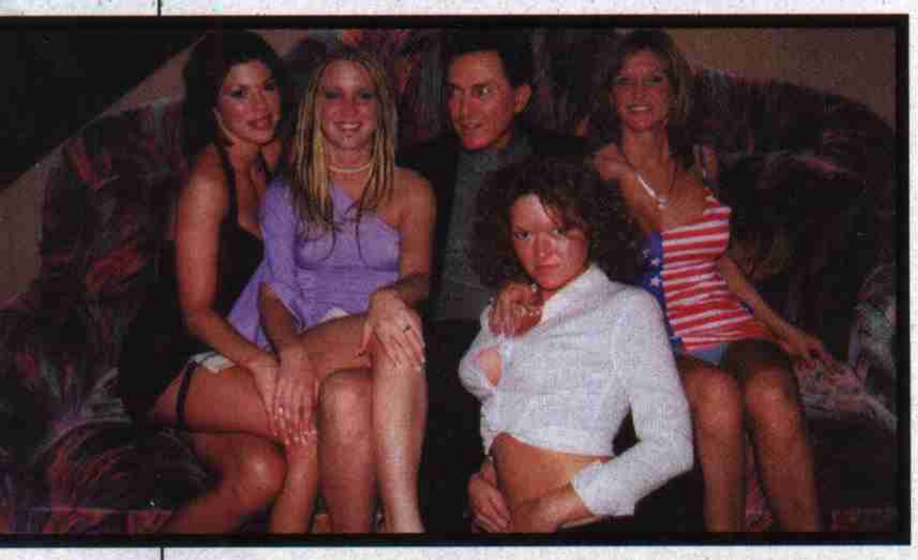
his frothy cream, she pulls back to feel it float atop her beautiful cheeks and lips. Tasting its delicious flavor, Liza knows that tonight she has done a model job.

By Lainie Speiser

SPARTANBURG, SOUTH CAROLINA

SOUTHERN **DREAM**







SOUTHERN HOSPITALITY WAS SERVED with a bump and grind when Spartanburg, South Carolina, became home to a Penthouse Club earlier this year. Despite snow as far as the eye could see, the opening was a huge success for club owner Jerry Golding.

As with other Penthouse Clubs, the main objective is to satisfy visitors in grand style. With several rooms catering to various erotic tastes, styles, and even music, there is definitely something for everyone. And you can literally go wet and wild with the lovely lady of your choice in one of two special hot-tub rooms. By the way, leave those faded old trunks at home—the latest styles in men's and women's bathing suits are for sale right in the club.

The gala opening boiled over when a saucy selection of Penthouse Pets gave their own special welcome. "When I think of *Penthouse,* I think of class and quality, and the Penthouse Club has all of that," says June 2001 Pet Tracie Carmichael. "The women who work in this club are beautiful and high-class—very friendly and approachable. They make the clientele feel very much at ease and at home ... but here it's more like a dream home."

For more info: (864) 439-5500.

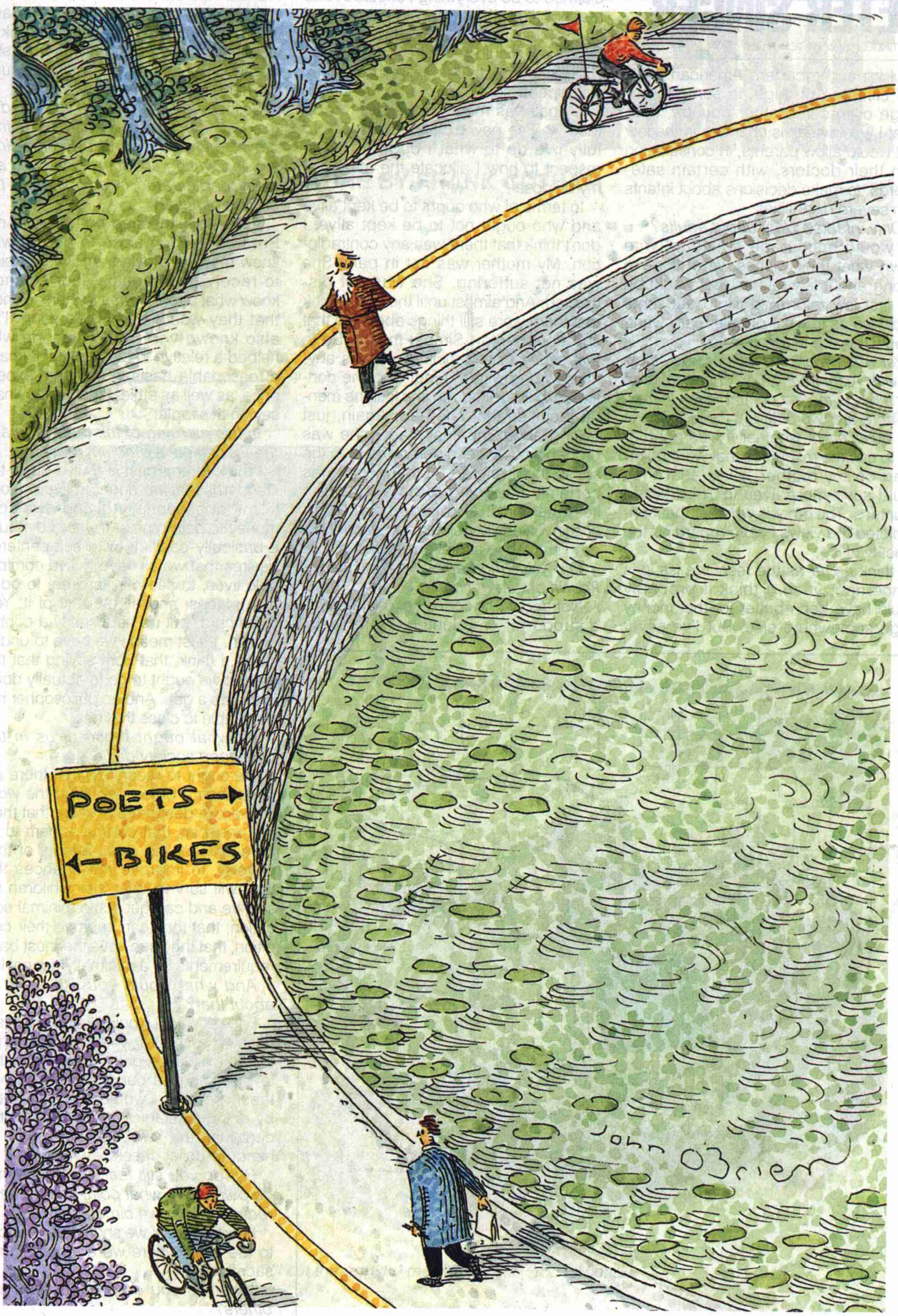




ABOVE: *Pet mistresses of ceremonies: Sunny Leone, Suzette Spencer, and Tracie Carmichael*
RIGHT: *Double-dancer delights*
TOP LEFT: *Penthouse Club waitstaff: hot, fresh, and sweet*
MIDDLE LEFT: *Chic and sheik! Another satisfied customer is surrounded.*
BOTTOM LEFT: *Practicing the sexy sport of pole vaulting*

WANNA PARTY WITH PENTHOUSE PETS? Have an idea where we should go next? Send your suggestion to: *Penthouse* magazine, c/o Promotions Department, 11 Penn Plaza, Twelfth Floor, New York, N.Y. 10001, and we may drop by sooner than you think.

ON THE WEB Want to join us at our next blowout? Log on to www.penthouse.com to find the latest party in your area, and get ready to see the beautiful women of *Penthouse* magazine—in the flesh.


POETS →
← BIKES
John O'Brien

PETER SINGER

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 74

wouldn't in the current American political climate but might in some future stage or in some other country, then what I would seek is changes in the law that would allow parents, in consultation with their doctors, with certain safeguards, to make decisions about infants with severe disabilities.

Only infants? What about adults?

I would encourage adults to write down what their wishes were. If we're talking about law reform, that would be the first law reform, to try to get some evidence as to what people really want, should they be in that position.

Yet when your own mother was stricken with Alzheimer's, you chose to keep her alive. Is there a contradiction there?

There are two different issues. One is the question of whether it was right for me to use the resources that were being used on my mother, given that they could save more lives in Third World countries. The other is whether that contradicted the views I have regarding the sanctity of life.

I think as far as the resource issue is concerned, yeah, I think it probably would have been better for that money to go somewhere else. But I've never claimed to do everything I should in that respect. I'm about to go to Australia to see my family. That's an expensive airfare; there would be better things to do with that airfare than to have me and my wife spend some time with our daughters again, as much as we want to do that. So I've never claimed actually to fully live up to what I ought to do in respect to how I allocate the means at my disposal.

In terms of who ought to be kept alive and who ought not to be kept alive, I don't think that there was any contradiction. My mother was not in pain. She was not suffering. She was not distressed. And almost until the end, I think that there were still things about life that she could enjoy. Simple things. So in that sense I don't think there was anything wrong with the fact that she continued to live, although she lost the mental faculties that she had. Again, just talking about the final stage, she was probably no longer a person really in the sense that I refer to. At that point I was certainly not going to do anything to keep her alive. Also I was not the only one involved. My sister and grandchildren wanted to achieve consensus.

Did your mother make her desires known ahead of time?

Not about this condition, no. She was a supporter of voluntary euthanasia. If she'd had cancer and knew that she wasn't going to survive and would have been in pain and distress, I think it would have been pretty clear what she wanted. But she didn't really discuss this kind of situation.

So in the years since you've arrived at this radical viewpoint regarding euthanasia, have you gone beyond thinking and writing about the issue and actually participated in or observed the ending of a life?

Actually witnessed euthanasia, no. But I have been close to people who knew they were dying, and were going to receive euthanasia shortly, and I know what a relief it was to them to know that they would be helped soon. I've also known very well someone who helped a relative to die. So I think I have a reasonable basis in personal experience, as well as ethical theory, for what I say on this topic.

Is this merging of the real world and the theoretical a problem for you?

I think the hardest is to live up to the standards that we ought to live up to in terms of essentially giving away our money to help others. It's hard because it basically conflicts with self-centered desires that we all have to live comfortable lives, to see our children, to go to nice places, and all the rest of it. Yes, that's hard, but it's not exactly a contradiction. It just means we have to understand, I think, that from saying that this is what we ought to do to actually doing it, there's a gap. And no philosopher has been able to close that gap.

So what ought those of us in this privileged society do?

We ought to recognize that there are more than a billion people in the world who are in desperate poverty, that there are agencies that can help them to relieve at least the worst effects of their poverty, to improve the chances that they will survive, that their children will survive and can get some minimal education, that they can improve their condition, that they can have the most basic requirements for a minimally decent life.

And what would you like us to do about that?

I guess what I would like us to do is to develop a culture where we recognize that this situation gives us an obligation to give more of our resources to help these people. I would like us to start by doing something that's more significant than the few coins in a tin or the hundred-dollar check or whatever.

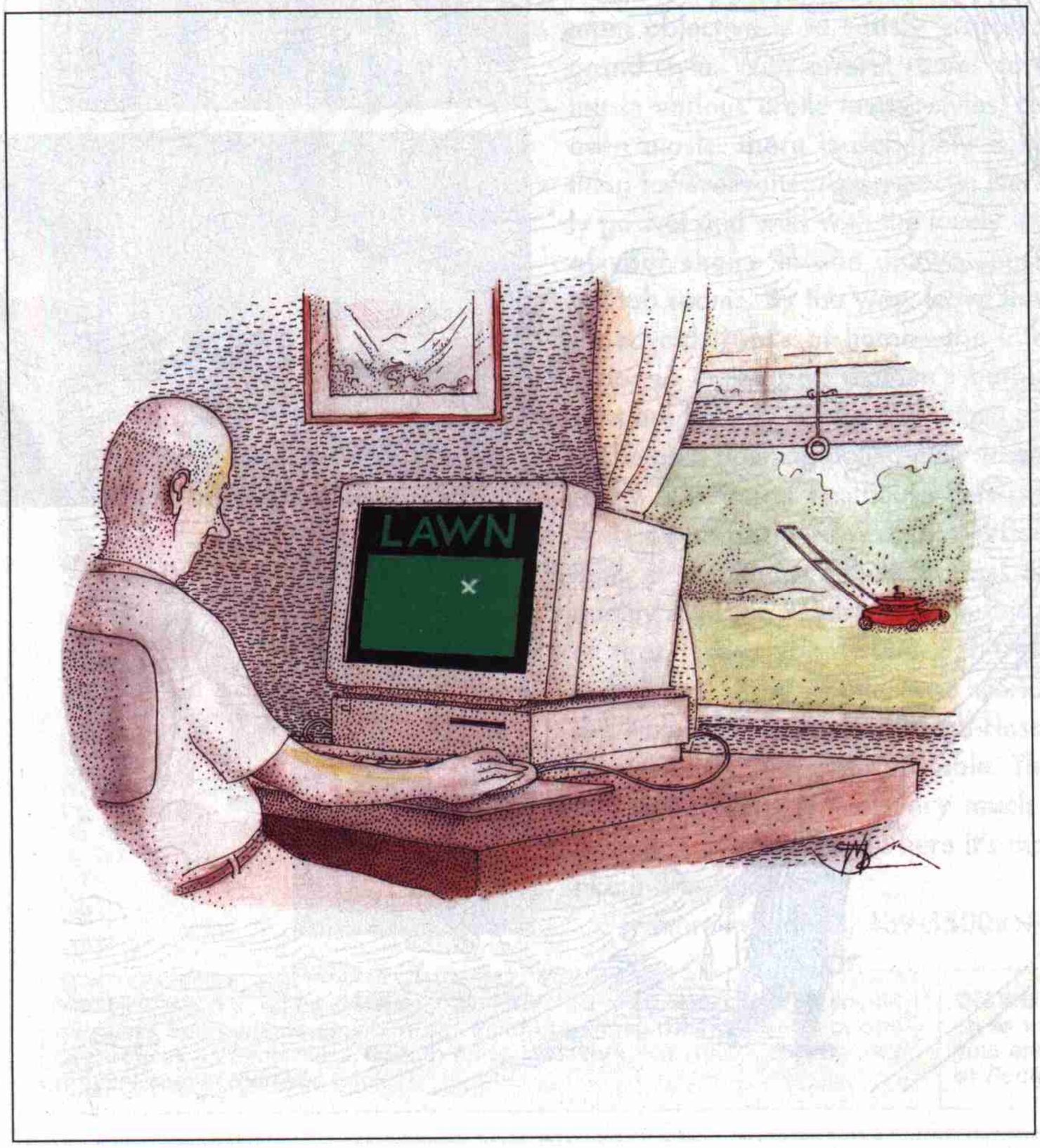
But do you still feel it should almost be painful? To what point should we be reducing our own circumstances?

I certainly feel we should be reducing to the point where we are making real sacrifices.

What do you do as an example to others?

I've been giving away a proportion

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BAD MEDICINE

SATIRE BY FRANK COTHAM



"I'll cut through the medical jargon. You're dead."



"Now that you mention it, she did sound a little miffed when I told her you were going to pull through."



"I warned him not to touch the third rail."



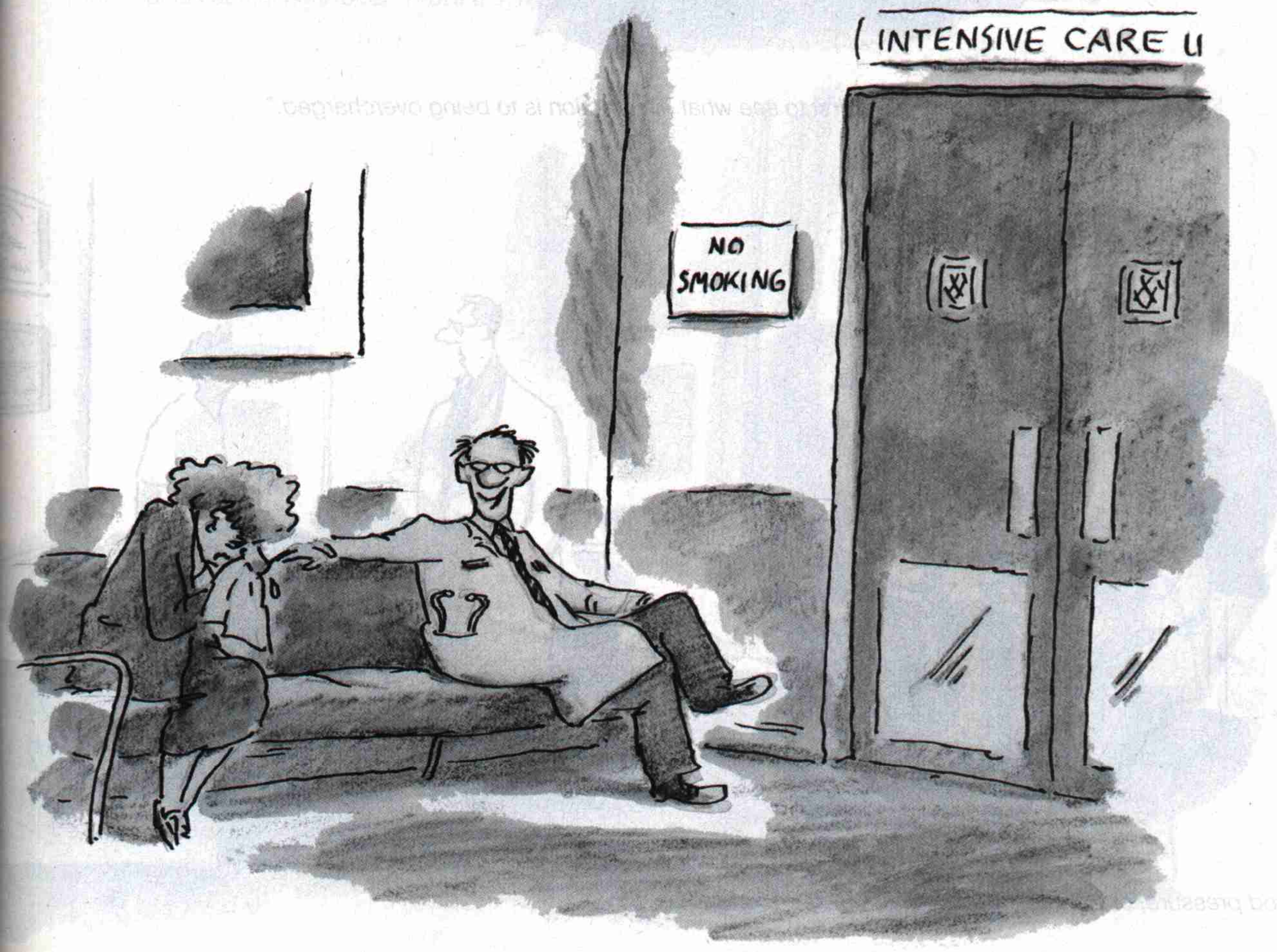
"Apparently the patient has rejected his new heart."



"Look out! It's one of those supergerms."



"He was a real whiny baby there at the end."



"Relax, he's not dead. I'm just teasing you!"

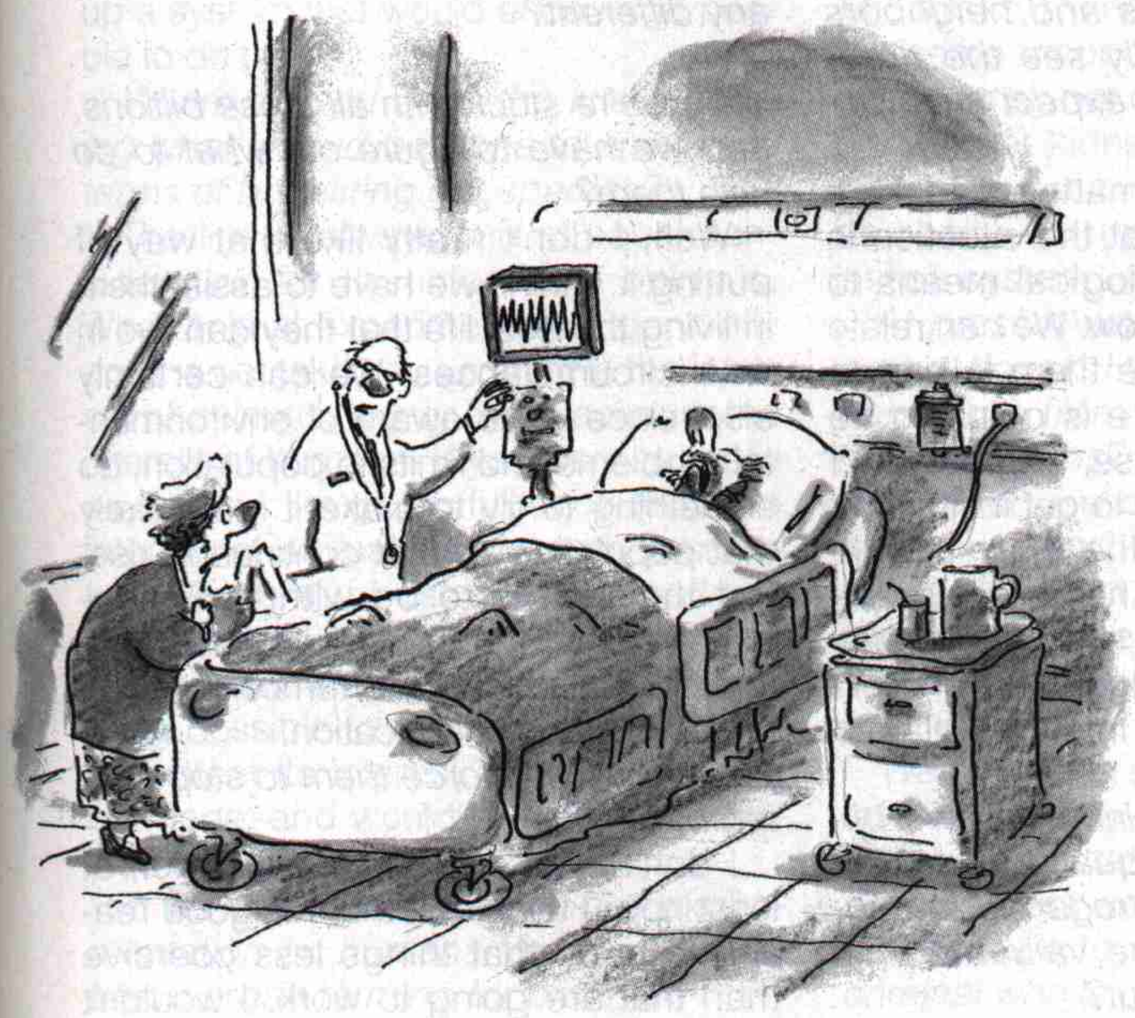


"We'll run some tests first to see what his reaction is to being overcharged."



"Blood pressure, cholesterol, and credit all look good."

"Fortunately your condition can be controlled with money."



"That's not his actual heartbeat. That's a screensaver."



"I'm going to have to ask you to throw open your raincoat."

"The doctors don't expect him to make it through the day."

PETER SINGER

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 140

of my income since I started thinking about this in the early seventies. It's gradually increased. It's now around 20 percent of my gross income.

Does it damage your lifestyle?

I couldn't say that it does any serious damage, no.

So why are the brakes on? Why not give more?

I guess there are other things that I want to do. I'm not a good enough person to give them up, to the point where I can no longer afford to go on vacation, to live in a pleasant place that has light and air.

So is it okay to try to convince others to give until it hurts when you do not?

It's okay to try to get people to see what our society regards as acceptable, which is a very minimal charity if any at all, and that we ought to be working for more than that. I would clearly be wrong if I were condemning people who are giving substantial amounts for not giving more when I'm not giving more myself. But I think it's okay to say, "Look, let's really think about what we have, how vast the difference in purchasing power is, how the sort of amounts that we might spend on restaurants or the opera or vacations or whatever can make a life-or-death difference to other people. And let's gradually build a culture that makes it easier for us to do more."

You write about how we ought to feel as responsible for people unknown to us on the other side of the world as we do for our friends and neighbors when we can actually see the problems. Is it realistic to expect such actions from ourselves?

I think it's really a matter of making vivid to ourselves what the situation is like. We have technological means to make that fairly vivid now. We can relate to people, we can see them talking to us on television. There is going to be this immediate response, I agree. But I think that people need to get it into their heads that although the other people are farther away, their needs are greater and the amount of money that they can give makes a bigger difference in faraway places than in those places close to us.

Should we really think of all the billions of people as equally valuable? Could we have the arrogance to suggest that we are more valuable than somebody in a mud hut?

I don't think we're more valuable than someone in a mud hut in any kind of absolute or intrinsic sense at all. On the other hand, I guess the fact that we have the resources to do a lot more, in that sense, we're more significant. We can write checks that can make a difference to lots of people in mud huts. But a person in a mud hut can't write a check to anyone.

But not that their value as a being is any different?

No.

So we're stuck with all these billions, and we have to figure out what to do with them?

Well, I don't really like that way of putting it. I think we have to assist them in living the best life that they can live in their circumstances. We can certainly also, since we're aware of environmental problems and limits to population, do something to try to make it more likely that population will not continue to rise. But that needs to be with their support and through their wishes and their knowledge, which will often come if you give them a bit of education.

We shouldn't force them to stop having babies?

I don't think that that's called for, at least now. I think that there is good reason to hope that things less coercive than that are going to work. I wouldn't say that that could never be the right thing to do under any foreseeable circumstances.

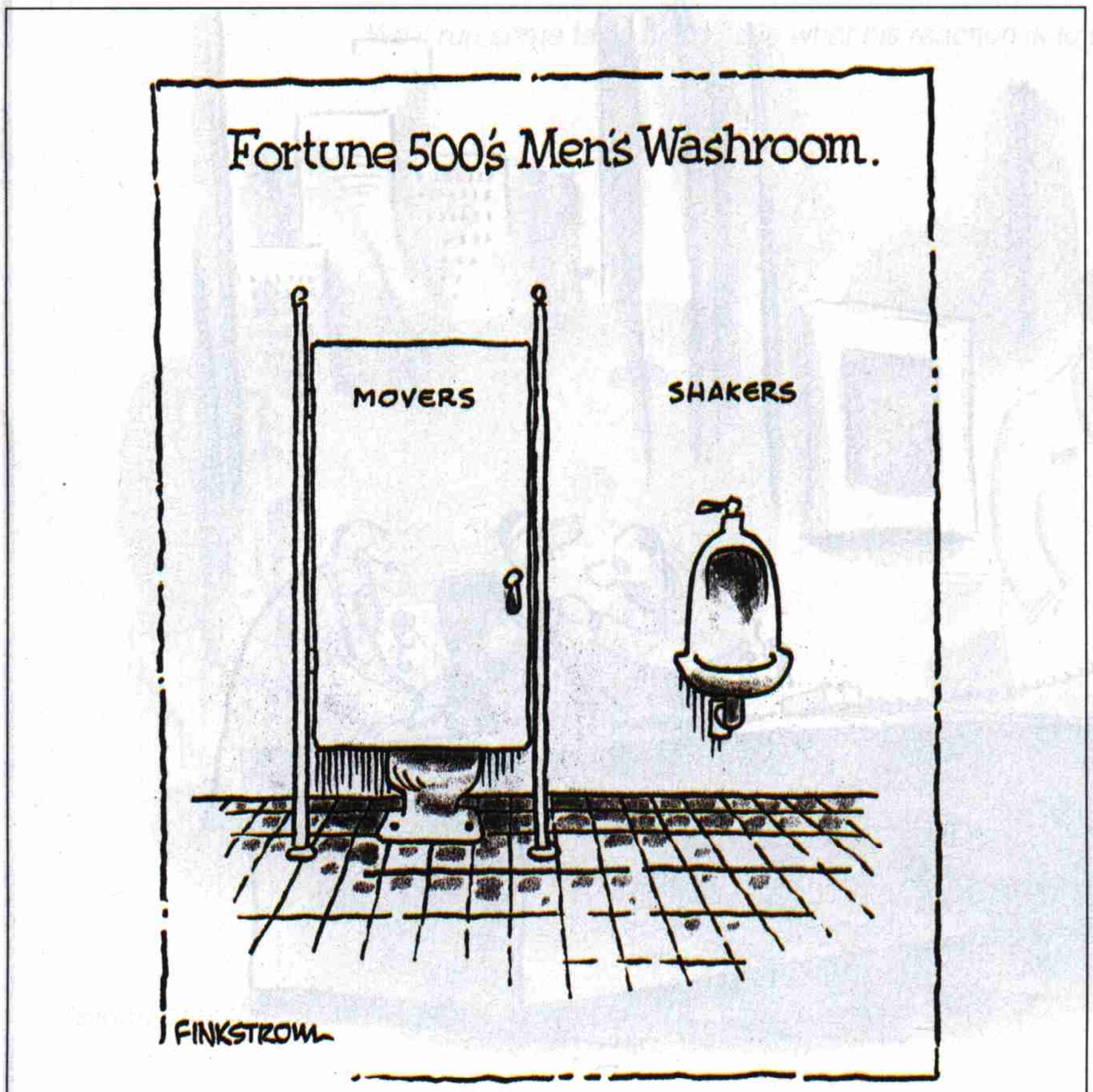
Do we not have so many people on the earth already that we should be telling ourselves and them, "This many and no more"?

I think we should start pointing out that the world has environmental problems, and more people will make them more difficult to solve. We should also make them aware that it is in their own interests perhaps to have small families. But I think there is reasonable hope that on the whole the rate of growth is slowing, that population will level off at a sustainable level sometime around the middle of this century, and if that's so, I don't think coercion is the right thing to do. But if that turns out to be false, maybe things might get so desperate that we will have to think of various forms of pressure.

Can there be a case made that the only fair game for lab research is humans because they are the only animals we can be sure are consenting?

If you could get genuinely consenting humans, of course that would be better. I guess the arguments the scientists are making is that there are some experiments that you could not ask anyone to consent for, that they're going to be lethal. And if you don't do those experiments, there's no other way of finding out these things—that's what they claim. If that's so, then consent isn't going to be the solution.

Unless there would be some way to get people who have such needs to take money and consent to be guinea



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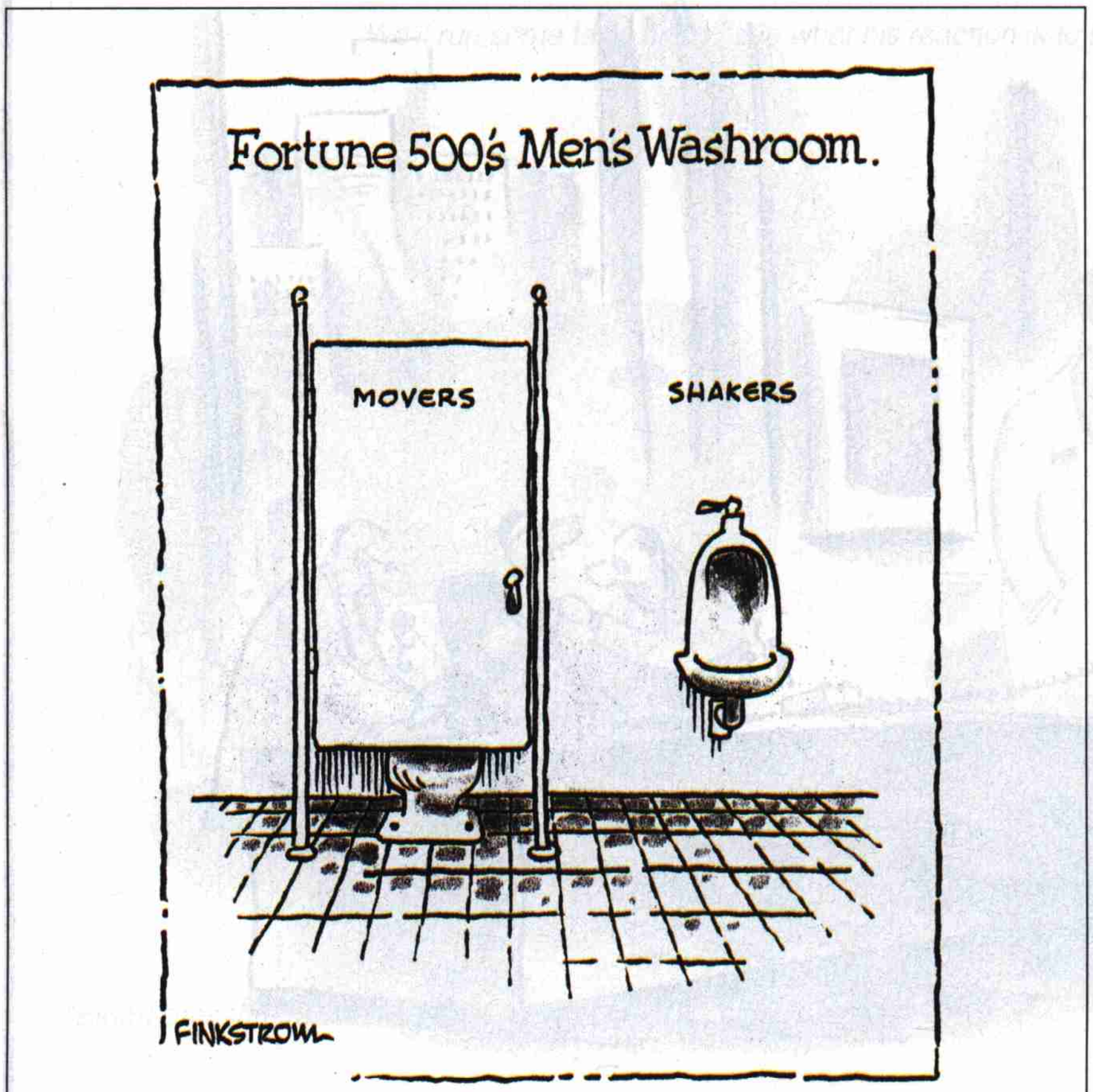
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Unless there would be some way to get people who have such needs to take money and consent to be guinea



pigs in something lethal. Then you know they have consented to it, rather than subject an animal to it who cannot make the decision to consent.

That would be kind of a horrible thought, that someone would be in that situation. I would be very reluctant to set up a system that would encourage people to do that.

Where do you draw the line regarding what should be done to animals in terms of benefiting our species?

The line is always one of equal consideration for the interest of animals. What animal experimentation generally does is not take any account in the interest of animals. It only takes account the interest of humans. If you were to really say, "Okay, I'm giving full account to the interest of animals. But here's a situation where the best overall result will nevertheless come by performing the experiment on animals, doing everything possible to minimize the suffering or protect its interest," that case could be made, and would have to be examined on its merits.

If it's too harsh to consider experimentation on humans for money, what about organ farming for profit?

That's something that I would take seriously as a possibility, and in fact it is actually happening. It's happening, but it's generally condemned by most bioethicists, but not by all of them.

When would it be okay with you for a poor person to decide to sell off his or her own organs?

I'm not saying that it is okay; it's just a possibility that needs to be seriously considered. My reluctance is that introducing financial considerations puts people under pressure and introduces all sorts of other factors into medicine. It would be better if you didn't have to do it. The supply of blood, for example, is better if it's given out than if you have to pay for it. I think there is an argument for selling if we can't get enough organs, if we've got a shortage of organs. Certainly things like kidneys, people certainly can donate with low risk to themselves. Why is it all right to say that someone can work in a factory for 30 years breathing all sorts of toxic chemicals with all sorts of risks to their health over that 30 years, working long hours, and maybe earn a total of $10,000? And yet they can't sell a kidney for $10,000, at little risk to their health and certainly allowing them a better quality of life. That's hard to answer, I think. There isn't really any obvious reason why you should, yet people do one and not the other.

If we are going to continue to engage in capital punishment, why not at least harvest the organs from those executed?

My problem with that is that I don't support capital punishment.

But it does exist.

It exists, but I think it ought not to exist. The more you have a system where people are getting organs from people who are convicted of capital offenses, the harder it's going to be to get rid of it. You may even get a juror who thinks, I'm not really sure he's guilty, but some innocent person is going to get a kidney out of it, two innocent people will get kidneys out of it, someone else may get a heart. I think it could be really corrupting of the criminal-justice system.

At present we can choose to be an organ donor. How about mandating donations from those who died with healthy organs?

At least you could have an opt-out system instead of an opt-in system. If you really object, you could go along to some government office and get your name in a data bank so we won't take your kidneys.

We postpone executions for the mentally ill until they are cured, then we kill them. Given that there are legal executions, is there any rational ethical argument for us to outlaw the killing of a criminal who is unable to be aware that he's facing capital punishment?

I think that it's a vestige of when punishment was retributive. For many Americans, punishment still is retributive. I think that's what it's all about, and retribution requires that you go there knowing that this is your punishment for what you did.

Is there any ethical basis for that argument?

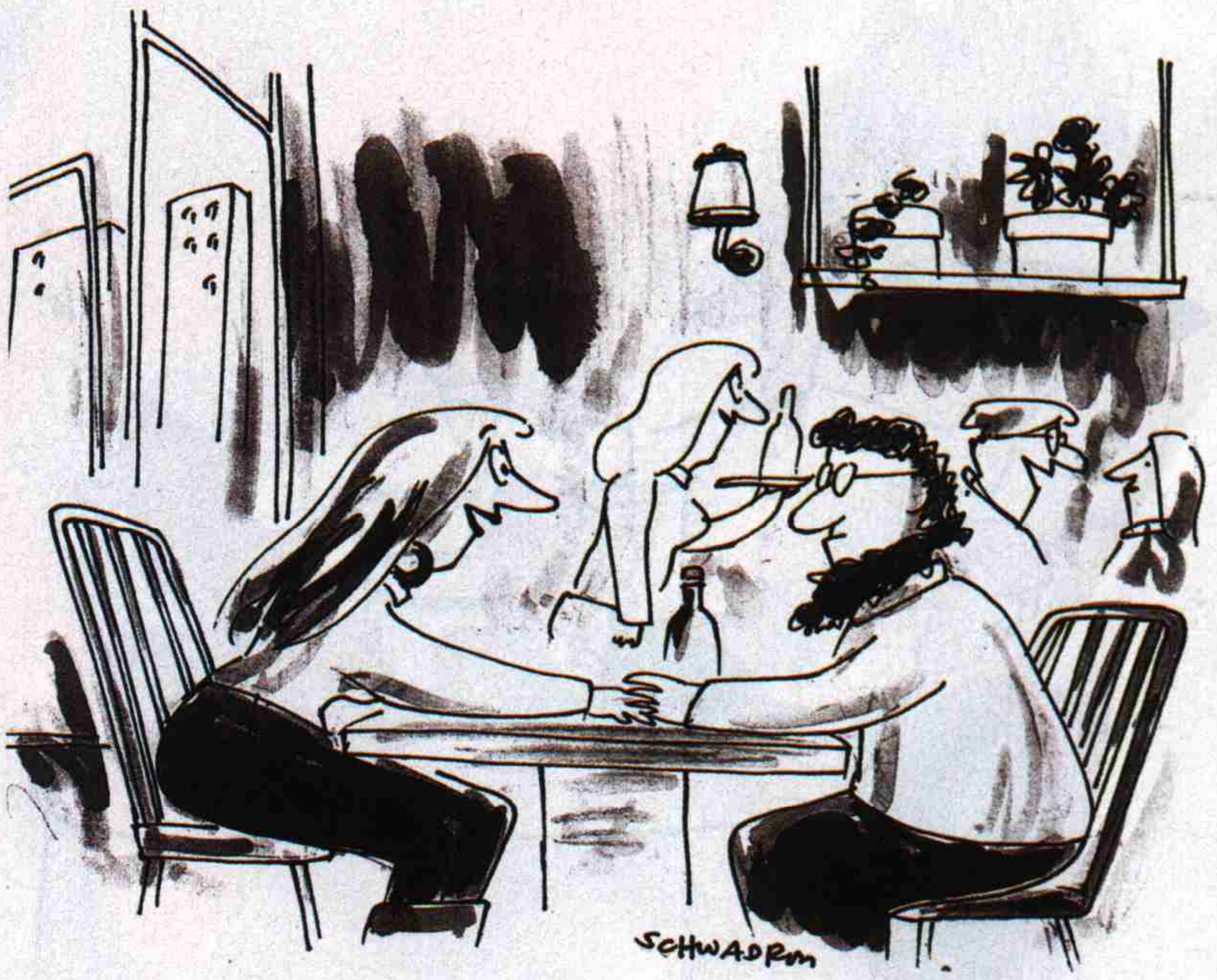
I don't think there really is. If you were going to go to the electric chair sort of blithely happy, thinking you were just going to have a nice little sleep or something, then we wouldn't let you do it. We have to wait until you're totally terrified about what's going to happen.

If the law were to allow euthanasia, what changes would we see?

You can look at the Netherlands; about two percent of the deaths in the Netherlands are the result of the policy of euthanasia.

Does that make a consequential difference?

Yes, because as well as the two percent who directly use it, there's probably about another two percent or more who ask and receive the assurance that they can have it when they want it. So we're probably talking about maybe five percent of the deaths that are made better because of the use of euthanasia. People know that they won't have to suffer beyond the point that they say it's enough. But at least half of them never reach that point. So in the Netherlands, that's probably 5,000 people a year.



"Neither of us believes in nuclear war, terrorism, hijackings, foreign military intervention, political assassinations, or right-wing military juntas. But is that enough to base a lasting relationship on, Samuel?"

That's a significant number of people.

Why would that policy be good for us in the rest of the world?

Potentially because people would have deaths with less suffering than they do now.

If it's such obviously good policy, why are we so reticent to adopt it?

I think largely it's the hold of the Christian ethic on our society that says it's wrong to kill.

But we reject so much of the Christian ethic.

True. Stuff about the right to life seems to have stuck more firmly than stuff about sex.

Why would that be the case?

I'm not really sure. As compared with something like sex, I guess it's not something we are constantly aware of on a regular basis. It's something that only comes about sort of once in your life and once in the life of your parents or loved ones. So maybe we therefore don't challenge it that much; we're more prone to accept the authority of the medical profession, which tends to support this ethic, or to accept the authority of religious authorities.

Why is it that religious authorities and opponents of abortion and euthanasia are so quick to tell the rest of us what we ought to do and ought not to?

Obviously society needs to retain prohibitions about killing. Prohibitions stopping terminally ill people from killing themselves is a far different thing than killing others. But religious ethics tend to sum up things in commandments of ten words or less. They tend to sort of lump all these things together.

Where does life begin?

Oh, life is a continuous process. If you want to say when does an individual human life begin, conception is a reasonable point to take. Some people would take the point where the possibility of the embryo splitting and forming identical twins has passed, when you clearly have one individual rather than the possibility of many. But for me the issue is not when human life begins but when human life acquires those characteristics that make it wrong to take that life.

That's why viability is moot?

I don't think it's the right place to draw the line, no. I think characteristics like being self-aware, being able to see yourself living over time, I think those are what's important.

You caused another round of attention recently when you reviewed a book about bestiality. What is your position regarding the ethics of such acts?

I don't really have a thought-out position, I just reviewed the book. I pointed out that this is a sexual taboo that has outlasted some other sexual taboos. I raised the question whether that is because we want to separate ourselves from animals. Condemning as criminal sex with animals is one way of preserving that separation.

Consent is an issue with bestiality, right? As it is with testing?

Clearly animals can't consent in the full sense that you would get humans to consent. But I suppose you can give them the opportunity to move away, to walk away. It depends on what kind of sexual act you're talking about. If you're talking about oral-genital sex, for example, and you give the animal the opportunity to participate or move away, then I would say if it continues to do it, it's consenting.

And there's nothing morally inappropriate about that if you want to do it and the animal wants to do it?

Yeah, it's not to my taste, but I don't think it ought to be made a crime.

Why do we have this sense of distinction between the species? Is it because we want to think of ourselves as better?

We want to elevate ourselves above others. We want to be the pinnacle of creation.

Is there a case for that?

There's a case for saying that as far as we're aware, no other species has the intellectual capacity that we have. That's probably true.

Doesn't that make us superior?

On some level, yeah, that's true. We can look at things about the future of the planet that other animals can't. But that's not a reason for saying that we have rights over them, that we can use them for our means, that their interests don't count, that simply being a member of our species makes you automatically more important than being a member of some other species.

If George Bush gave you a call and asked you to be his staff bioethicist, what would your advice be to him?

There are lots of things. He ought to sign on to the Kyoto Protocol. He ought to increase U.S. aid so that it at least meets the U.N. target of point seven of one percent of GDP. Those would be first steps. He ought not try to override the Oregon physicians-assisted-suicide legislation. He ought to say that other states that wish to engage in this kind of reform, in this social experiment, to see how it goes, ought to be encouraged to do it. Obviously I think stem-cell research should go ahead. The idea of stopping U.S. aid for organizations that support abortion ought to be rescinded. Health-care funding ought to be looked at by a presidential commission.

But you don't have that advisory job with the president.

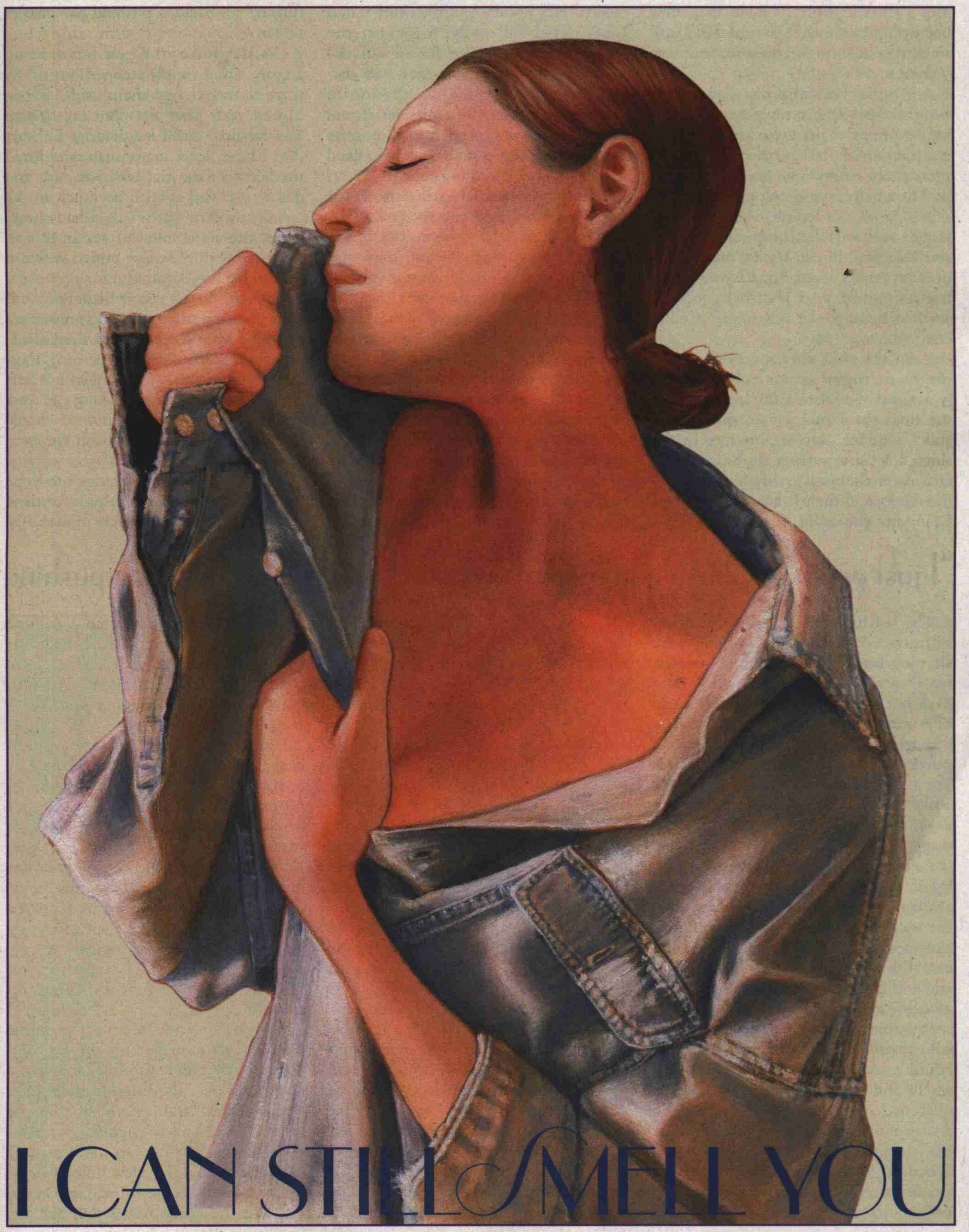
No, and I'm not likely to.



"Let's see, now ... Who had the missionary?"

BEDTIME STORIES

EROTIC FICTION BY LUCY MOORE ILLUSTRATIONS BY ZACHARY BALDUS



I CAN STILL SMELL YOU

When I open the box, the scent rushes up at me, thick and full. I close my eyes, let the smells swirl around me like mist. This box, the box holding the memories of you and me, a time capsule of dead love, has been closed for years. So why can I still smell you as though you were standing behind me?

As I push back the flaps, the cardboard scrapes against my palms. A warning, perhaps. I lift a packet of letters wrapped in faded pink ribbon, and press them to my lips, breathing deeply. The smell of your cologne burns my skin. Under the letters, a denim shirt, faded, soft with washing, shrunk too small for you, but so big on me it hung over my hands when I made you breakfast on Saturdays. I kiss that too, and smell detergent, the veil of fabric softener, and you.

I slip the shirt over my head. I pull the front together, button it loosely around me. As I shift back toward the box, the fabric grazes my breasts and I shudder. Burying my face in the shirt, I let a few tears slide down my face, sink themselves in the weave of the fabric, and then I can smell salt, and I can taste you again.

peel off and press against my skin, the thick, doughy scent tattooing my nose. But usually I just settled for two loaves wrapped in a white paper sack that went waxy where the butter stained it.

Saturday mornings meant French toast. I turned on NPR and let the sound drift by as I filled the air with the noise of cooking. Eggs beaten pale daffodil, creamy whole milk, the jug of maple syrup warming on the stove. Fresh oranges crushed into juice, the pulp strained out just the way you liked it, and peaches sliced into bowls.

I always saved slicing the bread for last. That morning I paused, as I always did, just after cutting the middle of the loaf, and let the smell wash over me, slightly sweet, slightly yeasty, yellow-dark. I ran my fingertips over the slick crust, reading the bumps of the braids like braille, and smiled. "I missed you," I whispered.

"Mmm, I missed you too," you whispered, slipping your hands under my shirttails and covering my stomach as you kissed my neck.

I laughed, turning my head so I could kiss your mouth. "I was talking to the bread," I said, and then laughed when you cocked an eyebrow at me.

pressure of your tongue dipped down under the elastic of my plain cotton panties, and I felt a matching moisture purr its way between my thighs. "I can still smell myself on you," you said thickly, your hands pushing my panties down.

On the stove, the pan was spitting angrily, but I simply stepped out of my panties and kicked them aside as you buried your nose between my thighs. You inhaled, and I laughed, as I always did. I have never met a man who loved the scent of me the way you did, and never one who reveled so much in the combination of our smells. I had always hated the stale smell of sex until you woke me with your face buried between my thighs, just breathing.

"You're wet," you whispered, and your breath pushed me apart, my knees getting a little weak. Before I could answer, you stuck your tongue out, dragging it along the split of my vulva, soft pink kissing soft pink, sucking out yesterday. I pushed down on your shoulders, arching forward as I felt the heat of your skin rise.

I moved one of my hands onto your chest, teasing the flat nipple until it stood up, pressing back insistently

"I just wanted to have you fuck me on our kitchen table, feel you pushing

The last time I wore this shirt, it was still good. When I woke up, you were sleeping beside me. I watched you, listened to you snore until I couldn't hold back my giggles, and slid gently out of bed, careful not to wake you. The shirt was lying on the back of the chair in our bedroom, and I put it on, yanking a pair of panties from the laundry basket. The clothes had been clean for days, but you never got around to putting them away.

As I tiptoed toward the door, my thighs twinged pleasantly. I could smell the traces of your cologne on my skin, the sticky sharpness between my thighs, the wet heat of your tongue on my ears. I smiled again as I closed the door, and another rush of our pleasantly mingled sweat teased my nose.

Passover had come and gone, so the bakery had made challah that Friday. I could never resist that thick, buttery smell, and the way the braided loaves glistened in the bakery window. The storefront always looked so forlorn during that empty week of unleavened bread, and when the first loaves appeared after the holiday, I wanted to roll among them, feeling the soft crust

I slipped the knife back into the bread as you picked up the paper, rubbing your hands through your hair as you scanned the front page. The morning sun burned through the pale curtains and your hair shone bright as a star. Your chest was bare, the gentle curls of hair tracing over and down into the sweatpants you'd tied loosely around your hips, the jut of your hipbones persuading me.

I remember what you were wearing, what you looked like, because I was thinking, at that moment, that you had never looked more handsome, and I had never loved you more.

When you looked up, you caught me standing and watching, and you winked. "I'm hungry," you said.

"Oops, sorry." I busied myself dipping the soft bread into the egg mixture, letting it sit for a moment, filling the tiny hollows with thick liquid, and then putting each slice into the pan to sizzle. But when I flipped the first batch onto a plate and carried it to you at the table, you caught me before I could walk away.

Lifting my shirt, you pressed a kiss just below my belly button. The wet

against my nails, and then I tugged sharply. You gasped, pushing your tongue inside me, and then you started to flick harder, sucking my clit into your mouth and dragging your teeth along the underside.

I was on the edge when you pulled back, but I wasn't disappointed. How many times had we made love by then? Hundreds? Thousands? You knew I wouldn't come like that. I sat down on your lap, straddling you, and we kissed. I could taste the acrid remnants of last night and the softer flavor of this morning. My thighs protested as I moved forward, but I ignored them, focusing on the way your hands tugged the buttons of my shirt apart, and then you pulled your mouth from mine and kissed me lower.

As your lips and teeth and tongue worked a pattern over my breasts, tugging at my thick nipples, leaving a slug's trail over the smooth undersides, I moved my hands down, finding the bulge under the soft cotton of your sweatpants. You were so hard, and we had only made love a few hours before. I had to pull at the loose fabric until I found the cords that tightened the

pants around your waist, and then I was touching you, feeling a hot, hard bar against my palms.

When I ran my thumb over the head, I could hear you whisper my name against my breasts, sounding so soft and vulnerable. Your hand worked between my thighs, two fingers on my clit, moving in a slow circle, and I curled my toes, trying to remember not to grip your cock too hard. You worked your lips over my nipples, sucking, flicking your tongue back and forth, and then imitating the motion of your fingers on my clit. I was jerking you off, not even knowing it, concentrating, thinking about all the things that made me come: your breath hot in my ear while you told me how you wanted to fuck me, your finger in my ass as you ate me out, your cock in my mouth as you pumped your hips back and forth.

"Oh God, oh God, oh God, oh fuck," I said, not even hearing myself. I tore my hand away from your cock, grabbed your wrist, and held your fingers still. Your mouth stilled and your fingers stopped, pressed hard against me, letting me come in a firm pulse against your hand.

"Good?" you asked with a little-boy grin as you pulled your mouth from my breast and smiled up at me.

"Yes, good," I answered, and kissed you on the mouth, softly, tenderly, tasting myself again. I still had one hand on your cock, but I didn't feel sexy anymore. I felt like going for a run. Or like falling asleep. But I owed you one. "Would you like to eat your breakfast?" I asked. "Or would you like me to take care of this?" I gave your cock a squeeze, ran my thumb over the head, and pushed the moisture around until it dried.

You kissed me again. "I'm going to eat while you save that pan from burning." Sure enough, the acrid smell of burning butter was rising from the pan on the stove.

"Shit," I said, jumping off your lap and running for the stove. I flipped the too-long sleeve of my shirt down over my hand and moved the pan. You laughed, coming over to grab the syrup from the pan of warm water, and kissed my neck.

We ate together, me feeling dreamy and happy from my orgasm. You lifted your hand to rub your temple, and left a smear of newsprint on your forehead. I laughed out loud, so stupidly happy, and you caught my hand, kissed my palm. "I love you," you said.

"Then fuck me," I said, laughing again. I pushed your plate back, the newspaper fluttering to the floor, and pulled my shirt open again as I climbed onto the table, sitting in front of you. You kicked your chair back and pulled your cock out, and I stroked it hard as we kissed again, feeling the pumping rise of your flesh under my fingers. I felt like a porn star, like the sexiest woman alive, as your cock grew under my touch and your hands grasped my hips, pulling me forward on the table.

The nudge of your cockhead between my cunt lips made me sigh with pleasure, and my thighs protested again as I spread them wide, hooking my feet together behind you, pulling you in hard. I wouldn't come this time, but it didn't matter. I just wanted to have you fuck me on our kitchen table, feel the length of you pushing against me, inside me, as you grunted with pleasure, your nails branding my skin. I moaned with pleasure, listened to the catch in your breath. I could taste peaches and my own wetness, and when you pushed three long, slow thrusts into me, I could feel your cock pumping in orgasm.

inside me as you grunted with pleasure, your nails branding my skin."



When you pulled out, I tried to kiss you again, but you were looking for my panties, handing them to me before the soft white trickle from inside me covered the table. My lips were coated with juice, my thighs were sticky with come, and when I got in the shower, I found your newsprint handprint on my thigh.

It has been three years since I saw you, three years since I heard you say my name, three years since us. I sometimes wonder what I would say if I saw you again—if I would say all the things I've written in my journal all these years, or if I would just say hello.

I realize I am still crying, and I blow my nose on the corner of the shirt and wipe my eyes with the sleeve. I hold my nose there, in the crook of my elbow, breathing slowly as the tears come slower. It's all there in the fabric—the syrup, the challah, and you. And I know what I would say if I saw you again.

This story originally appeared in the book *Shameless: Women's Intimate Erotica* (Seal Press, 2002), edited by Hanne Blank.

PARTING SHOT

BY BILL LEE



TOMMY LEE

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 98

because I'm spending more time with them. And come eight o'clock, when they go to bed, I can't work. I'm like, "Fuck." I need a place that can be isolated.

Being famous just for being Tommy Lee

It's weird because sometimes all the other bullshit seems to outshine your musical efforts. It does fuckin' freak you out sometimes, and that's why I told my manager I just wanna go underground. I don't wanna do anymore fuckin' shows. I don't wanna be on TV anymore. I don't really wanna do anything. I wanna go away and fuckin' write music and come up for air when I'm done.

[The paparazzi] are still there.... Not so much outside the house, at least that I know of, which is weird. I never even know if they're out there or not because they wouldn't make themselves visible if they were. And when I see pictures of my house ... I saw some pictures in *People* magazine mentioning something about my house being up for sale, and I look at the angle of the shot and I know where that picture was taken from. I know those mountains well. I ride my dirt bike up there. My neighbor's house is way up on the hill. Way up on the driveway by the neighbor's house is where it was shot from. So I don't know if people just hang out up there and look for something to happen. That shot's clearly from the bushes. It's not a helicopter shot.

And I don't mind it in public, because it's open season. But when you're at your house, it's fuckin' weird.

The video

[People] ask about it and I don't know how to answer. I just kinda look at them like, "You're a sick fuck." And all the time girls come up and go, "I saw your video. I saw your video." And I'm not sure what they expect me to do.... I'm never sure what to say....

We were awarded a default judgment [in December 2002 against IEG] for—what the fuck was it?—$7 million, something like that. [*Editor's note:* It was $741,000 each for Lee and Anderson.] But ... I've never seen any money from it.

An autobiography

Lonn Friend, he's writing it. We're doing it together. We're meeting with book agents. I just turned 40, so it's probably a good time in life to time-stamp it with an autobiography.

The Dirt: Confessions of the World's Most Notorious Rock Band was pretty much about the band. Lonn is like a fucking crowbar. He's just prying shit out of me. A lot of things legally I'm not supposed to say, but we had some discussions with my manager and stuff that when it's put together we'll legally go through it and see what we can and what we can't do.

We're gonna go back to Greece, where I was born. We're gonna start trekking backwards. I'm probably gonna learn a few things about myself I didn't even know. 'Cause a lot of times you're always moving forward, moving forward musically and spiritually and personally, and sometimes you don't take the time to go back a little bit. And he's been doing that, and it freaks me out. A lot of times I'll remember things that I never remembered before, and I'm like, "Lonn, don't forget about this." And I'll send him little notes....

There's a bunch of different ideas going through with Lonn. I wanna make it really special. I don't want it to be like every fuckin' autobiography that's out there. I really want it to be the kind of book you can't put down. Like, off the top of my head, what if Lonn was the wacky fuckin' tour guide taking you through this journey into Tommyland? Have it be some amusement ride where he walks you through the tunnel of love and you go into all this crazy sexual love shit and then some bumpy-ass roller coaster, which has been my life. Maybe do it like that, where the book's a ride and not just a fuckin' read. It's gotta be that way, because I'm not a big reader, and if it's not interesting, I don't have that kind of time.

His latest tattoo: Mayte's lips on his neck

She actually kissed me here one day, and I was looking in the mirror and I go, "Fuck, what a cool tattoo that would be."... I brought her with me, and she put some lipstick on and did a couple kisses on a piece of paper, and we just transferred it.... The majority of tattooing is really for you. When I look at these tattoos, I enjoy seeing them. The one on my back I don't get to see as much, and it's my favorite tattoo, which kinda sucks. I'm definitely addicted, man.... My son's always drawing on himself with markers—"Look, Dad, I'm like you."... [My first tattoo], I was 17. I got Mighty Mouse. It meant a lot to me. He was my childhood fuckin' hero.

Regrets

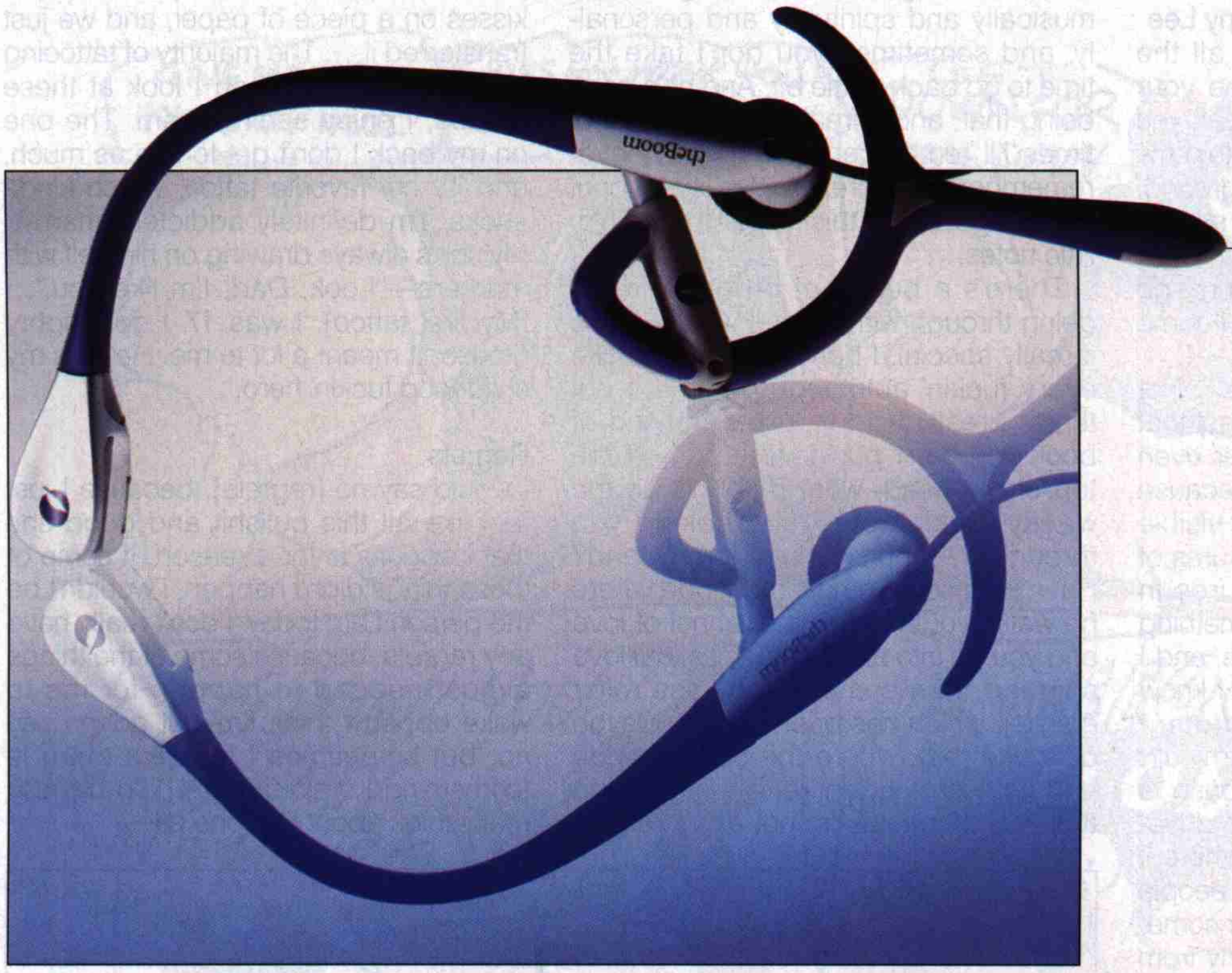
I would say no [regrets], because I just feel like all this bullshit and good shit that happens is for a reason. If some of those things didn't happen, I wouldn't be the person I am today. I don't really have any regrets, because some of the things almost needed to happen for me to wake up, so I think I'm just gonna say no, but sometimes I feel like there is [something I should regret]. I'd have to really think about that one.



"Let me know when you want me to help you get your rocks off."

TECHNOMANIA

High-tech tools for the 21st century, by Ken Sander • Photos by Robert Lorenz



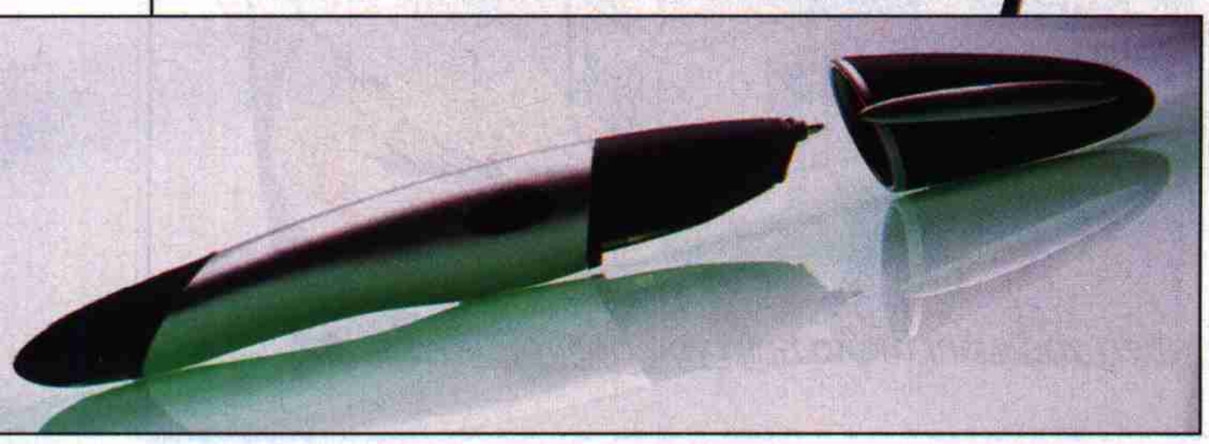
THEBOOM HEADSET

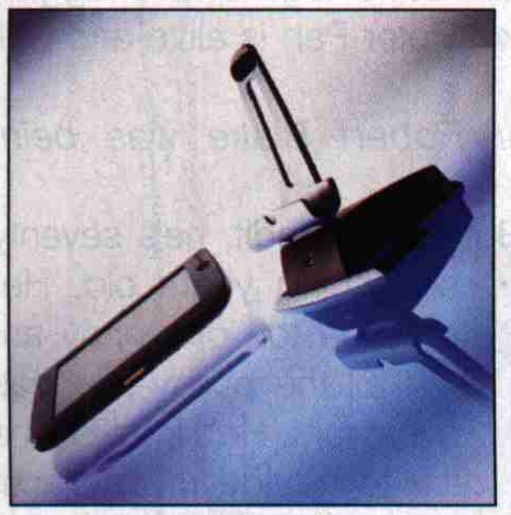
The great thing about cell-phone headsets is that you can hear above the noise. The problem is that you can't talk above it. Utilized on Wall Street and tested in Black Hawk helicopters, theBoom allows you to speak so softly you can whisper and still be heard. Any noise in your vicinity is kept from interfering with your conversation. And because you don't have to shout to get your message across, you won't disturb those around you. For a sound test, go to www.theboom.com.



LOGITECH DIGITAL PEN

Now you can leave your laptop and take the Logitech io Personal Digital Pen with you instead. It allows you to share, store, and organize anything written with it on digital paper. Its optical sensor can capture and store up to 40 pages of data. Then just sync the pen via its USB cradle to your PC. The Logitech io comes with software, a USB cradle, a Limited Digital Notebook, Post-it Notes for Digital Pens, Post-it Software Notes-Lite, an AC adapter, and five ink refills. Click to www.logitech.com for more information.





VIEWSONIC AIRPANEL

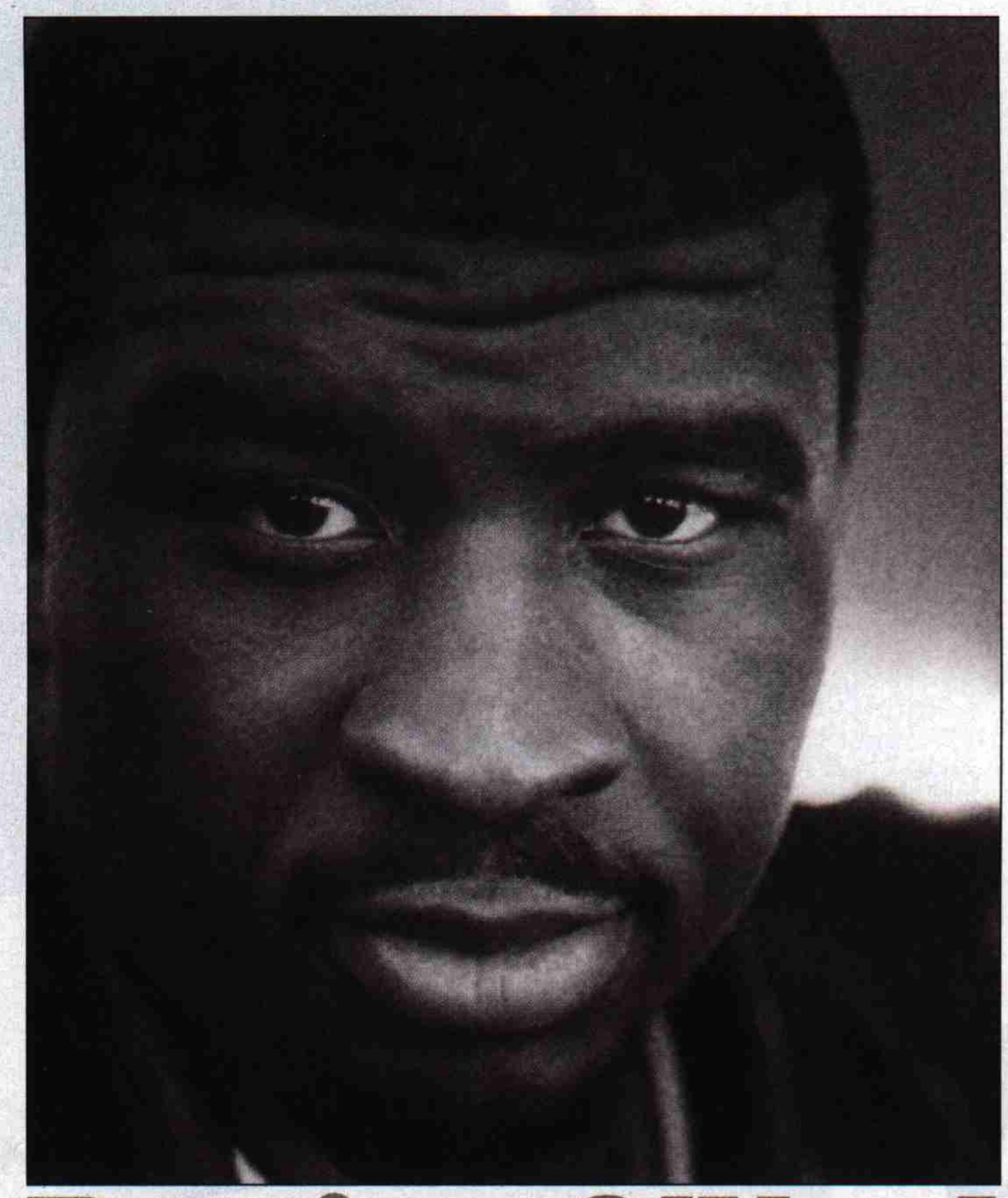
The ViewSonic airpanel Wireless Smart Display is so versatile it can be used at home as your primary monitor with the optional V150 dock, or as an extension of your PC with a USB wireless adapter. The 15-inch display boots up in three seconds, and you don't need a mouse or a keyboard—just a stylus. With the airpanel you can remotely access files, surf the Web, send and receive e-mail, and do most any computing function anywhere in and around your home. Weighs less than six pounds and runs on a lithium-ion battery. For more information, click to www.viewsonic.com.

PANASONIC HEADPHONES

Ever tried to watch a movie on a plane? Try Panasonic's noise-canceling headphones to filter out all that annoying background garbage. Panasonic's advanced acoustic technology makes these headphones great for negating noise from air conditioners, crying babies, loud conversations, even jet engines. Noise canceling can be turned off when you want to hear what's going on or just want to talk to someone. The headphones come in three styles: ear bud, open-air headband, and monitor headband. For better listening, go to www.panasonic.com.

By Jonathan Davis

TRADING PUNCHLINES WITH COMEDY'S BEST



Patrice O'Neal

"I'm hoping that someone on *Fear Factor* chokes and dies from eating one of those elephant balls."

Do you get the whole American Idol *craze?*

I think it's the worst thing on TV, man. I'm just hoping something disastrous happens to somebody on one of these reality shows. I'm hoping that someone on *Fear Factor* chokes and dies from eating one of those elephant balls. If you place your dreams on some fucking cocksucker like Simon and allow him to ruin your dreams, if you take his personal opinion as the be all and end all, then you are a fucking asshole. You deserve to have your career over. *American Idol* is the dumbest shit you can be on. Don't even get me started on *Star Search*. These people are judging who has talent? Incredible!

Does it bother you that shows like Joe Millionaire *and* The Bachelor *are so white?*

You also have that show *Are You Hot?* The judges are Lorenzo Lamas and two other idiots. There is not one black man or woman on that show. Black guys like a juicy ass, not some scrawny white bitch's ass. I want to see some big juicy ass.

Have you ever had a threesome?

No. I want one though. I do. I try to convince every girlfriend that I've had to try it, but the problem is, the women I attract actually like me. There are times when you just want a piece of ass. They have to like me for me to get some ass. So I have to charm my way into pussy. If you're someone like LL Cool J, who has that sex appeal where women just want to fuck you regardless of whether you're an asshole or not, they don't need to like you. Then threesomes have a greater possibility because you can get some nonquality bitches.

What cities have the hottest women on the comedy circuit?

The best-looking bitches I've ever seen are Puerto Rican girls. So New York is fantastic because the city is filled with Puerto Rican women and they are beautiful. So if I'm going to go outside my ethnic group, it's Puerto Rican women all the way. But I'll probably end up marrying a black girl in the end.

Is Michael Jackson really living in Never-Never Land?

It's time to officially call it a day for Mike. Mike is out of his fucking skull, and the thing is, if he took a lie-detector test, he'd probably pass it. He just doesn't believe he's doing anything wrong. Rubbing on a little Puerto Rican boy's legs and snuggling with him is perfectly okay by Mike. Peter Pan is alive and well. God bless him.

Were you shocked to hear Robert Blake was being charged with murder?

The guy is a little out there. But to his credit, he's seventy-something years old. He's made a ton of money and got all the pussy he could ever want. He's known what it is to indulge in this planet. He's done everything that has made Arabs want to kill us. He's lived the American dream to indulge in as many fucked-up things as you can before you aren't able to anymore. Something like this had to happen to him. It was inevitable. He was about the only Little Rascal to this point that didn't have a fucked-up ending to his life. So God love him. Alfalfa [was shot and killed] and Spanky died of a heart attack on the floor. The curse of *The Little Rascals* lives on.

In these troubled times, are you a George Bush supporter?

I love our president. In this time of horror, he's a great president to have, 'cause he will kill everybody. Before we all die, you can be sure that vengeance will be exacted on the rest of the globe. Today we have these motherfuckers flying planes into buildings, and we have this crazy redneck in power getting ready to murder the planet. People are scared—afraid of the end of the world. All I know is that George Bush will blow up the world all because those guys flew a plane into the World Trade Center towers. This allowed George W. Bush an in to do what he wants to do. This gave him the in to do what his daddy wanted to do when he was president. The rest of the world now regrets giving that crazy motherfucker carte blanche.

Has airline travel been a pain in the ass for you?

First off, we live in a racist country, and people just need to admit it. What I don't get is why the fuck would you check some old white woman or some goddamn young black dude or any Spanish motherfucker? You check the Arabs. They're the only motherfuckers that are blowing shit up. Just have the Arab line

CONTINUED ON PAGE 186

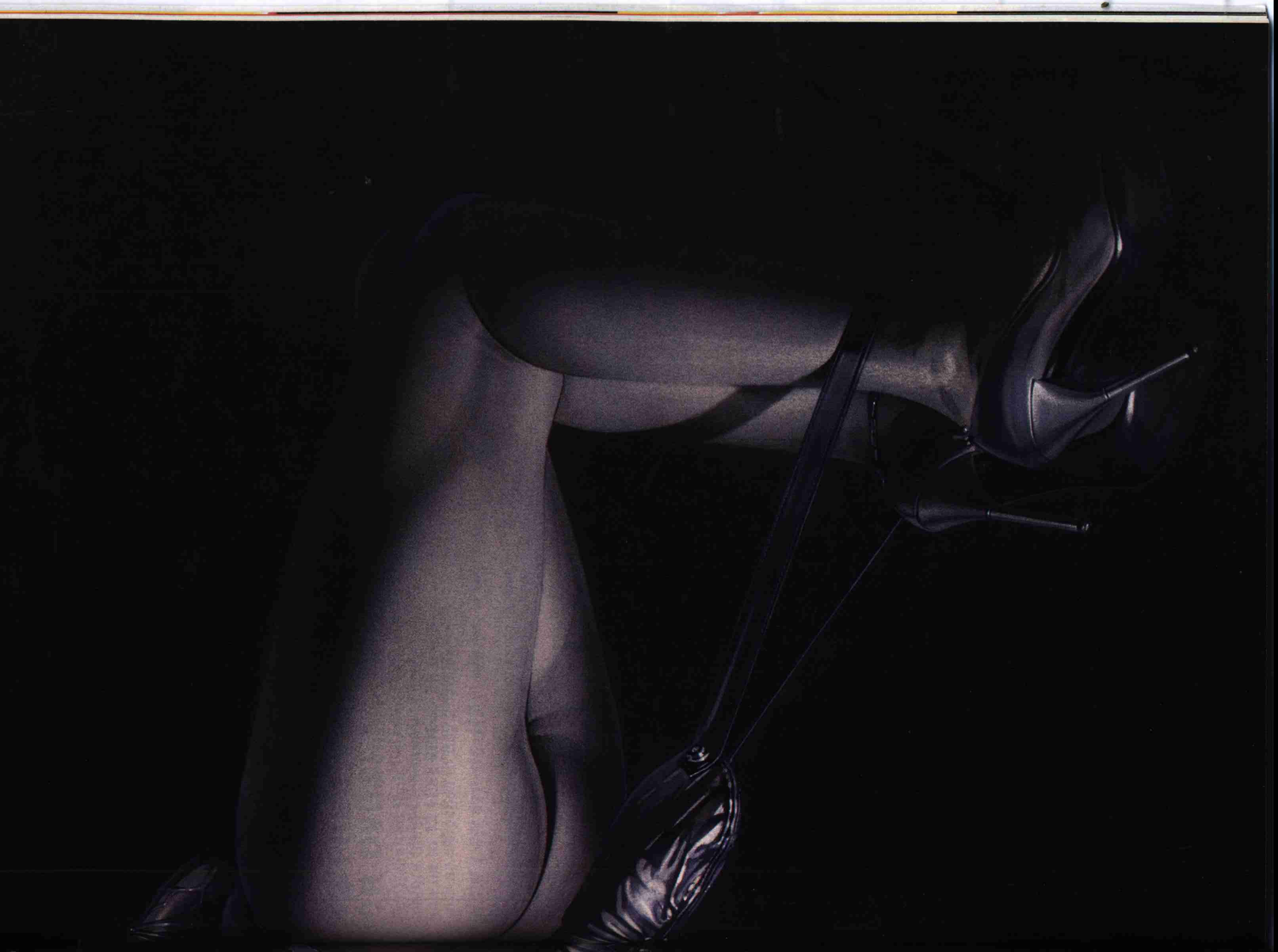
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ONLINE

Humor

GOLDEN NUGGETS FROM THE INTERNET • COMPILED BY TONINA



ALLIGATOR BLONDE

A guy walks into a bar with a pet alligator by his side. He takes the animal off its leash, puts it up on the bar, turns to the nervous patrons, and says, "I'll make you a deal. I'll open this alligator's mouth and place my genitals inside. Then the gator will close his mouth for one minute. He'll then open his mouth, and I'll remove my unit unscathed. In return for witnessing this spectacle, each of you will buy me a drink." The crowd, astonished by the man's claims and eager to see what will happen, murmurs its approval.

The man stands up on the bar, drops his trousers, and places his privates in the alligator's mouth. The gator closes its mouth as the crowd gasps. After a minute the man grabs a beer bottle and raps the alligator hard on the top of its head. The gator opens his mouth and the man removes his genitals unscathed as promised. The crowd cheers and the first round of drinks is delivered to him.

The man stands up again and makes another offer. "I'll pay $100 to anyone who's willing to give it a try." A hush falls over the crowd, and the man worries there won't be any takers.

After a while a hand goes up in the back of the room. A blonde woman timidly speaks up: "I'll try, but you have to promise not to hit me on the head with the beer bottle."

HEADLINES FROM THE MEDIA

MARIJUANA ISSUE SENT TO A JOINT COMMITTEE
—Toronto Star

GATORS TO FACE SEMINOLES WITH PETERS OUT
—Tallahassee Bugle

MESSIAH CLIMAXES IN CHORUS OF HALLELUJAHS
—Anchorage Times

SPORTS AND EMPLOYMENT: AN INTERESTING OBSERVATION

The sport of choice for the urban poor is basketball.

The sport of choice for maintenance-level employees is bowling.

The sport of choice for front-line workers is football.

The sport of choice for supervisors is baseball.

The sport of choice for middle management is tennis.

The sport of choice for corporate officers and professionals is golf.

The amazing conclusion is that the higher you are in the corporate structure, the smaller your balls become.

CORKED ARAB

Two Arabs go to the gym to play racquetball. After their game, they hit the locker room. While showering, one notices that the other has a huge cork stuck in his butt.

"If you do not mind my asking," says the observant Arab, "that cork looks very uncomfortable. Why do you not take it out?"

"Because I cannot," says the first Arab sadly. "It is permanently stuck there."

"I do not understand," says the other.

"It happened like this," says the corked Arab. "I was walking along the beach and I tripped over an oil lamp. There was a puff of smoke, and then a huge old man in American-flag attire with a white beard and top hat came oozing out. He said, 'I am Uncle Sam, the genie. I can grant you one wish.' I said, 'No shit.' "



THE JOKE MAN

This month's crop of zappers, snappers, and one-line knee-slappers from the comic cosmos of ...

JACKIE MARTLING

Hennessy, the town drunk, gets a job checking on the bodies at the morgue. One night he starts on the booze early. As he's going along checking the bodies, he pulls out a tray. The body on it is upside-down, and its rectum starts singing "My Wild Irish Rose." Hennessy can't believe it. He pushes the drawer in, pulls it out, and the rectum starts up again: "My wild Irish rose ... "

Hennessy shuts the drawer and calls his boss, the coroner. "Boss," he says, "you've got to come over. It's something you won't believe!"

The coroner, very annoyed, comes down to the morgue. Hennessy leads him to the drawer and pulls it out. Sure enough: "My wild Irish rose ... "

The coroner turns to Hennessy. "Do you mean to tell me," he yells, "that you got me out of bed at four o'clock in the morning just to come down here and hear some asshole sing 'My Wild Irish Rose'?"

Did you hear about the girl who came from a town so small that the only thing open all night was her legs?

• A married couple on holiday in India passes a sandal shop. The shopkeeper calls out, "Friends, come into my humble shop." They walk in, and the shopkeeper says to the husband, "I have special sandals you would be veddy interested in. Dey make you wild at sex like great crazy elephant."

"That's ridiculous," the husband says.

The Indian says, "Just try dem on."

The husband does as told, and as soon as he slips them onto his feet he gets this wild look in his eyes, grabs the Indian, bends him over a table, yanks down his and the shopkeeper's pants, and grabs the man's thighs.

The Indian screams, "You have dem on de wrong feet!"

What do you do if your wife has triplets?
You go out and find those other two guys.

• A guy walks into a bar, downs five beers, then looks around until he sees the prettiest girl in the place. He walks up to her and says, "Do you want to fuck?"

She screams, "You pig!" She smashes him over the head with her purse and knocks him across the bar with a barstool. He picks himself up, dusts himself off, walks to the bar, and downs five more beers.

Then he walks up to her again and says, "So I guess a blowjob is out of the question?"

A guy invites a girl out on a date.
She says, "But Richie, I'm on my menstrual cycle."
He says, "So? I'll come over on my moped."

Drinkwiski and Stukowski are walking along the beach when a seagull drops a huge crap on Drinkwiski's shoulder. Stukowski says, "Do you want me to get some toilet paper?"
Drinkwiski says, "Nah, it's probably miles away by now."

• A girl is sitting at a bar next to three men who all stutter, and it's driving her crazy. She turns to them and says, "If one of you guys can tell me where you're from without stuttering, I'll give you a blowjob." Needless to say, all three of the gents get very excited.

She says to the first guy, "Where are you from?"

He concentrates and then says, "Ph-Ph-Ph-Philadelphia."

She says, "Loser." She says to the second guy, "Where are you from?"

He closes his eyes, really buckles down, then manages to gasp, "H-H-H-Houston."

She says, "Loser." She says to the third guy, "Where are *you* from?"

He closes his eyes, clenches his fists, takes a few deep breaths, and blurts out, "Miami."

She says, "Way to go."

She gets down on her knees, pulls down his pants, and starts sucking his cock. Just as he's exploding in her mouth, he yelps, "B-B-B-Beach!"

Did you hear about the "Oh, no" bird?
It's a bird that has five-inch legs and a six-inch cock. Every time he comes in for a landing, he squawks, "Oh, no!"

• Brad and Doreen are taking a hansom-cab ride in the midst of their fun-packed New York City honeymoon. The carriage goes down a cobblestone street, which causes Doreen to emit an incredibly loud fart. Terribly embarrassed, Doreen decides she'd better start up some kind of conversation.

She says, "Brad, honey ... should we stop along the way and pick up a paper?"

Brad says, "Nah. When we go through the park, I'll reach out and grab you a handful of leaves."

How do you get a gay guy to fuck a woman?
Fill up her cunt with shit.

If you think you can stump The Joke Man with a joke he doesn't know, send it to JokeLand, c/o Penthouse *magazine, 11 Penn Plaza, Twelfth Floor, New York, N.Y. 10001. If Jackie doesn't know it, you'll receive a copy of his Oglio Records CD* F. jackie. *Please include your mailing address with your submission.*

DEVIL

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 116

than anybody—and it didn't cost you nothing!"

He turned to my friend. "You like gambling? On your way out, look for the Spin Till You Win machine. It's over in the far corner. Best payoff in the house."

The following morning the phone rang at 9:20. Though I'd never mentioned where I was staying, the Colonel had tracked me down. "You didn't know I was an FBI agent, did you?" he joked. I laughed, amazed that he had gone to the trouble of finding me.

"Say, I sure liked your friend," he said. "I thought maybe the two of you would like to go tonight to see *Starlight Express* [the Andrew Lloyd Webber musical then playing at the Hilton]. I got tickets for you if you like."

Since the Colonel seldom gave away free tickets to any of Elvis's shows, this seemed completely out of character. As it turned out, we couldn't go, but I thanked him for his kindness.

"You know, I was thinking about other ways to promote Alan's book," he began.

I listened politely, and then told him I was working on something else now—the Memphis Mafia story.

His tone changed abruptly. "Oh, there are already too many books, and there'll be more," he said. "The more there are, the less they'll sell."

Then, after he recommended a few shows and advised us not to walk around by ourselves at night, he hung up. The conversation had an unfinished sense about it, and left me feeling restless. A week later I sent him a Christopher Radko Christmas ornament in the shape of a circus elephant, since he took pride in his collection of elephant memorabilia. I never heard back.

In the spring of 1994 I was well into the writing of the book, and I took another crack at getting the Colonel's cooperation. I was coming to town in June, I wrote him, and asked for a short interview. "I wish you luck with your book," he replied, "and both of us will be glad to see you when you visit here ... but not in the capacity of you being a writer—just a friend."

He phoned me at the hotel on the appointed day. I told him I had another friend with me, and at first he seemed to balk, then acquiesced. "We're on," I told her. She was a real-estate agent, wife, and mother of two, and a trusted confidante, but better still, she kept a level head. Mine was apt to swirl around the Snowman.

At exactly noon—the Colonel was a stickler about promptness—a blood-red Buick pulled up at the valet stand in front of the Hilton. Loanne sat behind the wheel, and Parker, dressed for the 106-degree heat in blue trousers under a light-blue smock of a shirt with COLONEL embroidered in white script on a dark-blue epaulet, sat motionless beside her in the front seat. A blue newsboy cap was perched jauntily on his head.

I introduced my friend, and Loanne offered a smile. But, whether or not his shoulder injury was to blame, the Colonel never turned around. He didn't need to—he had eyes in the back of his head. "I see you're keeping your weight down," he said.

Things got looser at the N'Orleans Restaurant, an informal "meat-'n'-two" place in Lucky's Shopping Center, a run-of-the-mill strip mall on West Spring Mountain Road. The Colonel was a regular there, and the owner herself took our order. "If the lunch is free, I'll leave a tip," the Colonel said without the slightest smile. "If it isn't, give the check to Loanne."

"You always leave a lasting impression, that's what you leave," she zinged back, but she was joking too. It was Loanne who carried the money, and the Parkers were known to tip generously, even remembering the busboy.

The difficulty in being around the Colonel was that he didn't invite much of a real exchange. Parker was his own sideshow, and you were there to watch it. We were deep into our second visit now, and he still hadn't really broached the obvious topic: Elvis. Today the Colonel seemed intent on showing me just what a big shot he was, before and apart from his ticket to infamy.

"You know, I knew five presidents," he announced out of the blue. "Franklin Roosevelt was the easiest to know. I knew him from Warm Springs, Georgia, because we played there"—an allusion to the small carnivals Parker worked, selling candy apples and tending elephants in the thirties. "Of course, I knew [Lyndon] Johnson real good too. He used to send me Christmas gifts."

Loanne wiped the spittle from the corners of his mouth and dropped a bubble of lubrication into each eye. The Colonel blinked, then pretended to bite her hand off with playful affection. Then, after the requisite doling out of pills, we walked to the car. Colonel, who had once stood six feet or more, was so bent over that he appeared to be a head shorter than his nurse of a wife. The cane in his gnarled left hand supported the bulk of his weight—somewhere around 250, I'd guess—while Loanne crooked his arm in hers for balance.

"I'm almost 85, you know," the Colonel said to me when we were back in the



"This is not what the doctor ordered!"

car. His birthday was only eight days away, and celebrations had always been special to him.

"Yes, Colonel," I said. "Happy birthday! I've been trying to think of a good gift for you."

The old man was ready. "I want something I don't have to feed, dust, polish, wash, or walk."

"What's that, Colonel?"

"Your loyalty and friendship," he said. And, he might as well have added, "admiration."

This was an odd thing to be hearing from the back of a head, and while I pondered what it actually meant, the Colonel began to answer the questions I hadn't yet asked. He hammered his words home with the tapping of his cane on the floor mat. "I knew Elvis better than anybody. I wouldn't see him sometimes for two months, but we'd talk every week. Elvis was very sharp, even if people thought he wasn't. And he wasn't weak, either. Elvis picked all his own songs and pictures—the scripts were sent directly to his house. The only song I suggested was 'Are You Lonesome Tonight?' I got Elvis the most money ever for an entertainer in Las Vegas. People forget that! Nobody! Nobody got more money in the history of Las Vegas!"

His anger hung in the air.

"Colonel, if you feel you've been misrepresented, then why won't you set the record straight?" I asked.

"I don't have no trouble sleeping," came the reply. "People who worry about things like that don't sleep good. The William Morris Agency told me they could get me $2 million for a book. But publishers today want dirt. And I am not a dirt farmer!"

His voice rose, and for a moment I thought he might order us out of the car. And then he was silent.

I tried to change the subject, maybe brighten the mood, but the front seat remained resolute all the way to the Hilton. Loanne pulled in to the valet stand, and we thanked them for the afternoon. Then the Colonel spoke again, this time in code. "I'm going to tell you something that I want you to remember," he started. "When a baby has to go, you take off its diaper. You don't want no dirty diaper on a baby."

"I'll remember it, Colonel," I said, "even though I don't have the faintest idea what it means." Loanne chuckled. The Colonel stared ahead. Still, I hoped to see him again.

That opportunity came in December 1994, on a record-company junket to Vegas. I called the Colonel, who once again invited me to lunch, "if you don't mind stopping by the clinic with us for a little while."

The owner of the clinic was Dr. Elias Ghanem, a smart, swarthy Lebanese who had cornered the Las Vegas Hilton's business in the 1970s. He also had been one of Elvis's main suppliers of "medication," sometimes donning an Elvis-like jumpsuit to visit the singer backstage.

The reason for our visit to Ghanem's clinic this day was preventive. Loanne was courting a cold, and the Colonel, who suffered from gout and arthritis, wanted to get his foot checked. Loanne feared it was infected.

The Colonel, nattily attired in gray wool trousers, another geometric-design sweater, and a Kangol cap, looked much older than he had when I'd first met him two years earlier. His skin had begun to take on a sallow, decaying look. He looked like a man in his late nineties.

"He's on a long list of medications," Loanne told the attending physician, a young Asian. But the Colonel wanted Loanne to be checked first ("Give her a shot or something"), and as she was shown into an examining room, he motioned to me. "You go on in with her," he said.

Across the hall, the Colonel sat in a big chair facing the doorway, his shoe and sock beside him. His toe was fine, just bruised, and he teased first with the doctor and then the nurse, who strained at her task of replacing Parker's shoe.

"Ow!" he yelled.

"I'm not a good shoe-put-er-on-er," the nurse admitted.

"No," quipped the Colonel, "but you're a good pincher."

Loanne, ever ready, pulled a shoehorn from her purse.

At lunch, at the more upscale Hungry Hunter on South Rainbow Boulevard, the Colonel was feeling well enough to order a hearty meal. "I'd like to treat you both," I said.

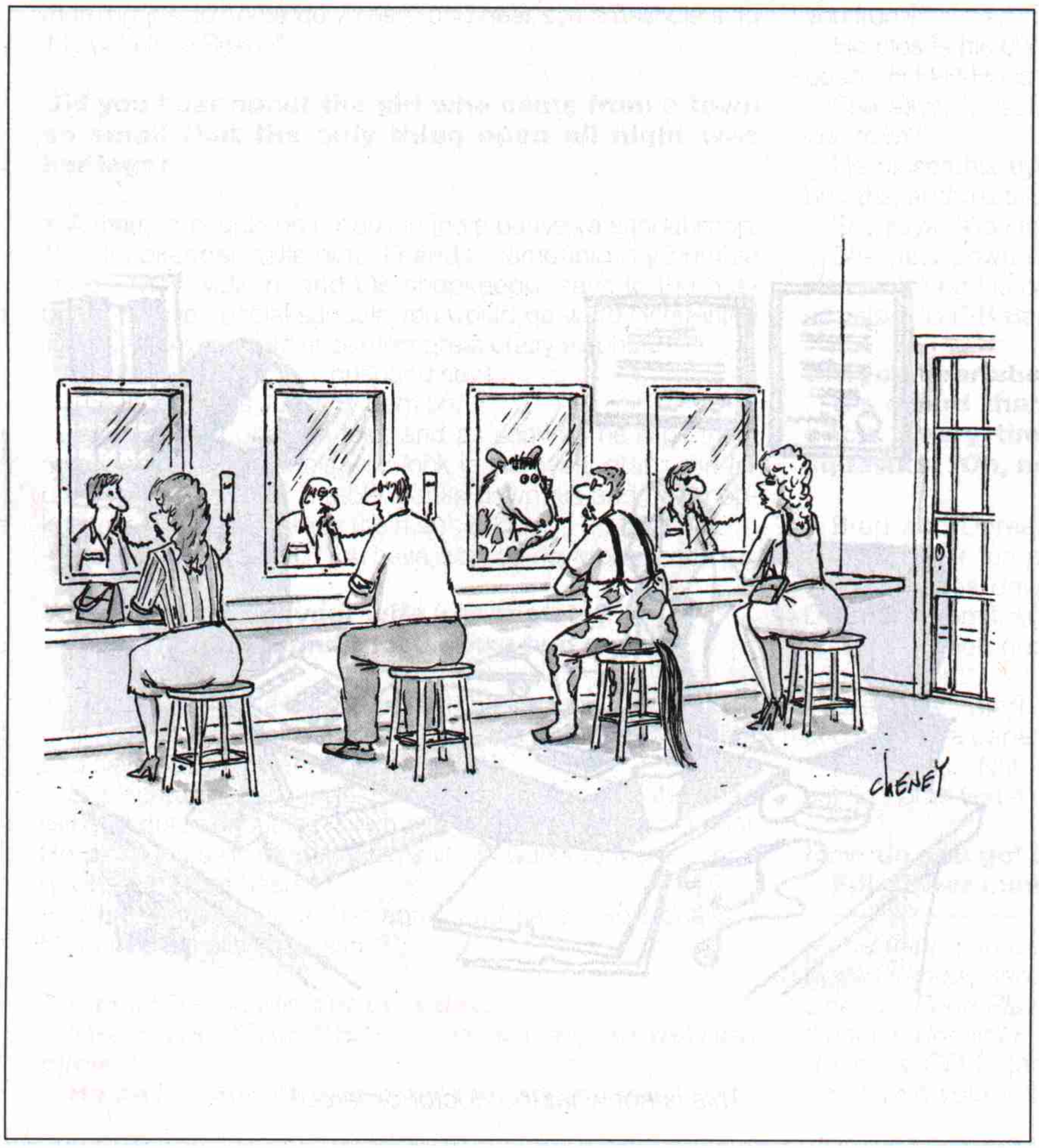
Suddenly the Colonel turned sullen. "I can't eat," he protested. Surely the man who had a reputation for never passing up a free meal was joking.

"No, he means it," Loanne added. "He's a stubborn Dutchman."

"In return," Colonel said, "I'd like an autographed copy of your book."

I blushed. The Colonel would certainly be enraged by what the Memphis Mafia had had to say about him. And I was still hoping to get him to explain how he justified taking 50 percent of Elvis's income, or admit if he ever tried to curtail Presley's drug use. If the old man had been unfairly maligned, I wanted to present his case.

When the food came, the Colonel sent his roast beef back three times ("It's too rare," "It's not hot enough," "Hey, put another piece of meat on there!"),



and began picking Elvis topics out of the air: How Parker chose all the record-cover photos, how he packaged an album made up entirely of the star's onstage prattle (*Having Fun With Elvis on Stage*), how he was invited to Elvis's parties but didn't go because there were only young people there—including hungry new agents, who would try to convince the ever-faithful Presley they could get him more money.

And, most important, how papa Vernon Presley announced, "Colonel Parker is an honest man," in a taped postscript to *Elvis in Concert,* the CBS television special shot in the summer of 1977 and aired after Elvis's death.

On the way back to town, Loanne made a quick side trip to pick up the mail—they rented a post-office box in one of the strip malls that lined the flat Vegas landscape. "Be right back," she said, and for the first and only time, Parker and I were alone. "We wouldn't have come out for anybody but you today," he began, staring, as ever, straight ahead. I thanked him, and told him what it meant to me.

"Say, I want to run a title past you, because I respect your opinion," he said. "I wrote a song."

"I didn't know you wrote songs, Colonel."

"Yes. I can't write music, but I've got a terrific music man. I want to know what you think of this title: 'I Talk to Myself About You.' "

I liked it, and told him so, not mentioning that we both knew Fred Rose had thought of it half a century before, and that Eddy Arnold had recorded the song in 1945. I wondered if he was talking in code again, sending me a message.

"Of course, I write poetry too. Did you see the one on the Elvis statue there in the Hilton?"

I told him I had, but stopped short of saying it was good. The Elvis poem was doggerel: "The songs he sang at home each day / Pleased his Parents in every way." But another poem Parker had written in January 1978, titled "To My Friend," was a most revealing glimpse at a man who almost never apologized for anything: "They say I'm tough and sometimes cold / But I'm really just as good as gold / ... So if you're right and I am wrong / Please remember the good I've done."

When Loanne came back, lighting up the Colonel's face with a dozen birthday cards, I asked if she would drop me off at a nearby mall, and explained I had my eye on an autographed picture of Hank Williams Sr., circa 1951. We rode along without talking for a while, and then the back of the head spoke again.

"We've adopted a son, you know."

"Oh, yes? A four-footed one?"

"I should say not. Loanne, where's that picture?"

CONTINUED ON PAGE 190

FORUM

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 10

She could hardly contain her enthusiasm as she played with my cock. She looked down at it protruding rudely from my shorts and sticking straight up to my belly button, a veritable flood of clear, shiny pre-come oozing out of the hole.

"Oh, it's so big and hard!" she said. She rubbed the copious secretions with her thumb, sank to her knees, then pulled my pants almost all the way down. My cock, which was by now painfully erect, almost jumped into her face. I was filled with a mixture of anticipation and fear. What if her father suddenly took an interest in our extended absence?

"Do you want to come in my mouth?" Jasmine whispered, not waiting for an answer as she wrapped her lips around the tip of my cock. I stared in disbelief as this beautiful young woman slid my thick organ between her loving lips, one hand clutching its base and the other groping my taut testicles, exerting just the right amount of pressure.

What drove me beyond the point of no return was seeing the tip of her tongue occasionally snake out from under my hard, shiny cock. With my knees buckling, I held her head gently. I slowly pushed my cock farther into the moist, slippery cavity, bucking in utter abandon as I sensed her growing excitement. I must admit that I came rather quickly, but it was understandable, given the circumstances. Moaning softly, I unloaded spurt after rhythmic spurt of semen in Jasmine's mouth. I had never been so lucky to experience this ultimate act of intimacy, and Jasmine made it even more memorable by swallowing every bit of what I had to offer.

Before I had a chance to reciprocate, Jasmine was hailed inside. I could barely wait to return the favor, though. The very thought of being able to freely explore the treasure that I knew lay beneath Jasmine's white bikini kept me hard for hours.—*A.E., Texas*

Smokey Bares All

I was hurrying home from work late one evening when I was pulled over on the freeway for speeding.

I couldn't help but notice through my rearview mirror, as the state trooper approached the car, how big and muscular he was. I rolled down my window. He peered in, and beneath his Smokey the Bear hat I saw the most handsome face I'd ever laid eyes on. He was absolutely gorgeous. I immediately got a rush of excitement that raced from my nipples down to my pussy. What made me even more excited and flustered was the way the trooper looked silently into my baby blues with his bedroom eyes for a long moment. He finally asked me for my license and registration.

While he let me go with only a warning, he'd left me so excited that I pulled off of the freeway. I found a secluded spot to park and fingered myself to climax, all the while thinking about this gorgeous state trooper.

A couple of weeks later my husband took me to a party, and to my surprise, there at the party was my handsome trooper. Neither of us spoke to the other. We acknowledged each other with our eyes and watched each other all evening. I'd never been unfaithful to my husband. It wasn't love that I was feeling for my handsome officer, but an insatiable lust that I needed to satisfy. I did not want to wonder "what if." Apparently, similar thoughts were running through the trooper's mind. Whatever it was had us sneaking out of the party.

I followed him to the backseat of his vehicle, where we quickly got out of our clothes. He grabbed my breasts and kissed me hard on the lips. Our tongues mingled, and our breathing was hot enough to fog up the windows.

He parted my legs, ate my wet pussy, and brought me to heavenly joy. I tried desperately to hold back, to prolong this pleasure, but before I knew it I cried out in release as the floodgates opened and I drenched his face with a huge load of happy juice.

I pushed him back on the seat, straddled him, and reached for his penis. What I grabbed was the biggest cock I had ever held. I guided it to my quivering pussy, sat down upon the massive joystick, and began to fuck myself. I drove my pussy hard on it and squealed each time it touched me deep inside. My squeals became louder as I came hard once again. His hands gripped my ass cheeks harder. Then I felt the incredible throbbing of his cock deep inside me as it spurted its warm cream deep inside my pussy.

If my trooper had thought that he was done, he was mistaken. I sucked his cock hard again and climbed back on for a second round. I came instantly, almost fainting when I reached yet another shuddering orgasm.

As I lifted myself off of him, I felt him pressing the slippery, come-soaked head of his cock against the opening of my ass. This set me on fire. If my trooper's big cock had felt so wonderful inside my pussy, how much more erotic would it be packed inside my ass? I made my descent as my body trembled all over. I screamed out as I felt that cockhead parting my rear entrance. I continued to scream as every inch of his gorgeous cock disappeared up inside my ass.

"Oh, God! Your cock feels so won-



derful!" I screamed. I've always loved taking it in the ass, but I'd never had a cock inside my ass that made me feel as full as my trooper's did. He thrust upward to meet my downward thrusts. With his big thick cock stuffed deep inside me, I reached the most intense orgasm of my life, one that left me breathless. I put my lips to him and kissed him passionately as his throbbing cock deposited its warm load of cream deep inside my ass. I stayed on him until his spent, softening cock slipped out. What an incredible fuck he was.

I have not seen my trooper since that night. Each day on the freeway I drive above the speed limit with hopes of him pulling me over again. Maybe one day I'll even learn his name.—*M.H., Minnesota*

Who's Blowing Whom?

My wife and I have been married for 14 years, and before that we dated for three. We'd both had sexual partners before we met, and while I'm not a stud, I was more experienced and open to new things. From what Teddi has told me about her past boyfriends, I have concluded that these guys were pretty self-centered when it came to sex and had only their own interests at heart. With patience and coaxing, my wife has become more willing to try new things. But nothing prepared me for what happened during one memorable weekend.

Adam and Lora, friends whom we've both known for years, were spending the weekend with us. Over drinks and dinner, I mentioned how Teddi had recently surprised me with some very erotic lap dances. I joked that if Adam was lucky, he might receive one later that evening.

After dinner I asked Lora if it would be okay if Teddi gave Adam a lap dance for dessert. Adam and Lora agreed that it would be a great way to continue the evening, and to my surprise Teddi was all for it. I thought it would be exciting to see my wife turn another guy on. She is very sexy, but I figured she'd give him a PG-rated version. I couldn't have been more mistaken.

While Teddi went to put on something special, Lora, Adam, and I prepared the living room by turning off the lights, lighting the fireplace, and putting on some music. Adam sat in the middle of the couch flanked by Lora and me. When Teddi came back into the living room, she looked incredible in a black G-string and sheer top. She started dancing for me first, and as she ground herself into my lap, she whispered, "I'm doing all this for you." She then moved over to Adam, and, shyly at first, started to writhe her body all over his. She warmed up when Lora began making requests. My wife did a slow strip, then ground her pussy into Adam's crotch and shoved her tits in his face. When she was through, I figured the show was over, but she was just getting started.

Announcing that ice cream was being served, Teddi, now nude, took a bowl over to Lora. Teddi pulled off Lora's shirt, smeared some ice cream on her tits, and told Adam to lick it off. I followed suit and went for the other nipple. After we'd licked a few helpings off Lora, it was Teddi's tits' turn to be coated with ice cream. Lora did the honors, and Adam and I helped ourselves. Then Lora applied more ice cream to Teddi's tits, only this time Lora licked it off. Adam and I soon joined her for a couple more rounds, and Teddi was in another world. Being the fair player she is, Teddi wanted to do the same for Lora. After Teddi licked her share of ice cream off Lora's boobs, both women decided it was the men's turn.

We were told to lie down on an old bedspread and close our eyes—so, as Teddi explained, we wouldn't know who was blowing us. I knew my wife could be hot and uninhibited if she would just let herself go, but I'd only dreamed of this. Ice cream was smeared on both our cocks, and soon a warm mouth began sucking and licking it off. It felt incredible, but I was rather curious to see whose mouth and tongue was doing me. Then a stifled giggle came from my wife. Since my partner was on my right and the laugh was on my left, I knew my wife was blowing Adam. I could hear them switch, and more ice cream and licking commenced.

Then Teddi told us to open our eyes. I whispered to Teddi, "Did you blow Adam first?" A playful smile accompanied a nod of her head. Then, while I watched, both women licked and sucked Adam's dick for a while, until I asked for equal time. Both ladies gave me some fantastic head, and then Teddi let Lora do me alone so that Adam and I could lick Teddi's tits.

I noticed while Lora was sucking me that one of her hands was stroking Teddi's pussy. I spread Teddi's legs so Lora was centered between them. Adam and I watched as Lora went down on my wife with fervor. With Adam and me licking and sucking Teddi's tits, and Lora giving her pussy a workout, my straitlaced wife was totally enjoying her first bisexual experience. She was in bliss as three tongues worked her over. Teddi sucked our cocks in alternation as Lora continued to eat her out. When Lora quit, she moved up and gave Teddi a wet kiss, then lay down for us two guys to feast on her nipples. While we were doing this, my wife got up, positioned herself between Lora's thighs, and licked Lora's pussy as if she had often done this before. In the course of two hours, Teddi had sucked another man's cock, licked another woman's tits, and had her first taste of another woman's snatch.

While Lora gave blowjobs to Adam

and me, we watched as Teddi buried her face in Lora's cunt. When Lora said "Enough," it was time for the finale. We placed our now well-lubricated women side by side and proceeded to give and get a good fucking. When everyone came, we all cuddled together and remarked how incredible and memorable this night was.

Will my wife do something like this again? Who knows?—*H.O., Iowa*

Why Not?

My boyfriend Chase and I had just begun our afternoon cookout when my good friend Brittany dropped by. Chase grilled the steaks while Brittany and I set the table and opened a bottle of wine. Dinner was great. Chase always does the steaks to perfection. Brittany and I played a little foot tag under the table, and one time I felt her sneak a quick feel between my legs. I pushed her away, but winked as I did.

Chase said he would take care of the dishes if we would take the top off the hot tub and get into our swim suits. As we looked through my bikinis, Brittany reached in the drawer and pulled out a pair of yellow Victoria's Secret panties. "How about these?" she said. I thought for a minute, then reached in and got myself the light blue pair. "Sure, why not?"

Chase was still busy in the kitchen. We yelled for him to bring some drinks when he came out. He looked up as we went through the door. All he said was, "Wow."

Chase brought the drinks, climbed into the hot tub, and sat between us. He couldn't hide the boner he sported as he settled into the hot water. Brittany wasn't one to waste time. She pressed her lips to his and jammed her tongue deep into his mouth. I pressed my boobs against his arm and reached under the water to set his prick free. I've always loved the feel of his smooth prick. I gave him a slow handjob. He lifted his butt to meet my strokes.

Chase pulled back and turned to kiss me. I felt Brittany's hand on mine as we both played with him, taking turns fondling his balls. Brit's free hand was resting on my knee. I covered it with my own hand and urged her to move her fingers up. She didn't need any encouragement. She pulled my panties aside and slipped a finger into me. She gently flicked my clit.

Chase tilted his head back and closed his eyes. He was in heaven. With my free hand I gave Brittany's panties a little tug and slid them down and off her slim ankles. She pulled her finger from my pussy long enough to do the same for me. We let the panties float around in the hot tub as we worked on Chase.

I couldn't wait any longer; I needed some action. I sat on the side of the tub and said, "One of you has to take care of me before I explode." My legs were wide open. In a split second, Brittany's face was between my legs. Her tongue found my swollen clit. I pulled her to me and told her how good that felt. I started to close my eyes and really enjoy myself, but I didn't want to miss what Chase was going to do. He stood behind Brittany and pulled her ass up out of the water. He slowly slipped his cock into her, all the way up to his balls. She moaned but never lost contact with my pussy.

When Chase started pounding harder, Brittany sucked my pussy harder. His eyes were glued to the back of her head as she brought me to the brink. I lost it. I squeezed my legs together, then let go. "Oh shit. Now I'm coming!" I cried out, rewarding her with my juices. Then Brittany screamed, and I knew Chase was filling her with his hot come.

Some time passed before we were able to settle down and enjoy the hot water. Brittany went to get fresh drinks. As she stepped out of the hot tub, we both got a good look at her beautiful ass, not to mention the tattoo that stopped just short of her crack. She grabbed a towel and headed into the house.

Chase said, "She sure doesn't waste any time getting down to it, does she?" I patted his semihard prick and said, "Do you think you can get that thing up for one more round?" He helped me out of the water and said, "Sure. Let's take it inside for Round 2."

Brittany was just finishing getting the drinks together when we came in. I pointed to the bedroom, and she fell in behind us. She and I stood facing each other. Chase told us to get comfortable as he slipped a movie into the VCR. It was a threesome porno. Chase went into the bathroom as Brittany and I crawled onto the big bed. We rolled around until I was on top of her, between her long legs. Our nipples touched as we ground our mounds together.

Brittany told me she wanted to try something, and I was ready for anything her little heart desired. She scooted around so we were side by side. She slipped a leg between mine. We moved around until our pussies were touching, then we grabbed each other's hips and pulled until I felt my clit touching hers. We went slowly at first, but the more excited we got the harder and faster we moved. It was so fucking hot.

We continued to mash our pussies together until our moans drowned out the porno. I knew we were both close, so we gave one last pull. My cunt exploded into hers, and she was right there with me. Brittany's eyes were glazed over, and I'm sure mine looked the same way.

"That was something. Have you ever done that before?" I asked.



"No, but you can bet it won't be the last," she said. "I came really hard. I could feel your come hitting my pussy, that was really something else." Brittany's fingers played across my boobs as we lay together.

Chase was nowhere in sight. Our camcorder was on, so I knew he hadn't missed a thing. Brittany stroked and licked my tits. She was getting me aroused again, but I wasn't sure I was up for another round. I pulled her up, gave her a quick peck on the lips, and said, "Are you seriously thinking about going at it again? Because to tell the truth, I'm about pooped out."

"Okay," she said, "but you have to let me do one thing before we quit. I want to see how our come tastes mixed together."

I'll be damned if I'll be called a quitter, so I pressed my lips to hers and slipped my tongue into her mouth. She sucked my tongue in. I had no idea why that turned me on, but it did. But I was really tired, so I pulled my lips from hers and pushed her to her goal. She didn't waste any time. Her mouth covered my pussy. She dug her tongue into me and moved it all around, collecting all of my juices. She purred like a damn kitten as she sucked and kissed my pussy. Just when I thought she was finished, she pulled my clit between her lips.

Shit, here it comes again, I thought. She knew just what to do. I grabbed her head, pressed it to me, and came yet again. "I'm coming again, Brittany," I said. "Damn, I love it so much." I felt myself pulsing as she pulled my pussy lips into her hungry mouth. That was it: I pushed her away and sat up. "I've had enough, babe," I said. "It's been wonderful, and I really want to do again that thing we did earlier, but I think I'm done for the evening."

She smiled and said, "To tell you the truth, I was done earlier, but I just love making it with you so much that I had to go one last time."

I laughed and said, "I'll take your word for it."

That's when we noticed Chase. He was standing there with camcorder in hand. Brittany laughed and said, "Oh boy, home movies next time." We giggled and went into the kitchen for another drink, buck naked.—*S.H., Louisiana*

Long Time No Sex

It had been a year since Justin and I had seen each other. We'd kept in touch with e-mails and phone calls, but it was becoming increasingly evident that e-mails and phone calls were not enough. We'd both realized that not only did we share many philosophies but also a passion for physical pleasure on a level above and beyond the average. It was time we got together again, so I booked a flight to Arizona.

I arrived there just as Justin's shift was beginning that day. He'd arranged to have the next three days off, but he didn't plan on my arrival 24 hours ahead of schedule. My timing, however, proved to be to our advantage.

Justin is a gorgeous man, with long, silky dark hair, deep-brown soulful eyes, and a smile that could light up the darkest night. His broad shoulders taper to a small waist and the cutest ass. His chest is covered with dark hair that is just as silky as his beautiful mane.

Justin had left a key under the mat so I could let myself in upon arrival. I did so, and then called him at work to let him know I was there, safe and sound. After he'd recovered from his surprise, it was decided that when he was heading home I would select some sexy music, put on the stereo, then turn off all the lights in the house and wait for him in his bed.

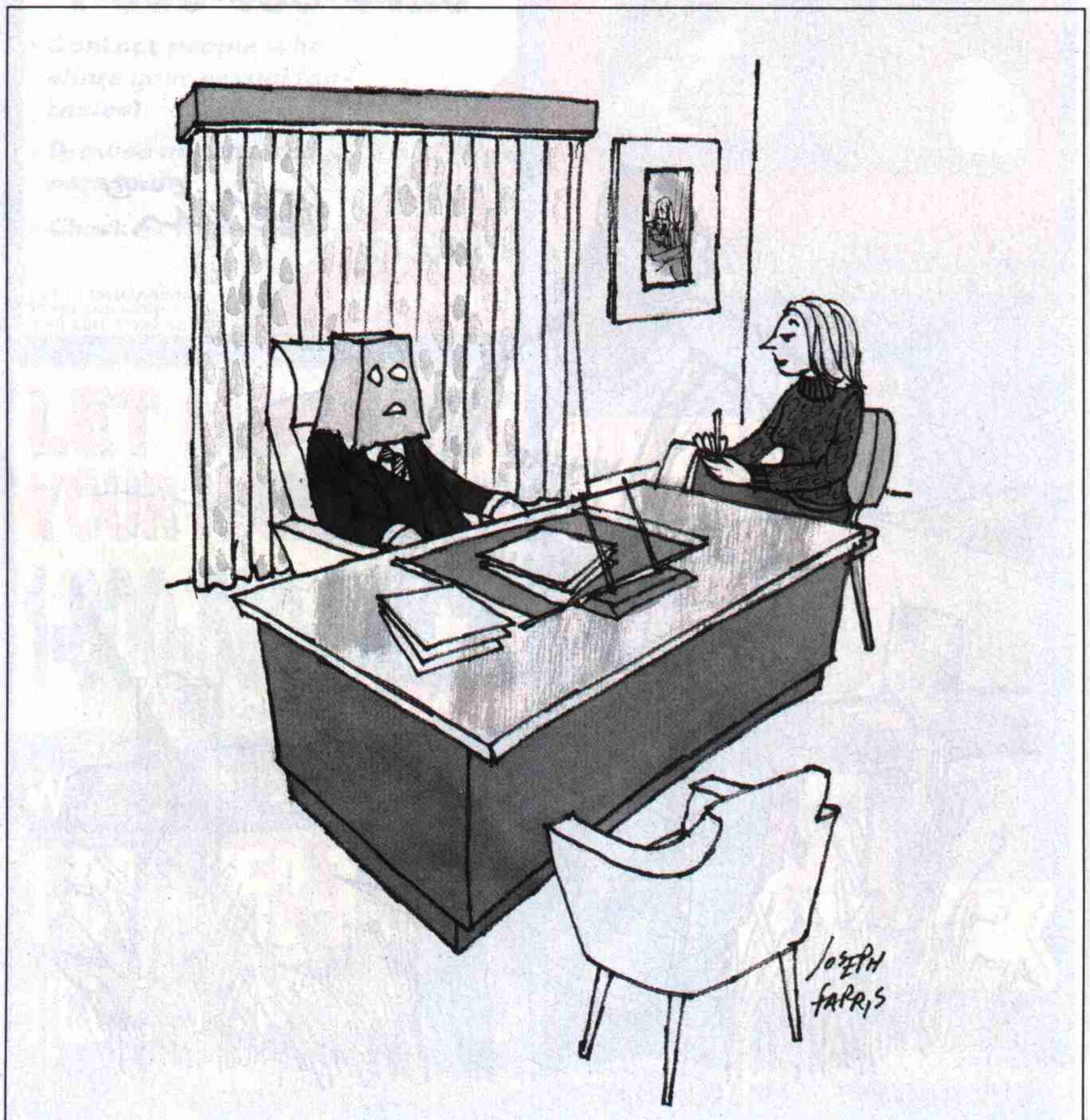
Never had the clock moved so slowly as it did that afternoon. I passed the time watching a little television, making a couple of phone calls to let worried friends know where I was, finding the local market to pick up a few things, and finally taking a nice long, hot bubble bath. Justin's shift ended at 11 P.M., and it was precisely at that hour that I began setting the stage of seduction. Surveying his enormous CD collection, I chose something appropriate and began shutting off all the lights in the house.

I made my way through the darkened rooms until I found his bed. I got naked, climbed under the covers, and began my impatient wait. A million thoughts raced through my mind. Should I have purchased some of those flavored oils we'd talked about, or maybe the toys we both liked? But the truth is that for our initial encounter I wanted it to be just us—our scents and our juices mingling and being tasted.

The large window directly in front of the bed was lit by the full Arizona moon that night. I'd look at the moon and then close my eyes to try to calm my racing heart. When I opened my eyes a final time, the silhouette of a man with long hair was coming toward me.

I felt a flood of warmth between my thighs, and my nipples hardened to aching peaks. Never before had I been this excited. The bed dipped as Justin placed one knee on it. As he reached for me, I could wait no longer, and raised up to clutch his body. Our lips found each other's in the dark as surely as two magnets. His kiss was as gentle as rain, and his lips were soft as velvet. Any fear, doubt, or hesitation was swept away as I was filled with a fire ignited by him.

The comforter on the bed was soon tossed aside. The touch of Justin's skin



" . . . Sincerely yours, Anonymous."

against mine was exquisite. His fingers found all the right spots as his tongue melted into mine in a passion-fueled kiss. Soon I was to find out just how talented that tongue was. He made his way between my legs and positioned himself with every intention of staying there for a long time. His tongue danced on my clit and my juices flowed freely. One delicious orgasm after another rolled through my body. Justin steadied my quivering thighs, letting me know he was nowhere near finished with me.

As he pressed his perfect cock inside me, yet another orgasm ripped through me. Each thrust pushed me farther and farther over the edge. I wrapped my legs around him. The ecstasy he'd unleashed brought to life a passion that had long been dormant.

When he sat back on his heels to catch his breath, I found the delicious cock I'd hungered for. I licked my juices off of it. My tongue danced over the head and down the shaft, leaving no spot untouched. I wanted so badly to give back what this Adonis had given me.

Our lovemaking continued nonstop well into the early hours of the morning. I was amazed at Justin's stamina and skill. At one point he took me to a plane of ecstasy beyond anything I could have imagined. I felt as if I were free-falling in slow motion. My brain must have been on overload with endorphins, because I began crying from the sheer pleasure of it all. I assured Justin these were tears of joy.

The remainder of my visit was just as wonderful. We managed to get in a little sightseeing when we weren't entwined in bed. But our last night was certainly the most memorable. Justin had to return to work that day, and just as on my first day there, he wouldn't get off until 11 P.M.

Again I found some appropriate music with a driving beat and sensual rhythms, and had turned off all the lights in the house, but this time had added something different. At the store I'd purchased some candles which I placed around the living room, and instead of waiting for Justin in his bed, I decided to welcome him from the living-room couch. The day before, we'd bought some oils and a vibrator, which I now also had with me in the living room. I'd also gone back to that adult store alone and picked up another surprise. I put that surprise in the bedroom, as I knew we would eventually end up there.

Lost in lust, I barely heard Justin's key opening the front door. I took the vibrator, poured the flavored oil over it, and began slowly fucking myself. It felt good, but not as good as I knew the feeling of Justin would be inside me. When he finally got the door open, there I was on his sofa, my legs spread wide, fucking myself with the vibrator and stroking my hard clit. It didn't take my lover long to throw down his keys, strip off his pants, and come join me on the sofa.

He took the vibrator in his own hand and began pushing it deep inside me, twisting it each time he pulled it out. This time I let myself go, coming as he fucked me with the vibrator. He quickly replaced it with his tongue. He alternated between sucking my clit and tongue-fucking me to keep me in a state of bliss.

I wove my fingers through his silken hair, and when I could take no more, I pulled his lips up to mine so I could taste myself on them. As we kissed, he moved so that with one thrust his prick was completely sheathed inside me. As good as the vibrator felt, it was nothing compared to his wonderful cock.

As I felt myself tighten with another orgasm, I also felt Justin shoot his hot load and fill me to overflowing. The feeling of his cock pulsating inside my passage was amazing. After we both cooled down and caught our breath, we moved to the bedroom.

The surprise I had bought was an anal vibrator with a remote control. As I lay on my stomach, I reached up, got the new toy, and handed it to Justin. He smiled when he realized what it was, and quickly reached for the oil.

Not wanting to rush, he used his hands and mouth on my pussy and ass before he lubricated me and slowly inserted the new vibrator. His tongue in my ass and his fingers sliding in and out of my pussy brought me to yet another gorgeous orgasm. Then he began to slide the vibrator inside. Once it was securely in my ass, he put his cock at my other opening and pushed his way in. I had the remote control, and with Justin buried inside of me, I began to turn the dial, starting with a light vibration and slowly increasing the tempo. The sensation of the vibrator in my ass and his cock in my wetness was enough to drive me over the edge of ecstasy.

Needless to say, we slept very well that night. In the morning we had to say our good-byes. Justin is planning a trip here to see me later this month, so now I have to think up some new surprises for him.—*E.L., Texas*

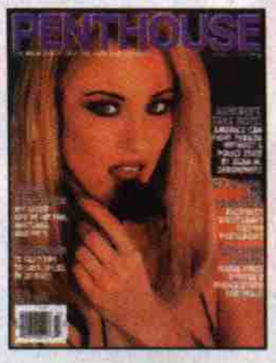
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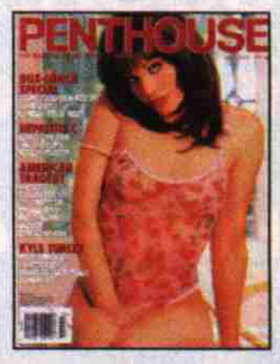

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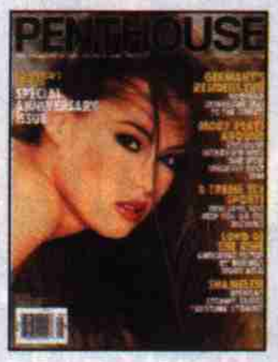

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CONTINUED FROM PAGE 18

number of reasonably healthy old farts in their fifties and sixties, who had lost interest in sex because of erection problems, have found that screwing around is more rewarding than politics.

Your husband has suddenly realized that he is successful, well off, healthy, lucky to have a lovely wife who grants him every sexual diversion he can ask for, and is virile enough to enjoy it.

He may also be secretly popping Viagra even though he denies it. The reason he asked you if you would like him to take it is because it would allow him to own up. Whatever his reasons, as long as he keeps it up in every sense, my advice is to not question it but to enjoy it while it lasts.

Something Borrowed, Something Blue

Have you ever read Mario Puzo's book The Godfather? *At the wedding of Don Corleone's daughter, Sonny Corleone seduces one of the bridesmaids, Lucy, in his father's house, while the wedding reception takes place outside. I read* The Godfather *when I was 18, and that seduction scene became my favorite sexual fantasy. In fact I had my very first climax while reading it.*

I grew up around Italians, but I didn't want my first sexual adventure to happen too close to home. When I went away to school, it was in an area with many Italian men, and some were even related to mafiosi. In my senior year I actually had an affair with a professor who was the godson of a Mafia consigliori. It was fun, but he was not my fantasy lover. I wanted Sonny Corleone, the Italian lover with the giant sexual organ. I even bought an extralarge vibrator to practice with in case I ever found my dream lover.

After college I put my fantasy on hold while I started my career, but I didn't forget it. I have always been partial to Italian men, and have had some lovers who were Italian, but they weren't my Sonny Corleone. Some even had large cocks, but they were lacking in other areas. It takes more than just a big cock to make a good lover. They were all married, by the way. Italian men tend to marry young and seldom divorce, so if you want an Italian lover, you usually have to settle for a married one. Despite the occasional hassles, it's more convenient and a lot less trouble than carrying on an affair with a single man. And while it's not completely true that all the good men are taken, many of them are, so if you want a good man, it will most likely have to be a time-share.

Recently my friend Donna asked me to be a bridesmaid at her sister's wedding. The wedding was huge, with more than 300 guests. The family has three sons and three daughters. The daughters are gorgeous, and the sons are all good-looking. Donna is the second daughter and is married to her older brother's business partner. I'll call the eldest son "Sonny." Well, Donna told me Sonny's marriage was a joke, and that his wife was an ice-cold bitch who only married him for his money. Sonny is tall, dark, and handsome—just perfect.

I'm a five-foot-eight-inch brunette with a 36D-26-36 figure. My breasts are firm and 100 percent natural. I worked as a lingerie model for a couple of years while in college. A girlfriend at work once told me I have a brain made for business and a body made for sin. So I can usually get a man if I want him.

While the bride and groom and their families were busy with the receiving line, we bridesmaids were in the dressing room freshening up our makeup. One of the bridesmaids showed us a trick. She folded down the top half of her bra so that her breasts rested on the lower half-cup and the extra layer of cloth added a bit of padding. We didn't need the padding, but it certainly enhanced the effect. You can just imagine the attention we got from all the men during dinner. Of course, I only cared about getting Sonny's attention. Fortunately I got just what I wished for. We drank some wine together while standing under a trellis of grapevines. It was a very romantic scene. Sonny was definitely interested, and I made sure he got a good view down my neckline when he stood near me.

I was unable to get away with Sonny during the party as I had planned. But after it was over, Donna asked me to help her take some of the rented tuxedos back to the family's house. The place was empty when Donna and I got there, but Sonny arrived right behind us, bringing back the dress his sister had just got married in. We left the tuxedos in a spare bedroom and put the dress in a closet. Donna said she had to go and that maybe I could get a ride back with Sonny. It was a set-up, and I love her for it. I still had on my blue bridesmaid's dress. I made a quick dash to the ladies' room to take off my bra and panties so that I was nude under it. I've discovered that men just love that.

Sonny had started a fire in the living-room fireplace and handed me some wine. We talked for a while and we both got turned on. You know that feeling you get when you are really hot and horny? You're short of breath, your throat is dry, your pussy is wet, and there's an ache in the pit of your stomach? It was all that, but stronger than I'd ever felt before. I was still in my bridesmaid's dress when Sonny began to kiss me. He was so loving and gentle, I melted right there. He kissed my throat. Most women like that. Men don't get it, but it's a turn-on. His French kisses were gentle, not rough and probing like those of some other men. It's an exciting combination when it comes from a big strong man.

He unzipped my dress and slid it down to uncover my breasts. He kissed and sucked on them. It felt so good, it was almost too much. My nipples were hard and my breasts ached with pleasure. When his hand went up between my legs to massage my pussy, he did it so well and so gently, I was in heaven. A lot of guys don't know how to do that right, but Sonny is a terrific lover and he knows his way around a woman's body.

He undressed me right there on the sofa. And when he himself stripped and turned to face me, it was all my dreams come true. His cock was eight or nine inches long. It was so thick I could barely get my hand around it. He's sexy, with a weightlifter's body and lots of body hair, which I love. His cock was red with dark veins that stood out all over it.

I know this will sound kinky, but when he was standing over me, with the firelight behind him and his hairy back lit and his face all red and horny-looking, and his big hard cock sticking straight out at me, he looked just like the devil. It was wild-looking, a real turn-on. And the sex was fantastic. When I saw his cock, I was worried that I might have trouble getting him into me, but I was so wet and horny that despite the tight fit, he slid in like a dream. And he knows how to use it. I had never come the first time with a man, but that time was different. I was so horny, I came almost as soon as he started.

We had another glass of wine before he had another go at me on the floor. I came again and almost passed out. He delayed his climax until I came yet again. The look on his face while he was holding back showed me how much of an effort of self-control it was, and I adored him for it. And that climax was so intense that I actually screamed. I have never done that before. It was a good thing the house is out in the country. As soon as I was through coming, he let himself go. It was fantastic feeling him come in me and then collapse on me. I love that moment at the end when a man is on top of me, exhausted and happy. It's a great feeling. His cock was still in me. It was soft but still big, and it felt so good in me while we lay there and kissed. We both got turned on, and we made love again. That was four times in one night!

It was after midnight when we finally finished, and I was sore and exhausted. But it was worth it. He gave me a ride back to my car. When I got home I slept like a log. Good sex works better than a sleeping pill. I slept until afternoon.

Donna gave me Sonny's cell-phone

number. I've gotten together with him several times since the wedding, and the sex just gets better and better. That first time in his family's living room was the best sex I'd ever had, but there have been even better nights since. It took me ten years, but I finally made my sexual fantasy come true, and have found my dream lover.—D.C., California

"Something old, something new, something borrowed, something blue," goes the old recipe for wedding wear. You, in your blue bridesmaid rig with nothing underneath, borrowed the Italian husband of "an ice-cold bitch" who married for money, which, whether or not the family has Mafia connections, might be on the risky side.

As a fantasy, your dream-come-true has rather too many movie-type props to be a genuine original; something old (the old in/out) and something new (the guy you're in-and-outing with), on the sofa, in front of the fire, in the family living room. It all adds up to a popular cliché, but adultery is always exciting (especially with someone famous), so, as the guy was not the real "Sonny," a bit of set dressing certainly helps.

I have had my share of groupies around the world, and although I live by the Code of the Yukon (never refuse a fuck or kick a dog), I don't have too much time for guys who just want to get hold of my body because it is famous. It makes me feel like a trophy in some hunter's den, like a moose's head on a shield. The last thing I want to be remembered for is being a dead-moose look-alike.

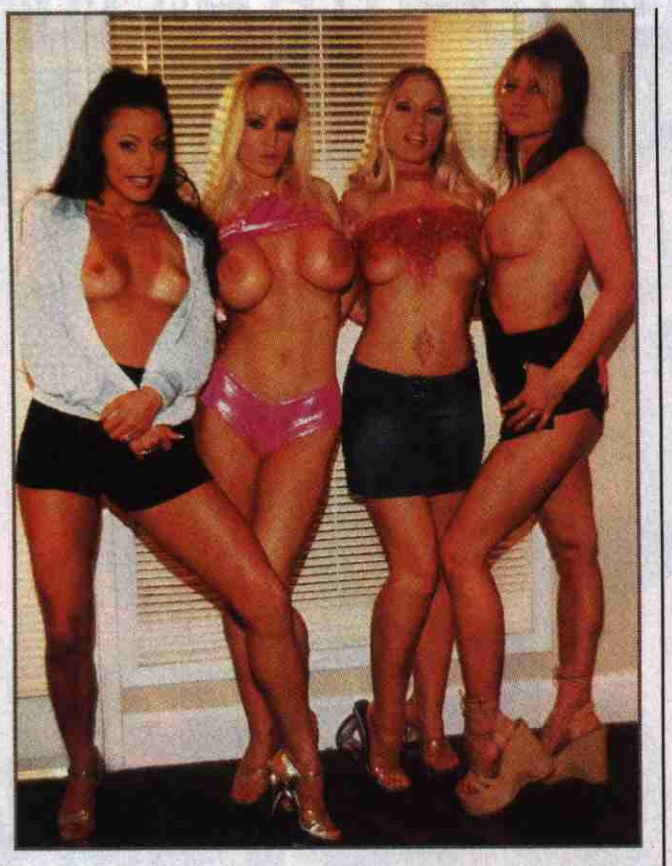
You waited ten years to realize your Hollywood-type fantasy, so now would be a good time to replace it with something a little more original. Instead of a married man with a big dick, who looks like the devil, how about taking on a nervous bachelor who looks like an angel? A guy who is worried about the size of his cock and is embarrassed in the presence of women and probably a premature ejaculator as well?

Turning such a guy into a great lover would be an original fantasy and a worthy challenge. If you could make that a reality and succeed, it would really be an achievement to be proud of.

Xaviera would love to hear from you. Send your letters, comments, or fantasies to Xaviera Hollander, *Penthouse*, 11 Penn Plaza, Twelfth Floor, New York, N.Y. 10001. All letters should carry name and address, though these—in addition to other identifying characteristics—will be changed for publication purposes. All letters become the property of *Penthouse*. Ms. Hollander regrets that no private replies can be supplied.

X-RATED video

By Al Goldstein



Blondes Drink More Come

Too Many Blonde Moments
VCA ♟♟♟♟

It's been too long since Jim Holliday gave us an über-babe blonde-themed flick, but it was well worth the wait. This (above) is one of the better offerings in Holliday's series featuring bodacious blondes getting it on with each other and a handful of lucky males. Dumb-blonde jokes abound as William Margold, playing the king of a brain bank, offers blondes a brain exchange if they can stump him with a blonde joke he hasn't heard. The cast here is outstanding, as are the sex scenes. Loads are fired on faces in almost every sequence involving cock, and many also feature anal play and threesome fun. A fair amount of lesbo action is provided by Shayla LaVeaux and the always reliable rug muncher Felecia. A four-way lezzer with Chandler, Felecia, and two other babes is as hot as anything can get. Lovers of blondes (and who isn't?) should add this flick to their collections.

All Deliveries in the Rear

Runaway Butts #4
Joey Silvera/Evil Angel ♟♟♟♟

Joey Silvera proves he is the undisputed master of getting his girls to do the raunchiest things his filthy mind can muster. Five scenes fill this two-hour reel. The first segment stars Ashley, a gorgeous blonde-haired, blue-eyed Brit who takes on a pair of dicksmiths, so there's plenty of double penetration and ass-to-mouth fun. Paris and Rosanna De La Vega start their scene with a little catfighting, which Joey really digs, and then there's a light B&D session with muscular Rosanna topping perky, blonde, and petite Paris. When a man wanders onto the set, Rosanna instructs Paris how to deep-throat his enormous cock. Joey goes crazy with demented delight. An anal piledriver later, Paris is fucked, licked, spanked, and jizzed on until she doesn't know her own name. Next, Shanel is tied up and fucked by some guy with a pierced cock, and exotic, bronze Tabitha, from Rio de Janeiro, gets boned and blasted all over in her hotel room. The vid ends with perfectly titted Maxx getting her big break in the business from Joey and his pal, with two loads on her face as incentive. With two and a half hours of wall-to-wall ass-themed filth, this one's a winner.

Something Old, Something New

Up & Cummers #103
Randy West Productions ♟♟♟♟

Randy West is still busting the newbie porno wannabes. First up is Shanel, a petite babe with a big, firm rump and shaved slit. Shanel fucks Slim Shady, a dopey-looking goober with cereal-box tattoos, a pierced bald cock, and a spiked hairdo. Missionary, doggie, and reverse-cowgirl-style fucking fill up the scene, and this one ends with an internal come shot that Randy lovingly shows oozing out of her as proof. Next, Faith offers her five-foot-11 body to Julian. Julian fucks and probes the delectable statue's fun holes as hard as he can, and also finishes with an internal come shot, which Faith slops all over her furless muff. Randy gives 19-year-old mocha dream girl Lari an ass fucking worthy of a man half his 56 years. We end with a solo segment starring Bonnie Michaels diddling herself with fingers and a pocket rocket while her loose and meaty tits sway back and forth in unison. She does a nice job getting herself off. Randy can start counting his money for this volume. A solid series that continually delivers quality gals and hot sex.

WASTE

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 36

they feel discounted, dismissed." And the evidence surrounds him: "There are twice as many women at Pierce than men, but twice as many men on academic probation."

Burkholder doesn't hold out any easy solutions. At Pierce College, the Men's Forum and Men's Mentorship Program offer male students assistance and support to help them reach their personal and educational goals. "We look for a time to praise a man's accomplishments, build trust, earn the right to be a coach or a mentor," Burkholder says. The approach doesn't guarantee results, he admits, but at the very minimum "it tells a man, 'I am with you.' "

Meanwhile, back in Boston, Andy Sum soldiers on in his quest for the Gender Equity Act. "We're trying to build coalitions," he says. Time and again, in the media and in front of committees, he will explain why educated men are good for the economy, good for society, good for women; why young men need a powerful voice on their behalf; why schools need to give boys a fair shot at getting into college.

Lately he's been heartened by the emergence of several allies. Last summer the Business Roundtable, an organization of chief executives of some of the nation's top companies, commissioned a study on the gender gap. "The Urban Institute is also looking at it," says Sum. Across town, Boston University President and Chancellor John Silber has declared that his school's lopsided ratio needs to be corrected.

There's also been more media attention. The *Washington Post* ran a story last summer in which Sommers and Mortenson, among others, expressed their concern at the growing gender gap, which the paper suggested "portends a seismic shift in the nation's social norms." And last October, CBS's *60 Minutes* turned its attention to the issue with a segment in which reporter Leslie Stahl described the trend as "ominous" and questioned why, if boys and men are falling farther behind, "there's no public outcry the way there was for girls."

As it happens, Sum had been in touch with the *60 Minutes* producer in charge of that segment months before it aired. At the conclusion of a memo packed with lifetime-earnings statistics, Sum wrote in bold print, "These issues cry out for greater national attention. I would hope that *60 Minutes* would deem it of importance for a serious show."

Does he think they succeeded in doing that? Not exactly. "It started out okay, but it turned cutesy," he says. Then again, Sum's not about to complain. "I'm happy with any attention the issue gets."

RON CAPPS

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 24

of the magazine and she was a little freaked out by the pictorials. But she loved the feature. I think when this article comes out, I'll just photocopy it and send it to her.

What was your scariest run-in with the cops?

It was up near Santa Barbara, California, at some Halloween bash like 20 years ago. Things got out of hand and the cops just started arresting everybody in sight. I was just in the wrong place at the wrong time. I spent about six hours in the "gray-bar hotel."

If your wife granted you one night with the woman of your dreams, would you take it?

[Laughs] If I say no, everyone is going to say, "You lying sack of shit." I'd say yes, but it has to be a threesome with my wife included.

What's one thing you wish you'd never said?

I asked a woman how far along she was. Oops! She wasn't pregnant.

If you could be somebody else for a day, whom would you want to be?

I'd love to be the director of the CIA.

Name one thing you wish you had never spent money on.

[No answer]

PATRICE O'NEAL

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 156

at the airport. They can protest all they want. Just deal with it. If you're looking for someone smuggling crack in their ass hole, check the black dudes. If you're looking for the cocaine smuggler, check the Colombian. If you're looking for someone smuggling bombs and shit, check the Arab. It's as simple as that.

Do you ever feel that people aren't taking enough notice of your work?

I was recently in this article in the *Hollywood Reporter* that highlighted the ten hottest comics in New York City. I was looking at it with two other guys you interviewed for *Penthouse,* Rich Vos and Jim Norton. We were just laughing at the list. We were going, "What the fuck is this guy and that guy doing on the list?" I told the guys that I wanted to sue the *Hollywood Reporter* for including my name with some of these hacks. On a selfish note, I'd rather be in it than not, because if I didn't make the list, I'd be like, "They picked these guys ahead of me?"

Patrice O'Neal is a regular at Caroline's Comedy Club in New York and is featured in Spike Lee's *25th Hour, In the Cut* with Meg Ryan, and *Head of State* with Chris Rock.

DEVIL

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Loanne dug around in her purse, and then handed back a tattered picture of a large homemade-looking boy doll—a rag street-vendor doll, as it turned out—posed with a teddy bear.

"Boy and bear," Colonel announced proudly.

"Very handsome," I said. "What's his name?"

"Andre."

The jolt of hearing Colonel Parker pronounce the name he had hidden from the world for 65 years rendered me temporarily speechless. I held the snapshot for maybe 30 seconds, looking at it intently, not knowing what to say.

"Loanne," Parker chided, "get your picture back."

"Colonel, she's not going to steal it," she said, and reached back toward my outstretched hand.

"Well," offered the Colonel as the Buick pulled up in front of the mall, "I hope you've enjoyed your afternoon." He sounded like he meant it.

"You know I have, Colonel," I said, mindful that this was probably the last time I would see him. "And I realize you didn't feel like socializing much."

"Neither one of us is 100 percent today," he conceded. "But we didn't want to disappoint you. I don't like to hurt people."

With that he was gone. In January 1997 he would die of a stroke, taking his secrets with him. Including why he ever put up with me.

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COMING IN THE JULY

PENTHOUSE



DOES SHE OR DOESN'T SHE?

We've all heard of female ejaculation, but no one investigates the inner workings of a woman's nether regions like our own Unrepentant Voyeur, Ralph Gardner Jr. He spoke to a couple of skeptics, including one doctor, but also to a number of practitioners, one of whom provided a videotaped demonstration. If the ladies are to be believed—and who are we to say they're not?—it seems only a matter of time until female ejaculate is bottled and sold for its medicinal properties.

CHRIS JERICHO GRAPPLES WITH SUCCESS

In the ring and in front of the camera, Chris Jericho is a loudmouth lout who wrestles with grace, speed, and brute force. He's arrogant and obnoxious, frequently smacking down enemies, critics, and even fans with ranted barbs before laying waste to his rivals on the mat. But behind the scenes the wrestler is courteous, full of smiles, and seemingly harmless. "When people meet me, they think I'm going to be this crazy asshole," Jericho tells interviewer Jon Wiederhorn. "But then they talk to me and realize it's just a role I play. I just happen to play it well." Don't miss this conversation with the man who, in his 12 years on the wrestling circuit, has won pretty much every title there is.





ENDGAME

Sixty percent of all Americans—roughly 145 million people—play interactive games. President Bush is one of them. In fact, we spend more money on games—it's an $11 billion business—than movie tickets. Despite this, some politicians, led by Attorney General John Ashcroft and presidential candidate Senator Joseph Lieberman, are trying to shackle game makers' free expression. David Kushner reports from the front line of the War Against Video Games—a war that ironically comes at a time when, Kushner says, "games have grown up—as a medium, as a culture, and as a crucial powerhouse in the new economy."



BURNING SEMEN

Almost seven years ago, Lisa Collier Cool reported in *Penthouse* that the wives and girlfriends of some Gulf War veterans were suffering from an agonizing allergy to their partners' semen. One soldier told her that his semen had scorched the inside of his wife's vagina and left red marks on the outside. Yet the military brushed off such complaints, and even suggested that suffering couples get psychiatric counseling. Now, as America faces another war in the Gulf, the government has finally begun taking this problem seriously. In "Politics in the Military," Cool reports on a new study that shows "burning-semen syndrome" isn't psychosomatic; in fact, it can cause widespread skin rash, shortness of breath, even loss of consciousness.

BACKYARD FUN

Andy Pargh, the Gadget Guru, comes up with items that promise to add pizzazz to your patio. Be sure to check out the ultimate backyard spa and a barbecue-grill setup that includes everything but the steaks. For sports fans there's an incredible pitching machine that can deliver balls up to 65 miles an hour, a baseball glove that promises a perfect fit, and a bowling game that puts you inside the ball. And for ultimate relaxation and luxury, you can have a custom-made Tiki Hut delivered to your door.

